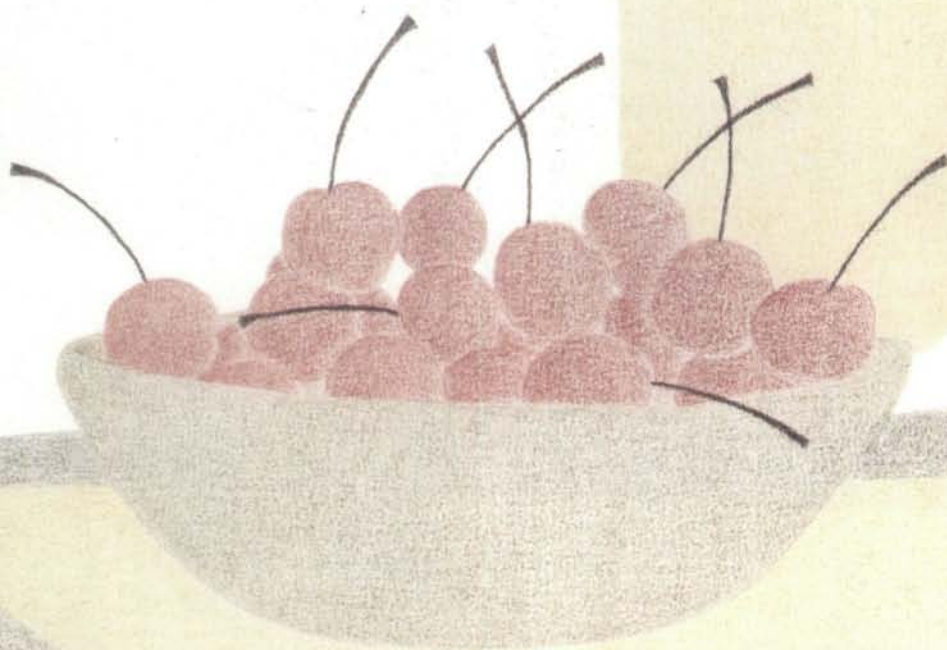


Mar. 8, 1982

THE

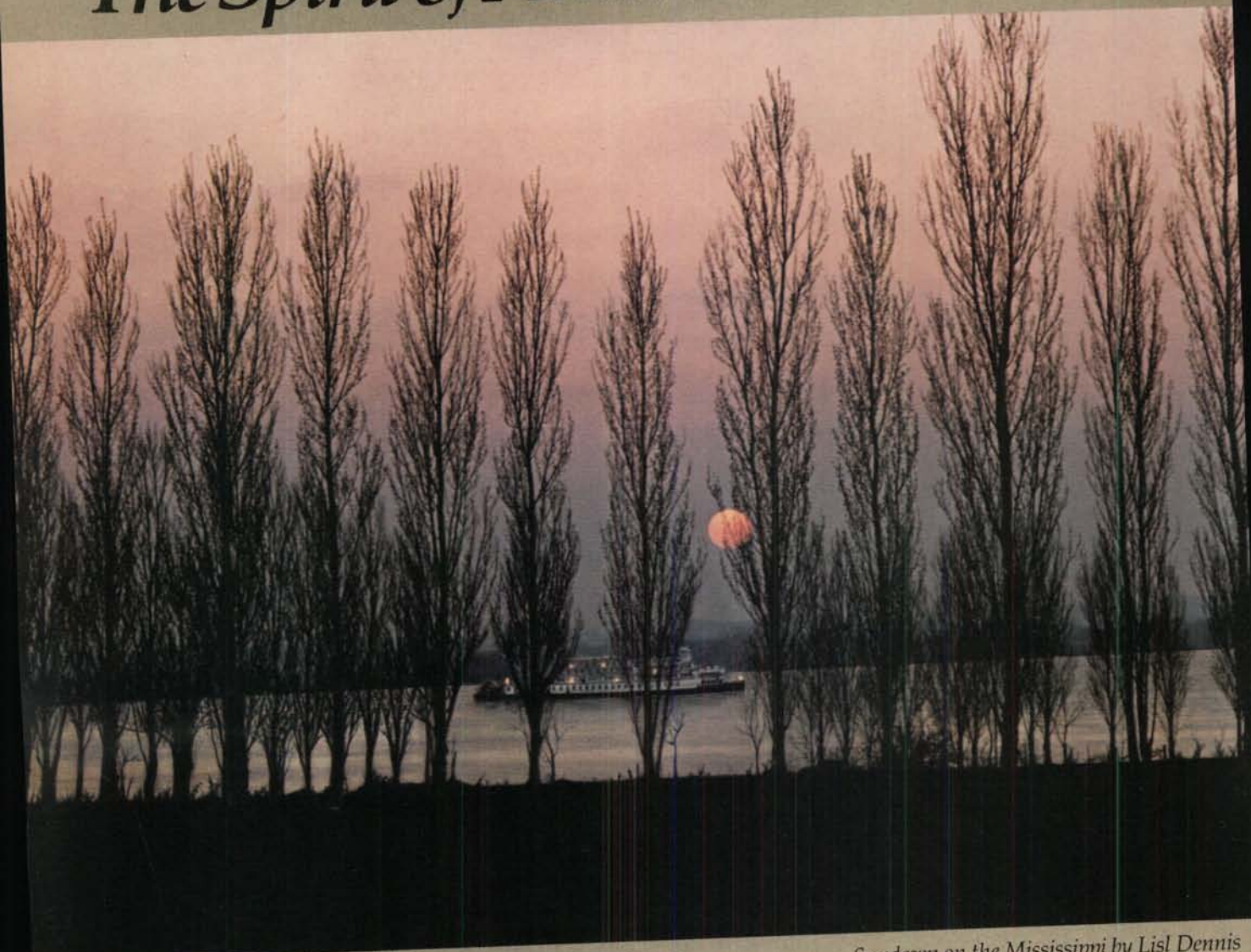
Price \$1.25

NEW YORKER



D. Ehrenberg

The Spirit of America



Sundown on the Mississippi by Lisl Dennis

Men with imagination as big as the Delta sky tamed the Mississippi. And at sunset, rivermen still wind down the day sipping America's native whiskey: Kentucky Bourbon. Old Grand-Dad still makes that Bourbon like we did in 1882. It's the spirit of America.

Old Grand-Dad

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY 40601.



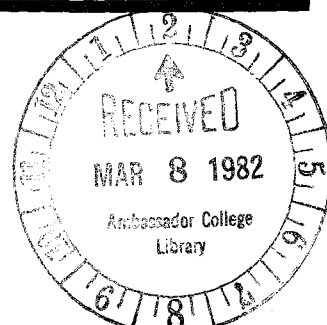
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

B Altman & Co

It's always a pleasure

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

First sign of spring? You, in your robin's egg blue and cream tweed-knit. Fresh as the first crocus: this flattering three-piecer from **Castleberry Knits**. And soft. And comfortable. And packable. Country cream flecked with blue. Cream braid binding. Tiny brass buttons. Easy, pull-on skirt with chain belt. **Spring-weight** blend is cotton and wool with a little rayon and nylon. Ruffled and bowed long sleeved blouse is cream polyester. The set (the very thing you need **right now**) is 300.00 for sizes 8 to 18, in the Meadowbrook Shop, third floor of Fifth Avenue's **only** department store.



Out of town, call Toll Free (800) 228-5444. In Nebraska (800) 642-8777. Diners Club and the American Express cards welcome. 361 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, White Plains, Manhasset, N.Y., Short Hills, Ridgewood/Paramus, N.J., St. Davids, Pa.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AMERICAN BUFFALO—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/15/81.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

THE CARETAKER—Daniel Gerroll, Anthony Heald, and F. Murray Abraham are the three good actors in this disappointing production of Harold Pinter's marvellous play. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 28.)

COME BACK TO THE 5 & DIME JIMMY DEAN, JIMMY DEAN—In which Cher steals a show that is not worth stealing. Also present are Sandy Dennis and Karen Black. (3/1/82) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

COTTON PATCH GOSPEL—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treys, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CRIMES OF THE HEART—In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but it is the particular gift of the author, Beth Henley, to make nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE DINING ROOM—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Shea, Pippa Pearthree, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Remak Ramsay. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DREAMGIRLS—Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE DRESSER—Tom Courtenay plays to the hilt a marvellous role as the sharp-tongued homosexual Cockney dresser of an aging Shakespearean actor-manager (Paul Rogers). Ronald Harwood is the author of this clever, old-fashioned, well-made play. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

HAROLD CLURMAN THEATRE—Three plays in repertoire, all with Kevin O'Connor: A double bill—**BIRDBATH**, by Leonard Melfi, and **CROSSING THE CRAB NEBULA**, by Lewis Black. Wednesday through Friday, March 3-5, at 8; Saturday, March 6, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, March 7, at 3 (all previews); Sunday, March 7, at 6:30 (opening); and Tuesday and Wednesday, March 9-10, and Saturday, March 13, all at 8. . . . **CHUCKY'S HUNCH**, by Rochelle Owens, is a monologue that becomes an anatomy of

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

failure. A middle-aged man who has failed as a painter, a husband, a philanderer, and now as the live-in son of his ancient mother, speaks aloud imaginary letters to the second of his three wives as he gulps down gin. Miss Owens is a clever writer who should be writing dialogue; her Chucky, even in a strong, imaginative performance by Mr. O'Connor, is never entirely credible as a solo turn. (4/6/81) Thursday and Friday, March 11-12, at 8, and Saturday, March 13, at 2:30. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370.)

HOW I GOT THAT STORY—Don Scardino plays an American reporter in Vietnam, and Bob Gunton plays everybody the reporter runs into in Amlin Gray's bitter and cleverly written comedy. Both actors are excellent. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim

Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-576. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, at Sundays at 5:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, March 7: **THE GRAND DUKE**. . . . Startin' Wednesday, March 10: **H.M.S. PINAFLORE**. (East side, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

LULLABY AND GOODNIGHT—Elizabeth Swados' self-designated "musical romance" about whores and pimps in New York is a disappointment. (2/22/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 7.)

LYDIE BREEZE—This comedy by John Guare may be somewhat chaotic, but it is full of theatrical surprises and never dull. With Jos Sommer and Roberta Maxwell, among others, Louis Malle directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 86-9350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MASS APPEAL—White-haired and black-browed Milo O'Shea is a Catholic priest to the life; the only other character in Bill C. Davis' brilliant little comedy is Michael O'Keefe who plays a troubled seminarian. Many contradictory opinions divide the two men, at

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN	31
"THE BUN IN HIS BASKET" David Saul Schwartz	36
"THE BACHELOR" Edna O'Brien	38
"CATFISH" (POEM) Roberta Spear	40
"AU CLUB" (POEM) Robert Mazzocco	44
PROFILES (ROBERT IRWIN—PART I) Lawrence Weschler	48
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) Edith Oliver	96
U.S. JOURNAL: CRAWFORD COUNTY, KANSAS Calvin Trillin	100
THE CURRENT CINEMA Pauline Kael	114
MUSICAL EVENTS Andrew Porter	128
"NEIGHBORS" (POEM) Matthew Flamm	137
BOOKS Whitney Balliett	138
BRIEFLY NOTED	141

COVER: Devera Ehrenberg

DRAWINGS: Warren Miller, Frank Modell, James Stevenson, Charles Addams, Arnie Levin, Sidney Harris, Jack Ziegler, Joseph Farris, Al Ross, Gahan Wilson, Lee Lorenz, Burt Silverman, J. B. Handelsman, Robert Weber, Bill Woodman, Edward Koren, Ed Fisher, Charles Barsotti, Mischa Richter, Dana Fradon

THE NEW YORKER

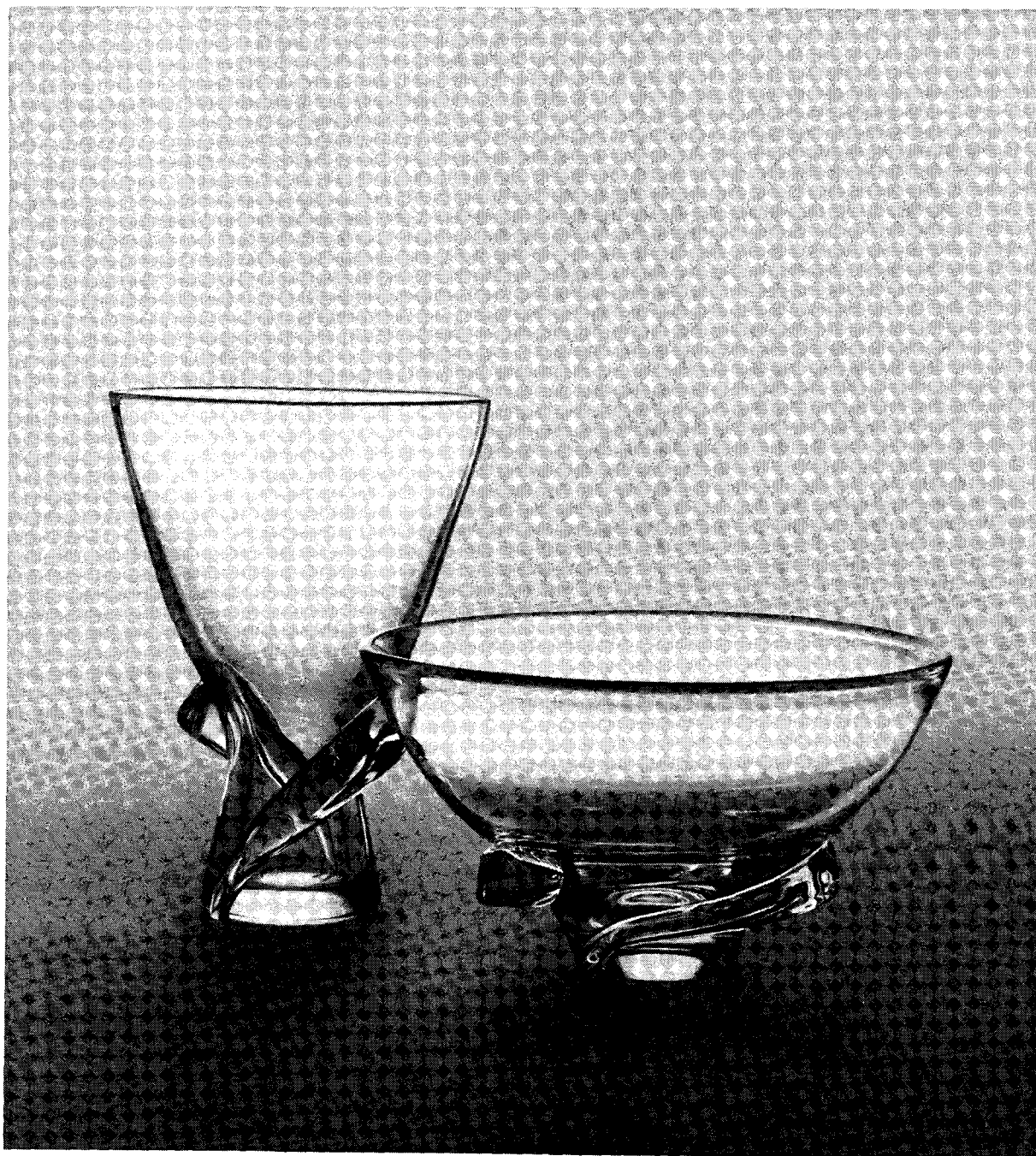
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LVIII, No. March 8, 1982. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1982 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, \$28.00; two years, \$46.00. In Canada, one year, \$34.00. Other foreign, \$40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.



The grace of spiral motion

Spiral forms swirl around two hand-blown crystal vessels.
 Their gentle curves rise and fall, creating patterns of reflected light. By Donald Pollard.
 Spiral Vase: height 6½". Spiral Bowl: diameter 7". \$220 each. Signed Steuben.

Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. Major credit
 cards accepted. You may order by phone: 1-212-752-1441. Out of State: 1-800-223-1234.
 Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works and has been since 1918.



STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

out of the division comes, for one of them, salvation. Geraldine Fitzgerald is the able director. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISS JULIE—The Strindberg play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 14.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and David Alan Grier is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

OTHELLO—Though he claimed to have loved not wisely but too well, Othello knew little about love and poor Desdemona knew still less. James Earl Jones speaks his great lines with fitting dignity and Christopher Plummer makes an incomparable Iago. (2/15/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

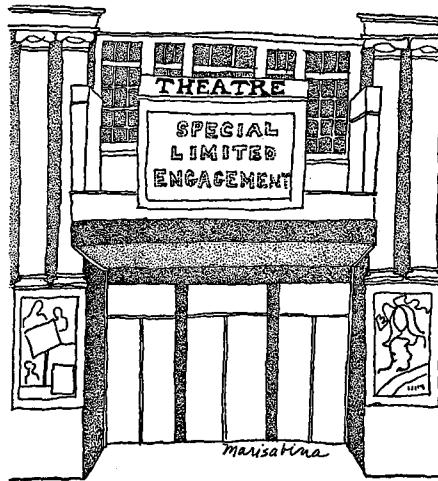
PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SALLY AND MARSHA—Sybille Pearson's gentle, subtle comedy about the growing friendship of two housewives on the upper West Side has been directed with far too broad a hand, but Bernadette Peters gives a legitimate and charming performance as one of the two ladies concerned. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 28.)

SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

TOMFOOLERY—A musical entertainment adapted from the music and lyrics of Tom Lehrer by Cameron MacKintosh and Robin Ray. With MacIntyre Dixon, Joy Franz, Jonathan Hadary, and Donald Corren. Directed by Gary Pearle and Mary Kyte. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. His performance is



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

stylish and very good, and he is ably supported by, among others, Estelle Getty, as his mother on a visit from Miami, and Matthew Broderick, as a street kid he is trying to adopt. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. (2/1/82) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:30.)

TRASPASSING—A theatre work created and presented by members of The Winter Project. Joseph Chaikin is the director. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, March 21.)

THE UNSEEN HAND—A revival of Sam Shepard's astonishing, marvellous comedy. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougall St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

WALTZ OF THE STORK—Melvin Van Peebles in a quasi-autobiographical display of ego that bears little resemblance to "The Education of Henry Adams." (1/11/82) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

THE WEST SIDE WALTZ—Katharine Hepburn successfully survives a mechanically plotted play about a tough-minded old lady on the West Side. Dorothy Loudon lends strong comic support as a lonely, feckless ditherer. (11/30/81) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 13.)

WHO LOVES THE DANCER—A play by Rob Penny, about a boy who wants to be a dancer despite opposition from his family. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays, and Monday, March 8, at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, March 13.)

WONDERLAND—A play by Margaret Keilstrup. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 21.)

LONG RUNS—AMADEUS: We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with John Wood, Peter Firth, and Caris Corfman heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant

but uninspired musical. (Uris, 51st St. W. of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

... **BARNUM**: A little musical that is more circus than Barnum. Mike Burstyn has the role of the impresario. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE BEST LITTLE WHO HOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, a foolish musical about a bordello called Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

... **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD**: An extraordinary effective play about a young deaf woman a one of her teachers who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phy Frelich and Peter Evans play the lead roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-56. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

... **CLOUD 9**: Ca Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London 1980—is a witty and original work that as a measure of confusion all its own. (Luc Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 978-782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, a his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 2 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

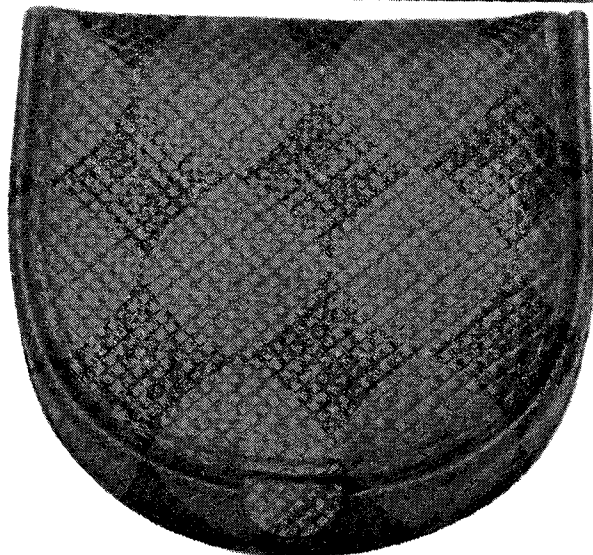
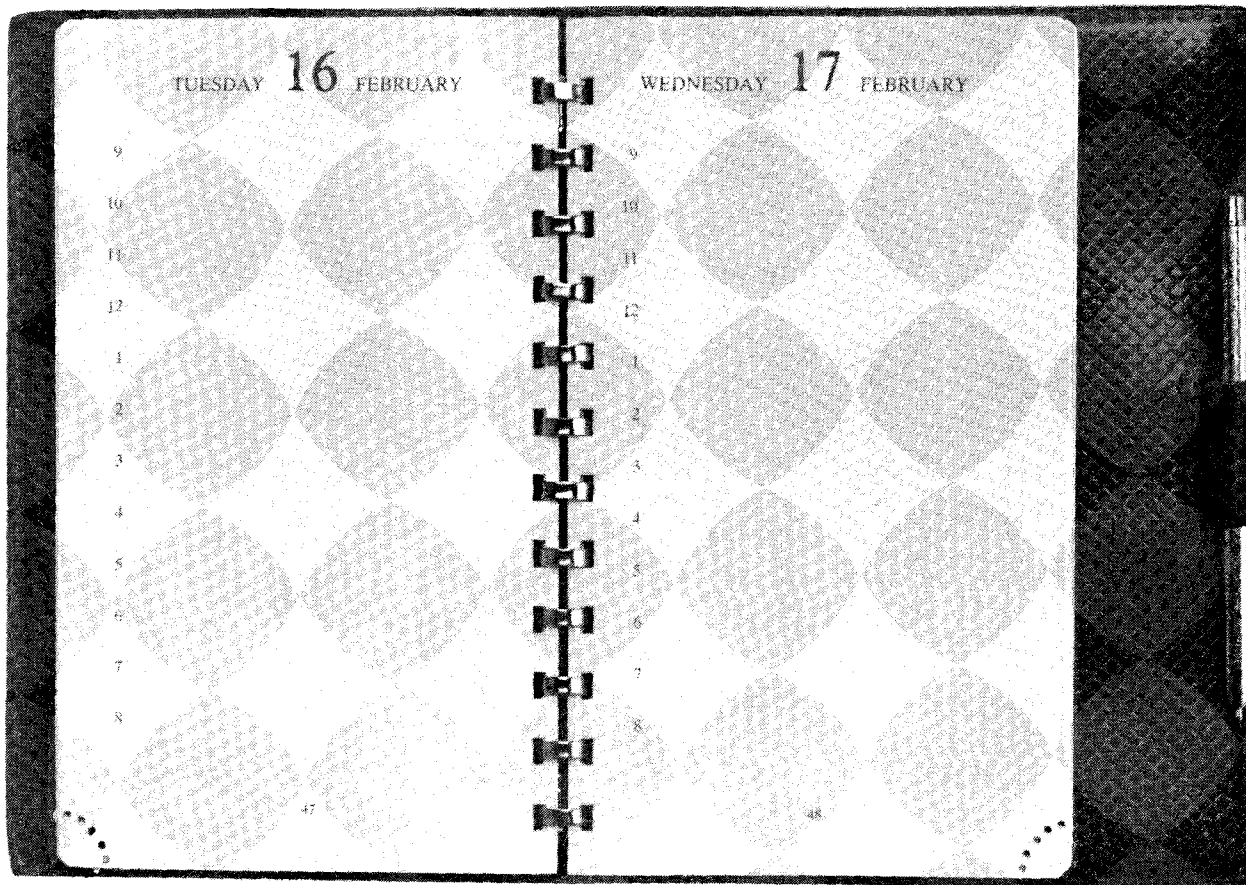
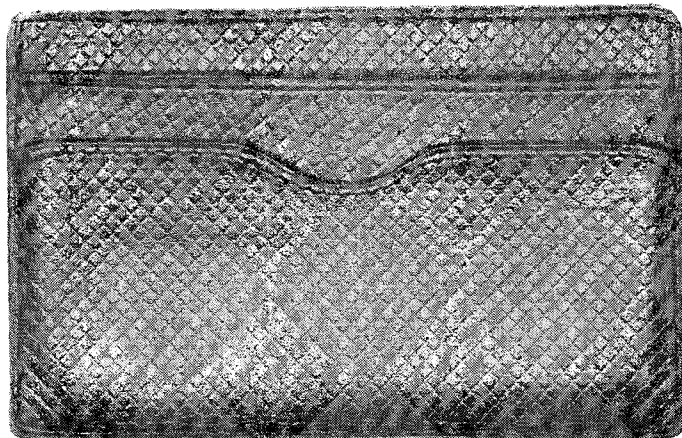
... **DEATHTR**: A stunning cast, headed by Farley Grang in a thriller whose clever anfractuosit plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **EVITA**: A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Alt, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy O. substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinee performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 9,088 performances far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

... **42ND STREET**: Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 2 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

... **KEY EXCHANGE**: A charming play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters a Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Ma Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that a dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (Capharnaum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 268-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

... **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC**: A couple of dozen cherished standards (by Porter, Youmans, Rodgers, Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Ma Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday and Thursday, March 3, at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CUTTAL**: A collection of short sketches that put port to give us a refreshing view of sex and not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-716

When
your
own
initials
are
enough™



BOTTEGA VENETA

NEW YORK 635 Madison
BEVERLY HILLS 457 Rodeo

VENEZIA

PARIS

PADOVA

VIENNA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Maurice Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

COMIC BOOK THEATRE COMPANY—Two musical plays: "The Pied Piper," by Ralph Falco and George Linsenmann, and "Chicken Little," by Valerie Owen and Michael Earl. With Danny Jacobs. (Smith's Chapel Theatre, 656 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. 869-4645. Saturdays and Sundays at 11 A.M. and 12:30 P.M.)

DANCE

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by three companies. **MEL WONG DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, March 3, and Friday, March 5, at 8, and Sunday, March 7, at 2: "From Connecticut to New York" (premiere) and three New York premieres—"Migration," "Telegram," and "Desert Ghosts."... **DANIEL LEWIS REPERTORY DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, March 4, and Saturday, March 6, at 8: Two premieres—"Boardwalk" and "Randall's Island"—"Open Book," "Ballade," and "There's Nothing Here of Me But Me."... **CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER BALLET OF CARACAS:** Wednesday, March 10, and Friday, March 12, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, March 13-14, at 2: "Othello" (New York premiere), "Transitions," and other works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

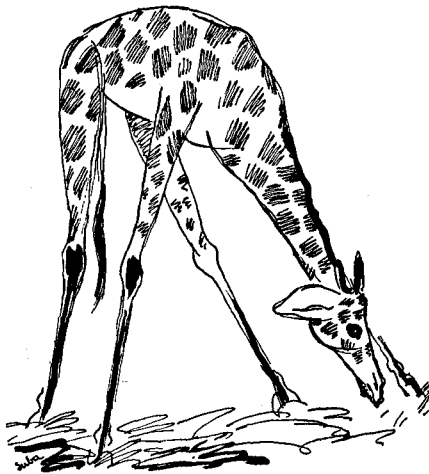
ANDREW DEGROAT AND DANCERS—A program of modern dance. (Midtown V, 344 E. 14th St. 674-7200. Saturday and Sunday, March 6-7, at 8.)

DANCE INTERVIEWS—Amanda McKerrrow being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, March 8, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, March 5-6,



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

pianist **DANNY MIXON** will lead a trio; and on Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, **JAKI BYARD**, the simultaneously free and stride pianist, will be present with his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Trumpeter and mumbling vocalist **CLARK TERRY** has moved in with his sweet-sounding quartet, and they perform every night but Monday. On Mondays, guitarist Daniel Licht leads a quartet. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Thursday, March 4, guitarists **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and **RALPH TOWNER**; Friday, March 5, California folkie **ROGER MCGUINN** and veteran folkies the **DILLARDS**; Saturday, March 6, singer and guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN**; Wednesday, March 10, the Good Rats; Thursday, March 11, Peter Tork & the New Monks; and Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, Sweet Honey in the Rock. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Wednesday, March 3.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-paneled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** works with bassist **CECIL MC BEE** through Saturday, March 6; on Monday, March 8, **HILTON RUIZ** will come in with a bassist. Music from nine-forty-five.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON**, who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, very subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a sub-

tle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturday from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (74-1600)—**BARBARA COOK**, who sings in a wonderfully clear, ringing soprano, will wind up her visit to the Café Carlyle on Saturday, March 6; on Tuesday, March 9, **SYLVIA SYMS** will arrive to sing with pianist **MIKE ABENE'S** trios Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining... **BARBARA CARROL** who sings and plays piano, too, works in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sunday from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS**, a demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Hele Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. He appears nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, March 4, the Vectors, the Lordz, Mice, and the Turri coats; Thursday, March 4, the Raze, the Bogles, and Alleycat Choir; Friday, March 5, the Nitecabs, the Rousers, and Artifax; on Saturday, March 6, Marshall Crenshaw, the Roustabouts, and the Reducers. Monday showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish the had names like Delbert McClintock and Lac J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (67-4450)—**ARTHUR TRACY**, who is about to begin his eighth decade, was known in the thirties as radio's "Street Singer." A pioneer radio broadcaster in Philadelphia in the early twenties, he became one of the stars of the program "Music That Satisfies" in the early thirties and went on to popularize "Pennie from Heaven," "Save the Last Dance for Me," and "Marta," a Cuban song that became his theme. He's here Monday through Saturdays. Sundays, compose singer, and pianist **ARTHUR SIEGEL** presents show tunes in medleys, and introduces them with thorough, witty dossiers on their history. Mr. Siegel appears to be very much a product of the fifties—he has carefully combed wavy hair and horn-rimmed glasses and looks great deal like Robert Q. Lewis. His performing style isn't self-indulgent or overbearing, and his arrangements are simple, unadorned and straightforward—in short, perfect. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devoted admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devoted doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—an handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday March 3, Johnny Cunningham, a Scot fiddler; Thursday, March 4, Danny Weiss; Barry Mitterhoff; Saturday, March 6, the Jumbo String Band; Sunday, March 7, guitarist Guy Davis; Wednesday, March 10, the New York Packet, a sea-chantey quartet; Thursday, March 11, Cathy Fink and Kevi Krajick; and Saturday, March 13, Sons of the Underbrush. Music from eight-thirty to Wednesday, from eight-fifteen on Thursday and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Friday from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, March 7, tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH** will head up a trio from about nine-thirty. On Wednesday and Fridays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which

frequently very crowded. Super bassist **RON ARTER** will direct a quartet through Sunday, March 7; on Tuesday, March 9, **MC COY TYNER**, an intense, vertiginous pianist, will bring in his quintet. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

K CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-449)—Folkie City, that is: Thursday, March 4, British folksinger Alistair Andersen; Friday, March 5, June Millington and Deidre McCalla; Saturday, March 6, **MARY MC CASLIN** and **JIM RINGER**; Sunday, March 7, **DAVE VAN DYKE**; Thursday, March 11, Guy Van Duser and Billy Novick; Friday, March 12, banjoist **ETER STAMPFEL**; and Saturday, March 13, the **ISH TRADITION**. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

ENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (252-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—these are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday and Thursday, March 3-4, singer Etta Jones and saxophonist Houston Person; Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, singer Maggie Swank; Monday, March 8, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, pianist **ROSS TOWNSEND**, and trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM**; Tuesday and Wednesday, March 9-10, singer **JEANNA VITRO**; and Thursday through Saturday, March 11-13, guitarist Wendel Stuart. On Sundays, pianist **HILTON RUIZ**, tenor saxophonist **ARTHUR BARRON**, bassist **ALEX BLAKE**, and percussionist **STEVE BERRIOS** jam together. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven, and Sundays and Mondays from ten-thirty. Dining.

GORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-220)—Small enough to be a hamburger and (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist Ronnie Larkowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins performing at ten; and Mondays **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano from five to ten. Pianist Don Golson is at the piano from seven to ten nightly except Sundays.

FF'S PLAZA CAFÉ, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up—and hires fine pianists and bassists. **HAIG**, one of the very first and still one of the best bebop pianists, is here with a bassist through Saturday, March 6; on Tuesday, March 9, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bass-laying colleague, **MARTY RIVERA**, will take over. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays.

IRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. Stride specialist **DICK ELLSTOOD** is at the dining-room grand through Saturday, March 6; on Sunday and Monday, March 7-8, Vinson Hill will man the keyboard; and on Tuesday, March 9, **SAMMY PRICE**, the boogie-woogie-piano-playing pride of Foney Grove, Texas (where he was born in 1908), will take charge. Sets Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

IS D'OEUVRE, at Windows on the World, 87th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan ridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **MARTY NAPOLEON** and a trio perform for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Bob Curtis alternates with them after nine.

ZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, will be given over to the Errol Barker show and to some jazz and samba dancers; on Friday and Saturday, March 12-

13, Montego Joe will be present with a combo. On Wednesdays, a quintet called the New Moon Swing Band is onstage, and on Thursdays a young octet, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**, plays sambas (of course) with *grandeza de animo*. Music from about eight-thirty, and if you hang around until one in the morning on Fridays and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz, played by Mike Morgenstern, the saxophonist-proprietor, who jams with a bunch of musical colleagues.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, a very fine, well-respected, and swinging hard-bop pianist and composer (he wrote a classic, "Freight Trane"), can be found here performing with bassist **RUFUS REID** Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**, another piano-bass duo, keep the good listeners listening. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, March 3, the second part of a two-day Texas Independence Day festival that features Bobby Bare, Kinky Friedman, **JORMA KAUKONEN**, **JAMES COTTON**, Marshall Crenshaw, and others; Thursday, March 4, Marshall Crenshaw, Buskin & Batteau, and Chas & Dave; Monday, March 8, the New Riders of the Purple Sage; Tuesday, March 9, rockabilly patriarch **CARL PERKINS**; and Wednesday, March 10, Nashville fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS**. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A brand-new, practically, jazz club. Tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON** leads his quartet through Saturday, March 6; on Monday and Tuesday, March 8-9, drummer **JOE CHAMBERS** will head a quartet that will feature saxophonist **JAMES SPAULDING**; and on Wednesday, March 10, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN**, pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH**, bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**, and drummer **AL FOSTER** will come in. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Sundays are devoted to a big band directed by **CECIL TAYLOR**, at ten and midnight. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden and of none other than **MEL TORMÉ**, who's

performing here Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Steve Allen and Allan Login are seated at twin pianos Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

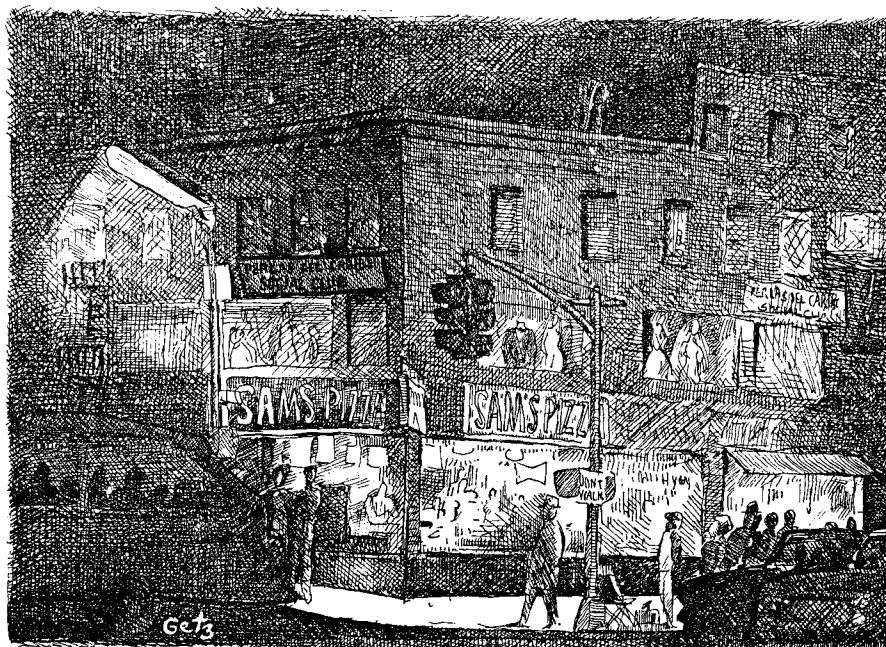
MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Thursday, March 4, singer Billy Scott; Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, **ERIC GALE**, the honey-toned R. & B. guitarist, and his reggae group; Sunday, March 7, String Fever; Monday, March 8, French Toast; and Wednesday and Thursday, March 10-11, singer Janice Pen-darvis. Music from about ten until two.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The lineup: Wednesday, March 3, folksinger Jim Dawson; Sunday, March 7, jazz singer **CHRIS CONNOR** (at ten and eleven-thirty); and Tuesday and Wednesday, March 9-10, **MOSE ALLISON**, the rural-urbane singer and pianist and songwriter. On Thursdays, bassist **GORDON EDWARDS**, guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE**, alto saxophonist **ALEX FOSTER**, vocalist **ESTHER MARROW**, and the rest of their very fine soul band, the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL**, get onstage; and on Fridays and Saturdays Esther Satterfield sings with her backup crew. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Rock and roll on Broadway: Wednesday, March 3, Tim Scott & the Knights; Thursday, March 4, the Heroes; Friday, March 5, the Bongos and Armband; and Saturday, March 6, the Busta Jones band. Music from about midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** and his orchestra play music to listen to, to dance to, or to gawk out the windows to. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The live-music schedule: Thursday, March 4, **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his Savoy Sultans; Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, **UK Subs** and **Anti Nowhere League**; Tuesday, March 9, **Robbie Watson & the Speedometers**; and Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, the **Blasters**. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, a tribute to Jerome Kern is under way, with a cast that comprises Chris Groenendaal, Judy Kaye, Armelia McQueen, and Ken Page. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The players: Wednesday, March 3, trumpeter **SHUNZO ONO**; Thursday, March 4, saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE** and his out-there blues-and-rhythm quartet, **JUMP-UP**; Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, pop-jazz pianist **Robert Kraft**; Sunday, March 7, the **Chuck Loeb** band; Monday, March 8, **Ed Palermo** and his big band; Tuesday, March 9, singer **Connie James**; Wednesday, March 10, **Lisette Wilson**; and on Thursday, March 11, bassist **RON CARTER**, drummer **ART TAYLOR**, pianist **KENNY BARRON**, and trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** will begin a four-night visit. Music from nine-thirty.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, **WALTER BISHOP, JR.**, will be at the piano working with a trio; on Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM'S** trio will be on the stand. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Flugelhornist **ART FARMER** leads a quartet through Saturday, March 6; on Sunday and Monday, March 7-8, drummer **JIMMY MADISON** will guide a quintet; and on Tuesday, March 9, saxophonist **DAVID SCHNITTER**, trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO**, pianist **HAROLD MABERN**, bassist **CALVIN HILL**, and drummer **BILLY HART** will arrive. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). Wednesdays through Saturdays are the property of **OTIS RUSH**, one of the most exciting Chicago-blues guitarists and singers around today. Tuesdays are lift-off sessions for the local soul-shake octet, the **UPTOWN HORNS**, which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest music in the city. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Wednesday, March 3, **John Montgomery Grupe**; Thursday, March 4, **Locals** and **Sterling**; Friday, March 5, **Sterling** and **Moberlys**; Saturday, March 6, **Neil Getz** and **Robert Hazard & the Heroes**; Sunday, March 7, **FINN & THE SHARKS**, a rockabilly band from Nyack; Monday, March 8, the **Generators**; Tuesday, March 9, **Moonbeam** and the **Overnights**; Wednesday, March 10, **Chris Moffa** & the **Competition** and **Ann Monaco**; Thursday, March 11, **Armband** and the **Name**; Friday, March 12, **John Galt** and **Ludi**; and Saturday, March 13, the **Nails**. Music after eleven. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room. On Monday, March

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

8, there'll be two bands, **RAY BARRETTO'S** and **CONJUNTO CREMA**, and one guest soloist, tenor saxophonist **CHARLES ROUSE**. They'll begin sometime after nine. On Tuesdays out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. The **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND**—**ROLAND HANNA**, **RANDY BRECKER**, **RICKY FORD**, **JIMMY KNEPPER**, **KENNY WASHINGTON**, and **REGGIE JOHNSON**—plays some hallowed music through Sunday, March 7; on Tuesday, March 9, **ARTHUR BLYTHE**, the wonderfully bright-sounding alto saxophonist with the full-but-not-too-filling lush tone, will descend the stairs with his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. **Esther Blue** is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; **Tony Regusis** has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. Wednesdays and Thursdays belong to saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON**; Fridays through Sundays are given over to trumpeter **Franc Williams**; and Tuesdays are **JO JONES** nights. On Monday, March 8, guitarist **CHRIS FLORY** will perform. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

MIRIAM MAKEBA—With **Edwina Lee Tyler & A Piece of the World** and the **First World Poets**. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 970-9020.)

JOSÉ FELICIANO—With **Willie Tyler & Lester**. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, March 5, at 8.)

SALSA CONCERT—**Celia Cruz**, **Eddie Palmieri**, the **Conjunto Clasico**, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 5, at 8:30.)

CONNIE FRANCIS—**Avery Fisher Hall**. 874-2424. Saturday, March 6, at 8.

RENAISSANCE—With **Leo Kottke**. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, March 6, at 9. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

ENRICO MACIAS—**Felt Forum**, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 6, at 8, and Sunday, March 7, at 7.)

TO BASIE WITH LOVE—The Count himself and his orchestra, plus **Lena Horne**, **Dionne Warwick**, **Stevie Wonder**, **Quincy Jones**, and

others. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. 50th St. 246-4600. Sunday, March 7, at 8.)

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The second of five programs in which film songwriters discuss the work, with the assistance of their profession performing friends. In this case, the lyrics will be **Alan and Marilyn Bergman** and the assistants will be singer **Sandy Stewart** at pianist **Dick Hyman**. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday and Monday, March 8, at 8.)

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—A tribute to **Georg Duvivier**, with **Zoot Sims**, **Al Cohn**, **Harold Jones**, **Slide Hampton**, **Mr. Duvivier**, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Lo Student Center, Washington Sq. S. at LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, March 11, at 8.)

BUCKY PIZZARELLI AND JOHN PIZZARELLI—With **Cohn** and **Joe Cohn**. (New School, 66 W. 12 St. Friday, March 12, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SHEILA JORDAN AND HARVEY SWARTZ—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, March 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: **Charli Persip Superband**. . . . Thursday, March 4, at 11:30, and 1: **Roy Burrows** quintet. . . . Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, at 11:30, and 1: **Sonny Fortune** quartet, with **Nat Adderley**. . . . Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, at 10, 11:30, and 1: **Shirl Scott**, **Harold Vick**, **Junior Cook**, and **Verr Fournier**. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SAVOY—Thursday, March 4, at 10: **Sugar H Gang**. . . . Friday, March 5, at 10: **Orchestra Maneuvers in the Dark**. . . . Saturday, March 6, at 9: **Razzy Bailey**. . . . Sunday, March 7, at 9: **Leo Kottke** and **Livingston Taylor**. . . . Thursday, March 11, at 9: **Uncle Floyd Show**. . . . Friday, March 12, at 11: **The Mamas and the Papas**. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Friday, March 5, at 9: **Rh Chatham**, **Charles Moffett**, and others. . . . Saturday, March 6, at 9: **Arthur Rhamo**. . . . Friday, March 12, at 9: **Karen Borband**. . . . Saturday, March 13, at 9: **Dan Ponce**. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 587032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

DAN CHRISTENSEN—Recent color-field paintings. Through March 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 2280th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT DE NIRO—Lively, colorful new semi-abstract works in oil and in charcoal, including a self-portrait and several landscapes of the Bernal-Heights area of San Francisco. Through Saturday, March 13. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MARIUS DE ZAYAS (1880-1961)—Paintings of works on paper by a Mexican artist who was associated with **Alfred Stieglitz**, including caricatures of **Stieglitz** and other members of his avant-garde circle, among them **M. Weber** and **John Marin**. Through April. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 6 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

HARMONY HAMMOND—A set of nine ladders, five to seven feet tall, leaning against a wall and upholstered with various colored materials is the centerpiece of this exhibit. New works, which also includes drawings and lithographs. Through March 20. (Lerner, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

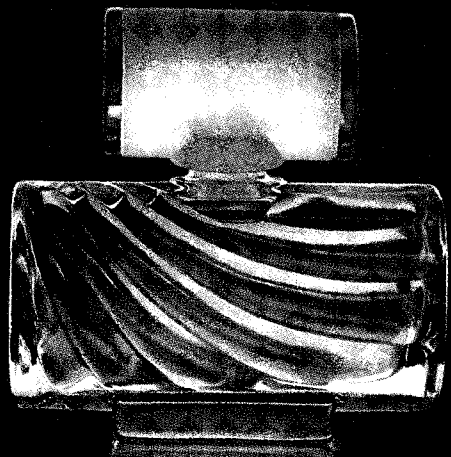
DIETER JUNG—Colored-pencil drawings and prints. Through March 27. (Poindexter, 111 Fifth Ave., at 97th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

WASSILY KANDINSKY (1866-1944)—Colored black-and-white woodcuts, dated 1911, do while the artist was living in Munich. Through March 27. (Carus, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St. A larger exhibition of Ka



Seize the moment.

Scoundrel



A brave and a beautiful
new spirit in fragrance.

Perfume, concentrated cologne, concentrated cologne spray.

REVLON

Graduate To Myers's Famous Flavor! The First Collection of Luxury Rums.



Myers's Original Dark
The deep, dark ultimate in rich rum taste. The beginning of the Myers's flavor legend.



Myers's Golden Rich
A uniquely rich taste inspired by Myers's Original Dark. Superbly smooth and beautifully mixable.



Myers's Platinum White
Exquisitely smooth and born to mix. With a subtle richness that could only come from Myers's.

Myers's. The First Collection of Luxury Rums.

MYERS'S RUMS, 80 PROOF, FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. ORIGINAL DARK IMPORTED AND BOTTLED IN BALTIMORE, MD. PLATINUM WHITE AND GOLDEN RICH PRODUCED IN ARECIBO, P.R.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dinsky's work is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

GASTON LACHAISE (1882-1935)—Sculptures and drawings from throughout the artist's career. Through March 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

MARINO MARINI (1901-80)—Paintings, drawings, collages, and graphics. Through March 31. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HENRI MATISSE (1869-1954)—Ninety linoleum cuts designed by Matisse in the early forties and printed for the first time last year. Through March 16. (Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Ave., at 84th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Abstract paintings, some of which take the form of huge calligraphic figures laid on white canvas in broad brushstrokes of dead-black acrylic. Some of the other compositions are in colors and some are on paper. Through Thursday, March 11. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

HOWARD NEWMAN—Cast-bronze sculptures and charcoal or crayon drawings, mostly of the human torso reduced to simple planes. Through March 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

WILLIAM PEREHUDOFF—About a dozen recent color-field paintings by a Canadian. Through March 20. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MARIA SCOTTI—Earthy drawings and paintings of human figures and beasts, derived from the artist's studies of Etruscan art in Italy. Through Saturday, March 13. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

MARINA STERN—Gothic-looking New England barns painted in various conditions of sunlight. Through Saturday, March 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GÉRARD TITUS-CARMEL—A series of large watercolors, drawings, and prints inspired by a purple caparison (found on the street by this French artist) evidently lost by a careless horse, which had worn the ornamental covering while pulling a hearse. Through Saturday, March 13. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

BRAM VAN VELDE (1895-1981)—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 13. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

AJJA YUNKERS—Large abstract works, most of them incorporating strands of cordage across a field of soft color, by this veteran artist, now eighty-two. Through March 17. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Among the high spots in the current show are the Queen of Sheba as imagined by Rouault, the scene at Ascot by Dufy, and a flying eagle by Derain, who very seldom chose such subject matter. Through March 20. . . .

SCULPTURE CENTER, 167 E. 69th St.: Mostly sculptures, but also drawings and photographs, one each by twelve artists, among them Janet Fish, Robert Stackhouse, and Italo Scanga. Through Tuesday, March 9.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

LUIS CRUZ AZACETA—Self-portraits treated as fantasy; e.g., the artist depicts himself as a horseman of the Apocalypse. Through Saturday, March 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

ANN CHERNOW—Paintings and drawings, mostly of chorus girls arranged in coy Busby Berkeley formations. Through March 20. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

RICHARD COREY—Paintings. Through Friday, March 5. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

STUART DIAMOND—Painted-wood constructions. Through Saturday, March 6. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

NORRIS EMBRY (1921-81)—A memorial exhibition of works in mixed mediums on paper and board by the figurative Expressionist. Through Saturday, March 13. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Nearly a hundred woodcuts done from 1918 to 1940. In a few instances, the prints are accompanied by examples of their earlier states, so that one can see the changes the artist made here and there as he worked. Through March 27. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

LOUISE FISHMAN—Recent abstract oils on linen, and works on paper. Through March 27. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL GILLEN—Freestanding abstract sculptures cut out of heavy-duty sheet steel and painted either black or red. Through Saturday, March 6. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

JOHN GRILLO—Sword-swallowers, acrobats, jugglers, lion tamers, and other circus performers portrayed on both sides of large canvas scrolls. Through March 26. (Lumbard, 38 E. 57th St.)

NANCY GROSSMAN / DON HAZLITT—This artist, known for her leather-covered sculptures of heads, is showing this time a series of collages made from shaped papers, which have been soaked in assorted inks and allowed to harden to a leatherlike texture. / Abstract oil stick drawings on paper. Through March 27. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

IRA JOEL HABER—A large wall installation and a number of small abstract constructions in mixed mediums suggestive of landscapes. Through March 27. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

ELSIE MANVILLE—Still-lives, mostly of ceramic jugs and bowls, done in oil on canvas and sometimes on paper. Through Saturday, March 6. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MARGARET POMFRET—Abstract paintings on raw linen canvases to which perpendicular Plexiglas panels—in related shapes—have been affixed. Through Saturday, March 13. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

MAN RAY (1890-1976)—Books, catalogues, portfolios, and other printed matter, dated 1915-74, with their respective "manuscripts" (which often include three-dimensional objects); early cut-paper collages; and graphics. Through Saturday, March 13. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

EDDA RENOUF—Recent abstract paintings and pastels. In the paintings, the artist has plucked individual threads out of the woven canvas and rearranged them in patterns on the surface. Through Saturday, March 13. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

JUDY RIFKA—Large youthful figures drawn in silhouette and seemingly racing along (on handball courts, in discos, at work) at about eighty m.p.h. Through Saturday, March 6. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

FRANÇOIS ROUAN—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, March 6. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

LUCAS SAMARAS—Small abstractions of the human figure (in bronze) and self-portraits (in pastels). . . . ¶ In another room at the gallery, there are masks, religious statues, and examples of decorative architecture (veranda posts, palace doors) from the Yoruba people of southwestern Nigeria. Both shows through March 20. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

DONALD SANDSTROM—Painted-aluminum sculptures (of the rural American landscapes

avored by this artist) set on shelves. Through March 25. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

SUSAN SHATTER—This specialist in craggy scenery (coastal Maine and the Grand Canyon) has shifted from watercolors to oils in the new work shown here. Through March 17. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

CHARLES G. SHAW (1892-1974)—Abstract and semi-abstract paintings and constructions by this literary and art-world figure, who was a founder of American Abstract Artists and a writer who contributed a variety of works to *The New Yorker* in its early days. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Paintings from the sixties, and an earlier construction. (Washburn, in SoHo, 113 Greene St.) Both shows through Saturday, March 13.

RANDY STEVENS—Satirical paintings and drawings of calendar girls. Through March 27. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

MARGIT VARGA—Paintings from the past five decades by a representational artist whose subjects have included New York City at night, Florida seascapes, and Greek fishing villages. Through March 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the BORGENICHT, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: "The Gloucester Years," a show of sixty paintings by Milton Avery, Stuart Davis, Marsden Hartley, Edward Hopper, and John Sloan, who recorded their impressions of that seaside town from about 1915 (Sloan) to 1956 (Avery). Through Saturday, March 6. . . . **DEL RE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by Rothko, Diebenkorn, Frankenthaler, Guston, and other twentieth-century Americans. Through April 3. . . .

ESMAN, 29 W. 57th St.: Small paintings and drawings by American artists who were included in exhibitions mounted by the curator Dorothy Miller at the Museum of Modern Art in the forties, fifties, and sixties. Kline, Pollock, Rothko, and Johns are some of the artists. Through Saturday, March 6. . . .

GALERIE ST. ETIENNE, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century European and American folk artists, including Edward Hicks, Henri Rousseau, and Grandma Moses. Through Saturday, March 6. . . .

GETLER-PALL, 50 W. 57th St.: Small-scale paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by gallery artists (David Shapiro, James Torlakson) and others (Marianne Stikas, Brenda Goodman). Through April 3. . . . **ODYSSEA**, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Recent paintings and drawings by William Allan, Robert Birmelin, Jess, Wolf Kahn, Ellen Lanyon, and Marjorie Portnow. Through April 3. . . . **STEFANOTTI**, 30 W. 57th St.: Works by a dozen artists in which photographs were taken as the starting point, either for visual inspiration (Mariann Miller's realist paintings) or as the basis for transformation (Lucas Samaras's manipulated Polaroids). Jolie Stahl, Lynton Wells, and Donald Newman are among the others. Through March 31.

GALLERIES—SoHo

LOUIS CANE—Expressionist paintings of women. Through Saturday, March 6. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

DEBORAH FRENCH—Life-size sculptures of skeletal women. Through Thursday, March 11. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

JOAN GARDNER / PETER BROWN—Oils on wood of



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

people and animals arranged in dreamlike tableaux, plus prints. / "City Totems": Abstract, predominantly wood, open-frame sculptures derived from urban architectural forms. They range in size from six inches to six feet. Through Saturday, March 13. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

MICHAEL HURSON—Portraits and abstract compositions done in this artist's own cheerful brand of Cubism, with various mediums—pastel, Conté crayon, pencil, gouache, ink. Through Saturday, March 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

MADELEINE KAUFMAN—Paintings and collages. Through Thursday, March 11. (Eno, 101 Wooster St. Opens at noon, at 1 Sundays.)

KIM MACCONNEL / GARY BURNLEY—Panels of fabric emblazoned with recognizable images (the Kremlin and a light bulb are painted on one) and then stitched together. Through March 31. / Painted (with a della Robbia glaze) hydrostone spheres, perched on wooden supports. Through Saturday, March 13. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

ANNE FLATEN PIXLEY—Leaves of handmade paper dyed in solid colors and racked up in a slotted frame, like punch cards around a time clock. Through Wednesday, March 10. (Stewart Neill, 136 Greene St.)

MILTON RESNICK—Recent abstract paintings. Through March 27. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

WALTER ROBINSON / JAMES WELLING—Acrylic paintings inspired by romantic book jackets, movie stills, and recent commercial posters, not so much satirizing as paying a kind of homage to them. / Seemingly abstract photographs that actually show folded pieces of velvet, seen in a dim light. Through Saturday, March 6. (Metro Pictures, 169 Mercer St.)

MIRA SCHOR / JOSEPH SANTORE—Abstractions from nature; the medium is dry pigment on rice paper. / Small-scale abstract oils and ink drawings. Through Saturday, March 6. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

GAIL VON DER LIPE—Abstract landscapes. Through March 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

JACKIE WINSOR—Six recent sculptures in which the artist has employed a variety of materials: burned wood, gauze, wire, and chunks of dynamited cement. Through March 27. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

TINO ZAGO / CLAYTON PATTERSON—New paintings. / Sculptures. Through March 27. (Marino, 489 Broome St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CONCORD**, 451 Broome St.: Works by a dozen artists, among them Elaine Reichel, Italo Scanga, and Stephen Chapin. Through Saturday, March 6. ... **FELDMAN**, 31 Mercer St.: "War Games" includes Eleanor Antin's video of herself enacting Florence Nightingale's experiences during the Crimean War; Chris Burden's model incorporating three thousand war toys (castles, cannons, airplanes) and representing two city-states at war; and eight other artists' paintings, drawings, and sculptures on the same theme. Through March 27. (Open Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

CYNTHIA CARLSON AND BETTY WOODMAN—A collaborative, room-environment undertaking in a room upon whose walls are mounted large-scale paintings and three-dimensional latex wall works by the former, and works in clay by the latter. Through April 9. (Fashion Institute of Technology, Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

GERALD HAYES / NANCY BRETT—Paintings (circular and square) on plywood, overlaid with bits of zinc etching plates and pieces of linen, as in a collage. / Paintings and drawings. Through March 27. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

JEAN LE GAC / JOHN MENDELSON—A series of eight paintings in which this French artist indulges himself by copying and elaborating on illustrations in children's books. / Two large nudes painted in a stylized manner. Through Saturday, March 6. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

LOU MYERS—Drawings by an artist whose work is often seen in these pages. Through April 1. (International Typeface, third floor, 2 Ham-

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

marksjöld Plaza, 866 Second Ave., at 47th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

WOMEN ARTISTS—Occasioned by the national conference of the Women's Caucus for Art, shows of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by more than three hundred participants are currently on display throughout the city. The following is an arbitrary list of some of the artists and galleries: **CADEN**, 180 Duane St.: Self-portraits (Pat Lasch, Bonnie Lucas). Through March 14. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5.) ... **CITY GALLERY**, 2 Columbus Circle: Berenice Abbott, Elsie Driggs, Charmion von Wiegand, Claire Zeisler, Elizabeth Gilmore Holt, and Katharine Kuh. Through Friday, March 5. ... **LEYER HOUSE**, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: Polychrome sculptures (Joyce Kozloff, Barbara Schwartz). Through Monday, March 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) ... **MARYMOUNT MANHATTAN COLLEGE**, 221 E. 71st St.: Realist paintings (Suzanne Osterweil, Mary Joan Waid). Through Saturday, March 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 9 to 5.) ... **NOMO**, 542 LaGuardia Pl.: Rebecca Cooperman, Kate Millet, Anne Wysoker, and twenty-two others. Through March 14. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL**, 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: "Lower Manhattan from Street to Sky," a show mounted by the Whitney Museum, has thirty-eight paintings, drawings, and prints (by, among others, Yvonne Jacquette, George Bellows, Robert Indiana, Reginald Marsh, and Max Weber) of the Brooklyn Bridge, the Woolworth Building, and other downtown landmarks. Through April 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) ... **THE NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by six New York artists: Tom Butler, Tom Evans, John Fekner, Judith Hudson, Peter Julian, and Cheryl Laemmle. Through March 25. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) ... **PARSONS SCHOOL OF DESIGN**, 2 W. 13th St.: Landscapes, still-lives, and figures by Leland Bell, John Heliker, and Paul Resika. Through Saturday, March 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.) ... Recent drawings by Mr. Heliker are currently on view at the New York Studio School gallery, 8 W. Eighth St. Through March 30. (Open daily.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ANIA BIEN / SHERIE SCHEER—Photographic works from the past three years. / Hand-colored, panoramic (but segmented) photographs.



Through March 27. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.) **LOIS CONNER**—Large-format platinum-palladium prints. Through Friday, March 12. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ERICH HARTMANN AND CHRISTIAN LOUIS—The former is American, the latter French, and both are showing photographs of trains and railways in France. Through March 31. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

EVELYN HOFER—New work, including color portraits of Saul Steinberg and Diana Vreeland. Through Saturday, March 13. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

LES KRIMS—Photographs of interiors that are inhabited by nude people. Through Saturday, March 13. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

GUSTAVE LE GRAY (1820-82)—Albumen photographs from an album dated 1857 which record life as it was for Napoleon III's Imperial Guards (living quarters, maneuvers, Sunday mass) in their training camp. Through April 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

WERNER MANTZ—Architectural photographs of Germany during the twenties and thirties. Through Saturday, March 6. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

P. H. POLK—Portraits of Alabama blacks by Tuskegee Institute's official photographer. Through Saturday, March 6. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

CERVIN ROBINSON—Black-and-white photographs of notable buildings (Rockefeller Center, the Waldorf) that have not been designated as landmarks. Through Thursday, March 11. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

SY RUBIN—A series of recent documentary photographs entitled "14th St." Through March 21. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

W. EUGENE SMITH (1918-78)—A few obscure photographs paired with such well-known works as "Walk to Paradise Garden." Through Saturday, March 6. (Photograph 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

SUZANNE SZASZ—Children are this photographer's most frequent subject. There are also some adults in the selection, including Edward Steichen at ninety. Through Saturday, March 13. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

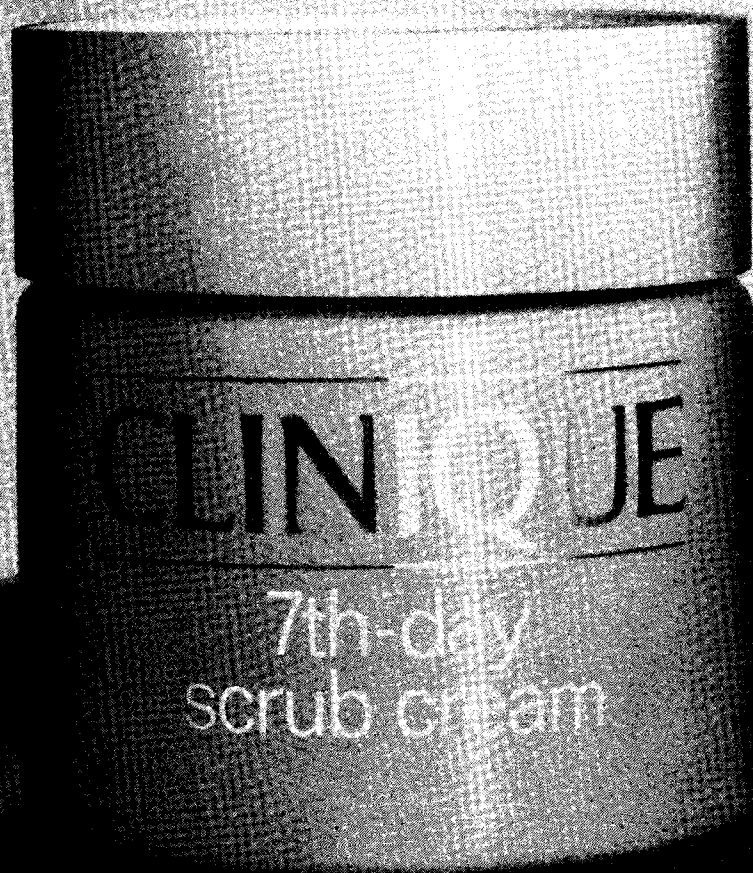
INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: "Avant-Garde Photography in Germany, 1919-1939," two hundred works by Herbert and Irene Bayer, T. Lux and Andreas Feininger, and about fifty others. ... Prints by turn-of-the-century pictorialist Heinrich Kühn. Both shows through March 21. (Daily, except Mondays 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOW—The Metropolitan Museum has mounted a show of works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographers; they are arranged topically and in pairs for the purpose of illustrating different approaches to similar subjects; for example, Doris Ulmann's portrait of two lovers entitled "South Carolina" is displayed alongside Brassai's "Couple d'Amoureux dans un Petit Café." Other prints being compared are by Stieglitz, Weegee, Cartier-Bresson, and Callahan, to name a few. (See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sixty twentieth-century French drawings and watercolors from the Robert Lehman Collection. Edouard Vuillard, Aristide Maillol, and Henri Matisse are here, and so is a large series of watercolors by Paul Signac. Through March 14. ... The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints from the permanent collection. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—The



De-Aging Expert.

When skin begins to show its age, that means it's slowing down.

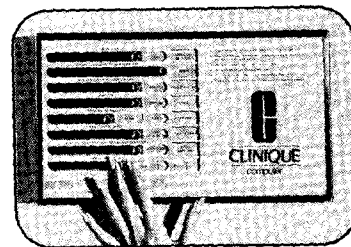
New skin layers—formed rapidly in younger skin—now take longer to surface. So the top layers stay on too long. Look dull. Old.

Dermatologists know one sure way to help reverse the look of aging is gentle manual exfoliation. Unique for this job: 7th-Day Scrub Cream from Clinique—used, not on young skin's weekly plan, but every day.

7th-Day Scrub Cream wakes up skin. Speeds off tired old top layers—encouraging skin to renew itself at a faster, younger rate. Smooths texture. Takes the edge off tiny wrinkles. Leaves a glow.

Find it—plus a free skin analysis with the Clinique Computer—wherever Clinique is sold.

7th-Day Scrub Cream gives skin a younger look. It's dependable. It's delightful. It's de-aging.



CLINIQUE

Allergy Tested
100% Fragrance Free

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

museum will reopen Monday, March 8. Visitors (entering from Fifty-fourth Street while construction continues) will be offered a selection from the permanent collection—located, for the nonce, on the mezzanine and main levels. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—“Kandinsky in Munich: 1896-1914,” the first of three exhibits planned by the museum (to be held at two-year intervals) to follow the artist's development as influenced by the various cities where he lived. Most of the nearly three hundred works assembled here (paintings, works on paper, furniture and ceramic designs, books) are by Kandinsky himself, most are on loan, and all are intended to show the interrelation between the artist and the city where he arrived, at the age of thirty, to begin the formal study of art. Through March 21. A complementary show is at the Carus Gallery, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St. . . . ¶ A fluorescent-light sculpture by Dan Flavin. Through March 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of small sculptures and project drawings by Robert Smithson (1938-73), who is best known for monumental earth-art sculptures, two of which (“Cayuga Salt Mine Project” and “Gravel Mirror with Cracks and Dust”) are also reconstructed here. Through April 18. . . . ¶ Musical notations and graphics by the composer John Cage. Included among the former are scores for “Etudes Australes” and “Atlas Eclipticalis”; examples of the latter include two lithographs and one silk-screened Plexiglas work from 1969, and recent etchings. Through May 2. . . . ¶ A show of paintings, drawings, and prints, selected from a bequest by Katherine Schmidt Shubert, which includes works by such artists as Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Peggy Bacon, John Sloan, and the donor herself. Through April 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—“Brooklyn Before the Bridge: American Paintings from the Long Island Historical Society,” sixty oils and watercolors chronicling Brooklyn's halcyon days as an independent city—shipwrecks on Coney Island, rapid transit (a coach and ten horses, East River ferries), and fireworks displays at the opening of the bridge in 1883. Through May 31. . . . ¶ New Testament paintings by James Tissot in a show that coincides with his show of Old Testament paintings at the Jewish Museum. Through April 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 44 W. 53rd St.—Nineteen winners of crafts competitions showing their current works in metal, glass, fibre, and so forth. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculpture (from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain), selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—More than a hundred original drawings (plus furniture, silver, and ceramics) by the Scot-

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

tish architect Robert Adam (1728-92), as well as some by those who were influenced by his neoclassical style. Through April 11.

¶ About seventy award-winning drawings by eighteenth-century architectural students who entered annual competitions held by the National Academy of St. Luke, in Rome. Not necessarily intended as veritable construction proposals, the entries have titles like “Design for a Royal Palace in a Villa for Three Important Persons,” or “Project for a Church to Be Erected in Gratitude for a Victory.” Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A tribute to James Joyce on his centennial. First editions of the author's major works are displayed alongside working manuscripts and related correspondence. Also, copies of the serial installments of “Ulysses” which appeared in the *Little Review*, including the four that were banned by the United States Post Office in 1920; and Joyce's cable of congratulations to Bennett Cerf after the successful trial that brought about the novel's first American publication in 1934. Through April 17. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of Asian art from the collection of the Idemitsu Museum of Art, Tokyo, centering on Japanese paintings and ceramics; a Yuan-dynasty cobalt-glaze jar stands out. The Nanga school, the Ukiyo-e school, and the painter Sengai Gibon are well represented. Through March 14. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A display of paintings of Old Testament scenes by James Tissot, the late-nineteenth-century French painter and etcher who devoted his later years to illustrating the Bible. (His New Testament paintings are on view at the Brooklyn Museum.) Through May 9. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—The many worlds of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (a.k.a. Lewis Carroll), the focal point of which is the original 1864 manuscript (with drawings) of the prototypical “Alice's Adventures Under Ground.” Also, five illustrations by John Tenniel for “Wonderland” (which appeared the following year); holographic poems and riddles; photographs; and correspondence. Through April 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Thirty-three recent additions to the museum's permanent collection which were once owned by Howard and Jean Lipman, among them furniture (an eighteenth-century Queen Anne secretary), nineteenth-century paintings (portraits; a trade sign painted of and for the Oswego Starch Factory), folk sculpture (a decorative carving entitled “Man in a Top Hat with a Cane”), and miniature mourning pins. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admis-

sion charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's nod to the centennials of Virginia Woolf and James Joyce. Excerpts from Woolf's four decades of diaries (where one learns that she regarded “Ulysses” as “an illiterate, underbred book”) are here, as are her letters and essays (in working drafts and final copies) and the bulk of her novels (manuscripts, first editions). The Joyce material focusses on his years in Paris (1920-40) and includes the first English (1922) and French (1929) editions of “Ulysses,” along with the many pages of work involved in the translation of the novel. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Photographs and sculptures by Gretchen Bender, David Cabrera, Ronald Jones, Jeff Koons, and David Robinson. . . . ¶ Installations by Stephen Laphisophon and Stephen Miller. Both shows through March 27.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Jan Fabre (performance), Thursday, March 4, at 8:30; Dentures Art Club (performance), Thursday, March 11, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A group show by conceptual artists, among them Komar & Melamid and Chris Burden. Through Saturday, March 6. . . . ¶ Russian Samizdat (underground press) publications from the past two decades. Through April 17.

JUST ABOVE MIDTOWN/DOWNTOWN, 178-80 Franklin St., between Hudson and Greenwich Sts., six blocks south of Canal St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Installations by Rick Schwab (hydrostone, paint, wood, resin, and Sheetrock) and by James Andrew Brown (neon, slide projections, fish, sawdust, and other materials). Starts Saturday, March 6.

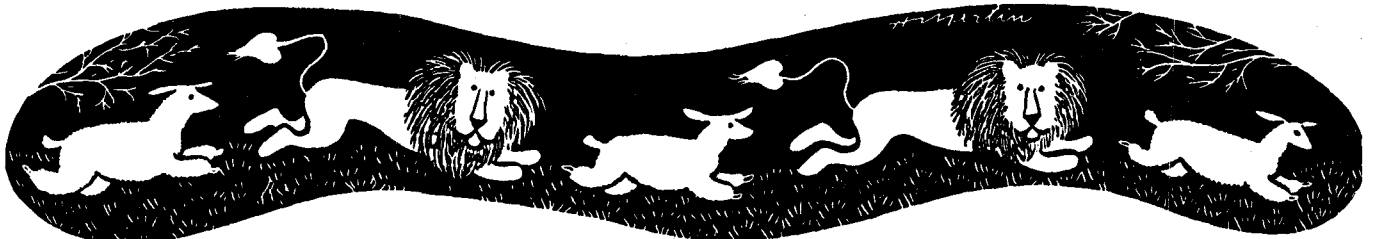
P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Paintings and works on paper in a show (one of many here) in which eight art critics personally invited artists to exhibit work. Lynda Benglis, Michael McClard, and Catherine Porter-Scully are some of the sixty-six selectees. Through March 14.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, March 3: “La Traviata,” with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Cornel MacNeil; conducted by Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 4: “Così Fan Tutte,” with Pilar Lorengar, Maria Ewing, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, Lenus Carlson, and Donald Gramm; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 5: “Il Trovatore,”



We can't tell you who banks at Morgan. But we can tell you why.

At Morgan a banking relationship is a confidential matter between client and bank.

But there is no secret about why many individuals with sizable income and assets bank with us. They've found Morgan provides a quality of personal service and professionalism that is unique in banking.

A continuity of service, too. For at Morgan a team of bankers—not just one—are assigned to your account. A banker who knows you is always available.

Fewer clients, more service
Morgan isn't a retail bank. We're not distracted by thousands of small accounts, so we take extra care. And because each account officer is assigned relatively few clients, you get highly individual attention. This applies whether you're investing in money-market instruments, sending funds to a

relative abroad, arranging a loan, or cashing a check.

Very special checking
As a client of Morgan Guaranty Trust Company you're never just a number. Your signature is recognized and honored at all our New York banking offices. We can also provide you with banking introductions when you travel. Our World Check™ Card lets you cash your Morgan Guaranty checks at major banks in most countries.

Service for your securities
Our custody service protects your

securities. Besides safekeeping, we collect interest and dividends for immediate credit to your account, carry out your orders to buy or sell, and keep close track of bond maturities, redemption calls, tender offers.

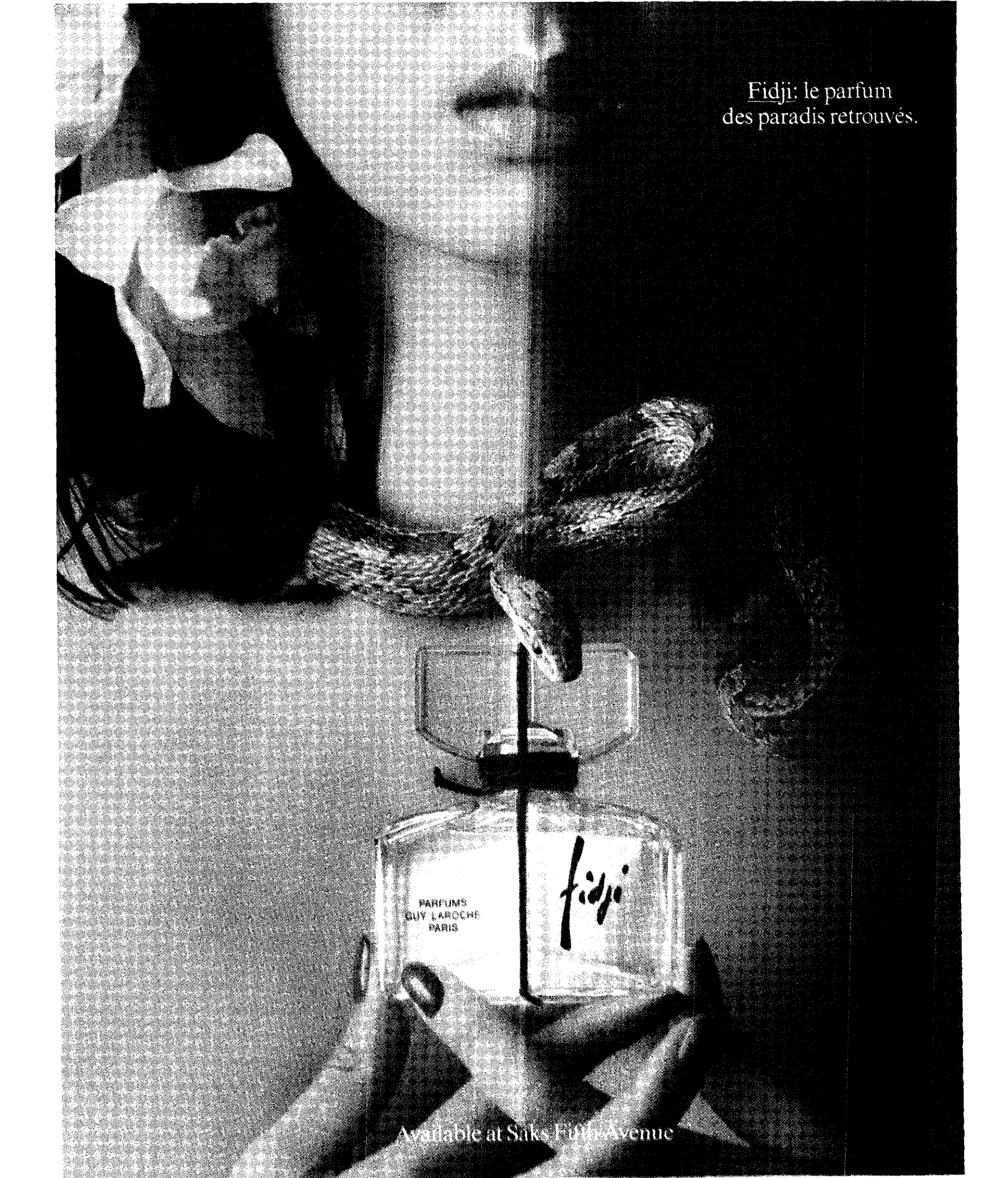
Clients with sizable portfolios may wish to consult our specialists in investment management and trust admin-

istration. If these services suit your requirements, your Morgan banker can help you arrange for them.

An invitation
It's easy to find out how rewarding a personal banking relationship at Morgan Guaranty can be. A banker at any of our New York offices will give you more information: 23 Wall Street, 522 Fifth Avenue at 44th Street, 616 Madison Avenue at 58th Street, 40 Rockefeller Plaza. Or you can call John Wetzel, Vice President, at (212) 997-8031.

Member FDIC

The Morgan Bank



Fidji: le parfum
des paradis retrouvés.

Available at Saks Fifth Avenue

Fidji de Guy Laroche.

De la Haute Couture à la Haute Parfumerie

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bini, and Louis Quilico; James Conlon. . . .
¶ Saturday matinee, March 6: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Cornell MacNeil; Nicola Rescigno. . . .
¶ Saturday evening, March 6: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Pablo Elvira, and Rockwell Blake; Andrew Davis. . . .
¶ Monday evening, March 8: A new production of Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Ruth Welting, Christiane Eda-Pierre, Tatiana Troyanos, and Plácido Domingo; Riccardo Chailly. (A benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 582-6067.) . . .
¶ Tuesday evening, March 9: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Brent Ellis; Nicola Rescigno. . . .
¶ Wednesday evening, March 10: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, William Workman, Rockwell Blake, and Renato Capecchi; Andrew Davis. . . .
¶ Thursday evening, March 11: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Ruth Welting, Christiane Eda-Pierre, Tatiana Troyanos, and Plácido Domingo; Riccardo Chailly. . . .
¶ Friday evening, March 12: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Miguel Cortez, and Brent Ellis; Nicola Rescigno. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . .
¶ Saturday matinee, March 13: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, William Workman, Rockwell Blake, and Renato Capecchi; Andrew Davis. . . .
¶ Saturday evening, March 13: "Il Trovatore," with Lucine Amara, Viorica Cortez, Carlo Bini, and Richard J. Clark; James Conlon. (Evenings at 8; on Monday, March 8, at 7:30. Matinees at 2.)

JEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, March 3, at 8: "La Bohème," with Pamela Myers, Inga Nielsen, Jerry Hadley, and Charles Long; conducted by Judith Somogi. . . .
¶ Thursday, March 4, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Elizabeth Hynes, Justino Díaz, and William Stone; Imre Pallo. . . .
¶ Friday, March 5, at 8: "Carmen," with Susanne Marsee, Marianna Christos, Riccardo Calleo, and Marc Embree; Imre Pallo. . . .
¶ Saturday, March 6, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Gianna Rolandi, Gail Gilmore, Frederick Burchinal, and Henry Price; Henry Lewis. . . .
¶ Saturday, March 6, at 8: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Joseph Evans, and Dominic Cossa; Brian Salesky. . . .
¶ Sunday, March 7, at 1: "Carmen," with Judith Forst, Marianna Christos, Riccardo Calleo, and Marc Embree; Imre Pallo. . . .
¶ Sunday, March 7, at 7: The company's premiere of Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re," with Noelle Rogers, James McCray, Richard Fredricks, and Samuel Ramey; John Mauceri. . . .
¶ Tuesday, March 9, at 8: "La Traviata," with June Anderson, Joseph Evans, and Dominic Cossa; Brian Salesky. . . .
¶ Wednesday, March 10, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Elizabeth Hynes, Justino Díaz, and William Stone; Imre Pallo. . . .
¶ Friday, March 12, at 8: "L'Amore dei Tre Re," with Noelle Rogers, James McCray, Richard Fredricks, and Samuel Ramey; John Mauceri. . . .
¶ Saturday, March 13, at 2: "I Puritani," with Ashley Putnam, John Aler, J. Patrick Raftery, and Justino Díaz; Theo Alcantara. . . .
¶ Saturday, March 13, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Haddon, Judith Christin, John Stewart, and William Stone; David Effron. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Through Sunday, May 2.)

TEL CANTO OPERA—John McCauley conducting four performances of Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra," staged by Nelson Sheeley. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturdays, March 6 and 13, at 7:30, and Sundays, March 7 and 14, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Charles Dutoit conducting a Honegger-Bartók-Roussel program Thursday, March 4, at 8; Friday, March 5, at 2; and Tuesday, March 9, at 7:30 (all with Yefim Bronfman, piano). . . .
¶ Zubin Mehta directing a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony on Sunday, March 7, at 5, with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; and the Westminster Choir. A benefit for the Philharmonic's Pension Fund. . . .
¶ Rafael Kubelík conducting a Vivaldi-Hindemith-

Dvořák program Thursday through Saturday, March 11-13, and Tuesday, March 16, at 8 (all with Judith Le Clair, bassoon).

ST. PAUL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Pinchas Zukerman conducting and acting as viola soloist in an all-Mozart program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 3, at 8.)

MINNESOTA ORCHESTRA—Neville Marriner conducting a program that includes the New York premiere of Witold Lutoslawski's "Double Concerto for Oboe and Harp," with Heinz Holliger, oboe, and Ursula Holliger, harp. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8.)

OPERA ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Eve Queler directing a performance of Wagner's "Rienzi" in concert form, with Elisabeth Payer, soprano; Julia Hamari, mezzo-soprano; William Johns, tenor; the Choral Guild of Atlanta, the United States Coast Guard Academy Singing Idlers, and the Boys of St. Thomas Choir. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 3, at 7:30.)

CLARION CONCERTS ORCHESTRA—Newell Jenkins conducting a program entitled "Clarion Recalls," which consists of works presented by this group during the past twenty-five years. With Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 3, at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting the third in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four programs, this one entitled "Music + Words: Choral Theatre Festival." With the Schola Cantorum and four other choruses. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, March 4, at 8. . . .
¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 636-4120.)

MANNES ORCHESTRA—Sidney Harth conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, March 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERT—Charlotte Bergen conducting a Schubert-Mozart-Dvořák program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 6, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Elly Ameling, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 6, at 8, and Sunday, March 7, at 5:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Paula Robison, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 7, at 3.)

PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA OF YALE—Otto-Werner Mueller conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 7, at 3.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—The third in a series of seven recitals will be performed by Cappella Nova, directed by Richard Taruskin. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, March 7, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Michael Hammond directing a

Stravinsky-Tchaikovsky program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 13, at 8.)

RECITALS

LEONTYNE PRICE—Soprano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Wednesday, March 3, at 8.)

PAUL BADURA-SKODA—Piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Wednesday, March 3, at 8. Admission is free, but seating is limited, so it would be wise to arrive early.)

EASTMAN TRIO—An all-Brahms program (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 3, at 8.)

YUVAL TRIO—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 3, at 8.)

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, MARYA MARTIN, LEE LUVISI, AND LAURENCE LESSER—Violin, flute, piano, and cello in an all-Haydn program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 4, at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—A program of vocal and instrumental music called "The Hapsburg Heritage." (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 4, and Saturday, March 6, at 8.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SERIES—A program called "Wolpe and His Influence," with Ronald Anderson, trumpet; David Holzman and Louis Karchin, piano; Sue Ann Kahn, flute; and Mark Shuman, cello. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Thursday, March 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

MAURIZIO POLLINI—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8.)

SYLVIA LINDENSTRAND—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8.)

ALEXANDER PESKANOV AND MARK PESKANOV—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 5, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC—Kristine Ciesinski, soprano; Carol Wincenc, flute; Ida Kavafian, violin; André-Michel Schub and Kenneth Cooper, piano; and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 7, at 2.)

SYLVAN WIND QUINTET—A program devoted to American women composers. With Constance Beavon, soprano, and Elizabeth DiFelice, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8.)

OTTO LUENING—Flute, in a program of his own music, with Max Pollikoff, violin, and Danielle Woerner, soprano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, March 5, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

BETH LEVIN—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 6, at 2:30.)

EMANUEL AX—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

WALTER PONCE—Piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Saturday, March 6, at 8. Admission is free, but seating is limited, so it would be wise to arrive early.)

ST. LUKE'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—With Fred Sherry, cello. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, March 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

FESTIVAL TRIO—David Singer, clarinet; Benjamin Hudson, violin; and Patricia Michaelian, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 6, at 8.)

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER AND GUESTS—Krista Benion and Mr. Schneider, violin; Jodi Levitz, viola; Vivian Barton, cello; Carolyn Davis, bass; and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, March 7, at 2.)

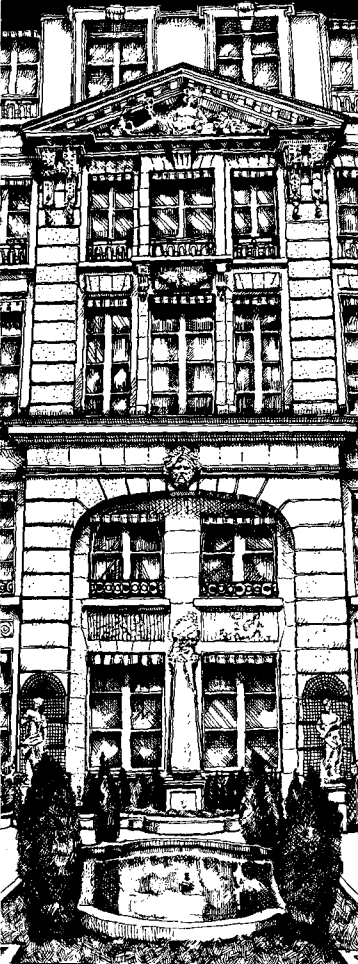
TRIO DI TRIESTE—With Piero Farulli, viola. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, March 7, at 2:30. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

ZAIDEE PARKINSON—Piano, with Victoria Grof, mezzo-soprano, and Henk Smit, bass-bari-



LB

**HOTEL
DE
CRILLON**
PLACE DE LA CONCORDE,
PARIS



FOR INFORMATION
AND RESERVATIONS

HR

(800) 223-1230
IN NEW YORK STATE:
(212) 751-8915 COLLECT

*The
Leading Hotels
of the World*

tone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 7, at 3.)

FOR THE LOVE OF MUSIC—The fourth in a series of six programs of chamber music, this one a varied program, performed by Richard Sordomme and Daniel Phillips, violin/viola; Pamela Mia Paul, piano; Frederick Zlotkin, cello; Judith Norell, harpsichord; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 7, at 3.)

IAN SHAPINSKY—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 7, at 5:45.)

HUGO GOLDENZWEIG—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 7, at 8.)

AMADEUS STRING QUARTET—The second and third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 7, and Wednesday, March 10, at 8.)

MUSICK'S MONUMENT—An early-music ensemble in a program of works by William Byrd. (Gustavus Adolphus Lutheran Church, 155 E. 22nd St. Sunday, March 7, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ANDRÉ-MICHEL SCHUB—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 8, at 8.)

RAPHAEL TRIO—The second in a series of three programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday and Tuesday, March 8-9, at 8.)

PITTEL SAXOPHONE TRIO—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, March 9, at 2.)

PANAYIS LYRAS—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 9, at 8.)

MANHATTAN STRING QUARTET—With Artur Balsam, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, March 9, at 8.)

PORTLAND STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, March 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

MICHAEL LORIMER—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 10, at 8.)

RADU LUPU—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 11, at 8.)

LUCY SHELTON—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 11, at 8.)

HAYDN ON ORIGINAL INSTRUMENTS—The second in a series of three programs, this one performed by Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano; the Classical String Quartet; Susan Robinson, soprano; and John Hsu, baryton. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 11, at 8.)

MANHATTAN BRASS ENSEMBLE—Robert Nagel conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—With Ida Kavafian, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 12, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Alvin Brehm, bass; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8, and Sunday, March 14, at 5.)

ANDRÉE JULIETTE BRUN—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8.)

NEW YORK BRASS QUINTET—Chamber music. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, March 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The second in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 13, at 3.)

MARILYN HORNE—Mezzo-soprano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, March 13, at 8.)

IVAN MORAYEC—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 13, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

AN EVENING OF FRENCH OPERA AND SONG—A benefit for the Pierre Bernac Award Fund. The participants: Marvis Martin, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; and Thomas Grubb, piano. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday,

March 4, at 8. For tickets, call 749-2802 Ext. 502.)

WALL-TO-WALL JOHN CAGE AND FRIENDS—A free thirteen-hour marathon of music by Cage and other composers who either influenced his work or were influenced by his music. Among the performers will be Mr. Cage, Ursula Oppens, and Paul Jacobs, piano; Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Virgil Blackwell, clarinet; and Dean Drummond and Gary Schal zoomoozophone (a percussion instrument). The program will also feature dance, poetry readings, video presentations, and theater pieces. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, March 13, from 1 to midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, March 4, at 7:35. . . . Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, March 6, at 8:05. . . . Knicks vs. Utah Tuesday, March 9, at 7:35. . . . Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, March 13, at 8:05. . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, March 3. . . . Nets vs. Phoenix, Wednesday, March 10. . . . Nets vs. Boston, Friday, March 12. (Games begin at 7:35.)

GYMNASTICS—American Cup Gymnastics Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday and Sunday, March 6-7, at noon.)

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers v. Calgary Flames, Wednesday, March 3, at 7:35. . . . Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings Monday, March 8, at 8:05. . . . Rangers v. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, March 10 at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders v. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, March 4, at 8:05. . . . Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, March 6, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

KARATE—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Swift Saturday, March 6; the Correction Handicap Sunday, March 7; and the Toboggan Handicap, Saturday, March 13. . . . BOWIE, Md. Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 1: The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 6.

TROTTERING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 1 through Saturday, April 3. . . . MEADOWLAND Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Alice Adams and Diane Johnson reading from their own prose (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, March 8, at 8.) . . . Robert Pinsky and Frank Bidart reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 8, at 8.) . . . Ntozake Shange reading from her new novel "Sassafras, Cypress and Indigo." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, March 8, at 8.)

FLOWER SHOWS—The Spring Flower Show in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily except Mondays, 10 to 5. . . . The Spring Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Saturday and Sunday, March 6-7, noon to 6.

AUCTIONS—At SOTHEBY'S, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, March 3-4, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, March 5, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, together with American decorative prints. . . . Thursday, March 11, at 10:15 and 2: American Impressionist paintings and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 6. . . . SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 1 to 5; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, at 2: Oriental rugs. . . . Wednesday, March 10, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art. Exhibition starts Thursday, March 4. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. Wednesday, March 3, at 1 and 2: Jewelry.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

THE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through March 7: "Cattle Annie and Little Britches" (†).

From March 9: "25 Fireman's Street" (1973; directed by Istvan Szabo; in Hungarian).

C.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

"Chariots of Fire" (†).

MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through March 4: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†) and "Airplane!" (†).

March 5-11: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†) and "Popeye" (†).

From March 12: To be announced.

IAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through March 4: "The Border" (†).

From March 5: "Butterfly" (Matt Cimber), with Stacy Keach and Pia Zadora.

Y CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Reds" (†).

JERRY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

EW'S 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Shoot the Moon" (†).

Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Theatre 3: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.

TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through March 4: "Ragtime" (†).

From March 5: "Atlantic City" (†).

STSIDA CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through March 4: "Evilspeak" (Eric Weston), with Clint Howard and R. G. Armstrong.

From March 5: "Atlantic City" (†).

ITON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Personal Best" (†).

JTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

AZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Butterfly" (Matt Cimber), with Stacy Keach and Pia Zadora.

ANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

RONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Ragtime" (†).

Theatre 2: "Reds" (†).

W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Sleeping Dogs" (1977; Roger Donaldson; a New Zealand film), with Sam Neill and Warren Oates.

NEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Three Brothers" (Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Michel Placido.

Theatre 2: "Shoot the Moon" (†).

IMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through March 4: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D. March 5-11: "Dial M for Murder" (†). From March 12: "Parasite" (Charles Band), with Robert Glaudini. In 3-D.

Theatre 2: Through March 4: "The Border" (†). From March 5: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.

EKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Missing" (†).

EW'S NEW YORK I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.

Theatre 2: "The Seduction" (David Schmoeller), with Morgan Fairchild and Michael Sarrazin.

TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

EW'S TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

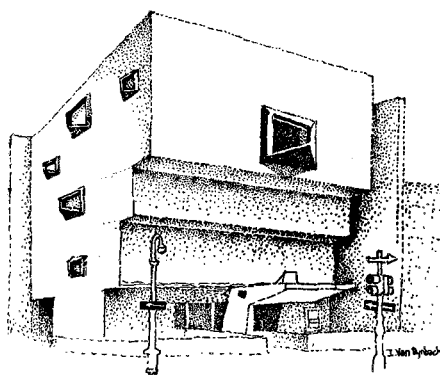
March 3: "One from the Heart" (†).

March 4: Theatre closed.

From March 5: "I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can" (Jack Hofsiss), with Jill Clayburgh and Nicol Williamson.

ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304;

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through March 4: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†).

From March 5: To be announced.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through March 4: "Arthur" (†).

From March 5: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.

Theatre 2: "The Seduction" (David Schmoeller), with Morgan Fairchild and Michael Sarrazin.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"Shoot the Moon" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. I AND 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 4: "Evilspeak" (Eric Weston), with Clint Howard and R. G. Armstrong. From March 5: "Missing" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" (directed by Dick Fontaine and Pat Hartley), a documentary with James Baldwin.

Theatre 2: March 3: "Contract" (Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish). March 4-6: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni. March 7-13: "Special Treatment" (Goran Paskaljević; in Serbo-Croatian).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through March 4: "Why Shoot the Teacher?" (1979; Silvio Narizzano), with Bud Cort and Samantha Eggar. From March 5: To be announced.

Theatre 2: "Shoot the Moon" (†).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through March 4: "Four Friends" (†). From March 5: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.

Theatre 2: "Personal Best" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Theatre 3: Through March 4: "Pennies from Heaven" (†). From March 5: "Missing" (†).

Theatre 4: Through March 4: "Pixote" (†). From March 5: "Missing" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Quest for Fire" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through March 4: Theatre closed.

From March 5: "I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can" (Jack Hofsiss), with Jill Clayburgh and Nicol Williamson.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"Atlantic City" (†).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Circle of Deceit" (Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through March 6: "Absence of Malice" (†).

From March 7: "Wasn't That a Time!" (Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"One from the Heart" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Passione d'Amore" (Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici.

Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).

Theatre 3: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Theatre 2: Through March 4: "Arthur" (†).

From March 5: "Love and Lies" (Ilya Frez; in Russian).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through March 11: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From March 12: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through March 4: "Pennies from Heaven" (†). From March 5: "Butterfly" (Matt Cimber), with Stacy Keach and Pia Zadora.

Theatre 3: Through March 11: "Shoot the Moon" (†). From March 12: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through March 4: "Absence of Malice" (†). From March 5: "Missing" (†).

NEW YORKER I AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: Through March 4: "Why Shoot the Teacher?" (1979; Silvio Narizzano), with Bud Cort and Samantha Eggar. From March 5: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.

Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through March 4: "The Border" (†). From March 5: "The Border" (†) and "Melvin and Howard" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 11: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†). From March 12: "Absence of Malice" (†); and "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

Theatre 3: Through March 11: "Arthur" (†) and "Altered States" (†). From March 12 (tentative): "Personal Best" (†).

Theatre 4: Through March 4: "Pennies from Heaven" (†). From March 5: "Dial M for Murder" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: "Making Love" (directed by Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

Theatre 2: "Shoot the Moon" (†).

Theatre 3: Through March 4: "Absence of Malice" (†). From March 5: "Ninja."

Theatre 4: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Theatre 5: Through March 4: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds. From March 5: "Personal Best" (†).

Theatre 6: "Arthur" (†).

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through March 4: "Ragtime" (†).

From March 5: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through March 4: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From March 5: "Ragtime" (†).

Theatre 3: Through March 11: "Vice Squad"

ONLY TWO WINES? WHAT KIND OF A NEGOCIANT* IS THAT?

As a matter of fact, it started out as only one wine! When Jean-Pierre Perrin graduated from oenological school, he decided to postpone joining his father at the family domaine, Château de Beaucastel, in Chateaufort-du-Pape.

Instead, he decided to produce an inexpensive, straight-forward Rhône wine and to sell it by direct mail to French wine lovers as a good all-round drinking wine.

He determined to use the same varieties of grapes in similar proportions to those planted at Beaucastel and to vinify in similar fashion. The results were outstanding and the venture became an immediate success in France.

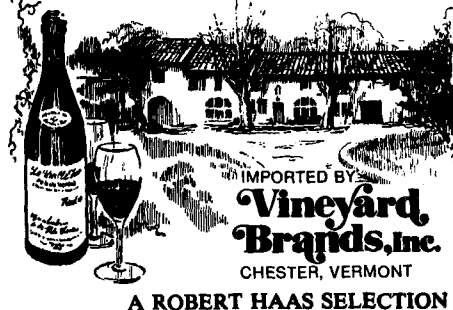
The success was repeated here, and to the lovely, eminently drinkable Côtes du Ventoux rouge, we have added a fresh, crisp, dry blanc de blancs with just a hint of oak that is fast becoming as popular as the red. And the price is hardly higher than its modest figure of 1971, when we first started importing the one wine.

The name?

LA VIEILLE FERME
Red and White

Test them both for quality and value.

*Negociant is the French term for wine merchant/shipper.



IMPORTED BY
**Vineyard
Brands, Inc.**
CHESTER, VERMONT

A ROBERT HAAS SELECTION

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson. From March 12: "The Seduction" (David Schmoeller), with Morgan Fairchild and Michael Sarrazin.

Theatre 4: Through March 11: "Venom" (Piers Haggard), with Sterling Hayden and Klaus Kinski. From March 12: "Reds" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Reds" (†).

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.

Theatre 2: "The Seduction" (David Schmoeller), with Morgan Fairchild and Michael Sarrazin.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through March 4: "Personal Best" (†).

From March 5: "Butterfly" (Matt Cimber), with Stacy Keach and Pia Zadora.

RIVOLI 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through March 4: "The Border" (†).

From March 5: "Missing" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 4: "On Golden Pond" (†). From March 5: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.

R.K.O. CENTURY CINERAMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through March 4: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D. From March 5: "Dial M for Murder" (†).

Theatre 2: "Evilspeak" (Eric Weston), with Clint Howard and R. G. Armstrong.

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

March 3: "Being There" (1979; directed by Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; and "A Report on the Party and the Guests" (1966; Jan Némec; a Czechoslovakian film).

March 4-6: "David" (1982; Peter Lilienthal; in German); and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

March 7: "The Rose" (†); and "Janis" (1975), a documentary about Janis Joplin.

March 8: "Man Is Not a Bird" (1966; Dusan Makavejev; a Yugoslavian film); and "Diary of a Switchboard Operator" ("Love Affair," 1968; Dusan Makavejev; a Yugoslavian film).

March 9: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura.

March 10: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949) and "Shoe-Shine" (1946), both films in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.

March 11-13: "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins, John Hurt, and Anne Bancroft; and "Eraserhead" (1980; David Lynch).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through March 4: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (1977; Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, and Teri Garr; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951; Robert Wise), with Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, and Hugh Marlowe.

March 5-6: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind;" and "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling.

March 7-9: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China" (1981), a documentary; and "The Children of Theatre Street" (†). On Monday, March 8, at 8:30, "Angels Over Broadway" (1940; Ben Hecht and Lee Garmes), with Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, John Qualen, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will be shown. Mr. Fairbanks will be present.

March 10-11: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin

Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cath Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; and "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert D. Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.

March 12-13: "Raging Bull," and "Mea Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, and Am Robinson.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 4: "End of the Road" (1976; Aram Avakian), with Stacy Keach, Harry Yulin, Dorothy Tristan, and James Earle Jones; and "Accident" (1967; Joseph Losey), with Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant.

March 5-6: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brook Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

March 7-9: "The Producers" (†) and "Young Frankenstein" (†).

March 10-11: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English with Alan Bates and Genevieve Bujold; an "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort).

March 12-13: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, and Slim Pickens; and "Waltz of the Toreadors" (†).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mor days through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through March 4: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), with The Band.

March 5-11: "The Arabian Nights" (1973; "The Canterbury Tales" (1972), and "The Decameron" (1971), all films in Italian directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

March 12-13: "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini; and "Servant and Mistress" (†).

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

March 3: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, and Slim Pickens; and "The Loved One" (1965; Ton Richardson), with Robert Morse, Jonathan Winters, John Gielgud, and Robert Morley.

March 4-6: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford; and "Hush... Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (1965; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and Joseph Cotten.

March 7-9: "How I Won the War" (†) and "The Bed Sitting Room" (†).

March 10-13: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "Stalag 17" (1953; Billy Wilder), with William Holden, Otto Preminger, and Donald Taylor.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

March 3: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Throne of Blood" (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

March 4-7: "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton) and "Thunderball" (1965; Terence Young), both films with Sean Connery as James Bond.

March 8-9: "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs, Leonard Frey, and Cliff Gorman; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

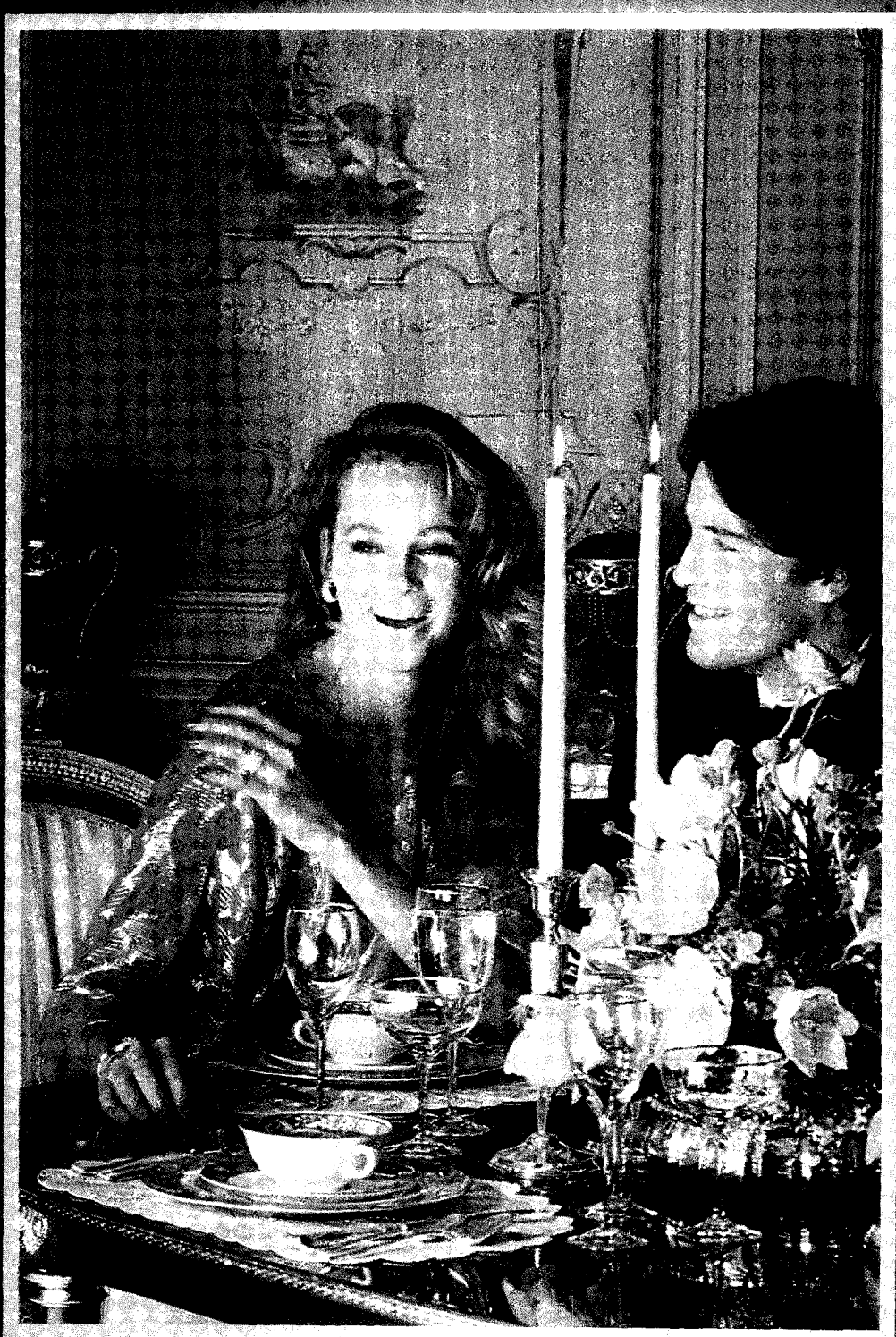
March 10-13: "Melvin and Howard" (†); and "Resurrection" (1980; Daniel Petrie), with Ellen Burstyn, Eva Le Gallienne, and Sam Shepard.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

March 3: "Two Women" (1961; Vittorio D.



Lenox.

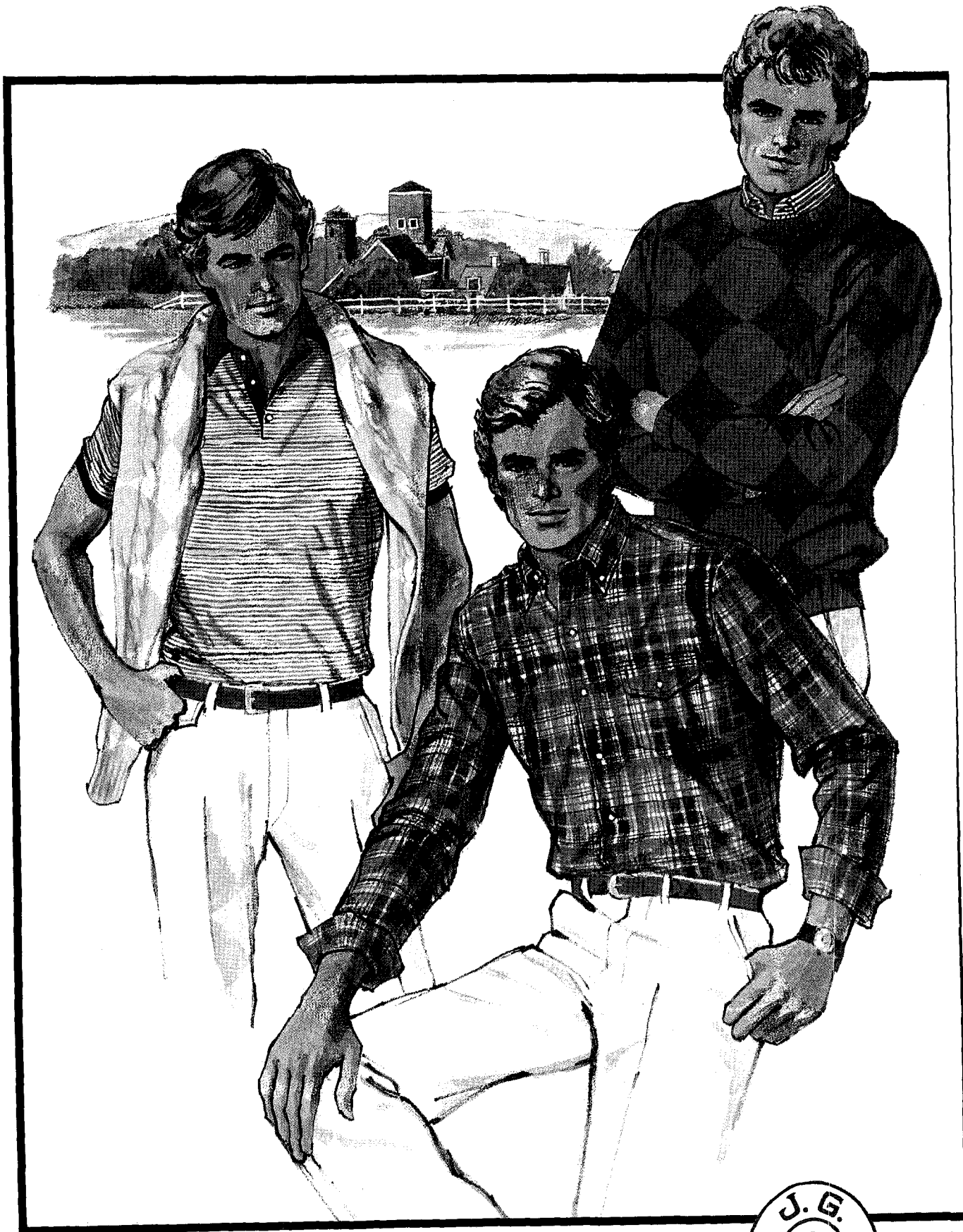


A world apart. Let it express your world.

Lenox China and Crystal

Send for our free color brochure. Lenox, Lawrenceville, N.J. 08648.

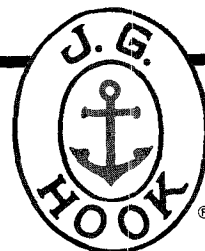
© Lenox '91



J.G. HOOK for MEN... by popular demand.

A topflight collection of traditional shirts, sweaters, and cotton knitwear.

At selected stores.



17 E. 37th St. • New York • 10016

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

March 4-6: "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Little Foxes" (1941; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, and Dan Duryea.

March 7-8: "Rain" (1932; Lewis Milestone), with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, William Gargan, and Beulah Bondi; and "Christopher Strong" (1933; Dorothy Arzner), with Katharine Hepburn, Colin Clive, Billie Burke, Ralph Forbes, and Helen Chandler.

March 9-10: "Lola Montès" (1955; Max Ophüls; in French), with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, Anton Walbrook, and Oscar Werner; and "The Earrings of Madame de..." (†).

March 11-13: "Picnic" (1956; Joshua Logan), with William Holden, Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak, and Cliff Robertson; and "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, and Betty Field.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 3: "Men Must Fight" (1933; Edgar Selwyn), with Diana Wynyard, Phillips Holmes, Lewis Stone, and Robert Young; and "The War at Home" (1980; Glenn Silber and Barry Alexander Brown), a documentary.

March 4: "The China Syndrome" (1979; James Bridges), with Jane Fonda, Jack Lemmon, and Michael Douglas; and "We Are the Guinea Pigs" (1981; Joan Harvey), a documentary.

March 5-6: "The Memory of Justice" (1976; Marcel Ophüls), a four-and-a-half-hour documentary.

March 7: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish); and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.

March 8: "The National Health" (1975; Jack Gold), with Lynn Redgrave and Colin Blakely; and "No Sex Please, We're British" (1973; Cliff Owen), with Beryl Reid and Arthur Lowe.

March 9: "Love in the Afternoon" (†); and "People on Sunday" (1929; Robert Siodmak).

March 10: "Nasty Habits" (†); and "The Romantic Englishwoman" (1975; Joseph Losey), with Glenda Jackson, Michael Caine, and Helmut Berger.

March 11: "Laura" (†); "Fallen Angel" (†); and "The Chase" (1946; Arthur Ripley), with Robert Cummings, Michèle Morgan, and Peter Lorre.

March 12-13: "Hoffman" (1970; Alvin Rakoff), with Peter Sellers; and "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 3: "La Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

March 4: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

March 5-6: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Hush... Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (1965; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and Joseph Cotten.

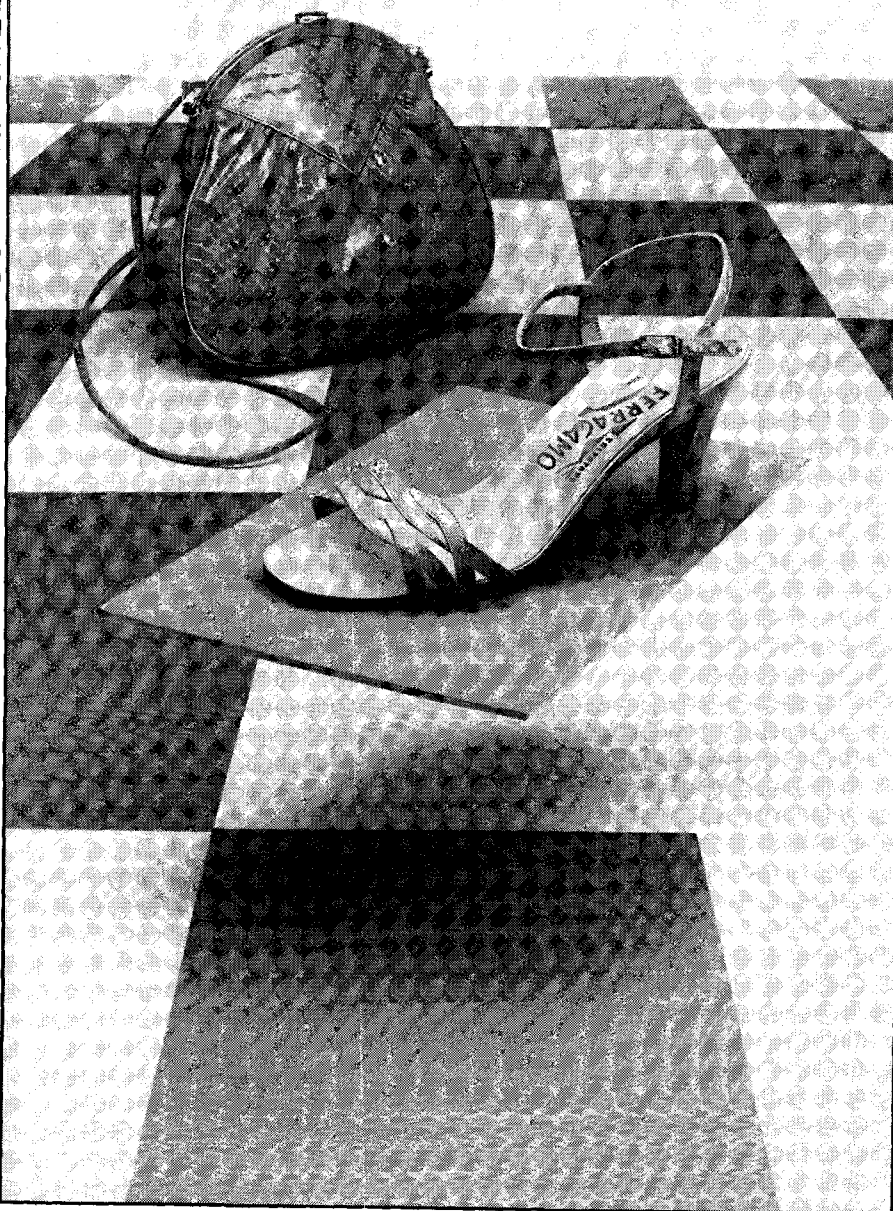
March 7: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

March 8: "Tiefand" (1945), directed by, and with, Leni Riefenstahl; and "The White Hell of Pitz Palü" (†).

March 9: "Lost Horizon" (†) and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (†).

March 10: "The Petrified Forest" (1936; Ar-

Salvatore Ferragamo



Shoes: Sfera, \$145. Bag: \$280.

FERRAGAMO 717 Fifth Avenue, New York. 212-759-3822

chie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942; William Keighley), with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley, and Jimmy Durante.
 March 11: "Woman of the Year" (1942; George Stevens) and "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), both films with Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy.
 March 12-13: "Charlie Chan in Honolulu" (1938; H. Bruce Humberstone) and "Dead Men Tell" (1941; Harry Lachman), both films with Sidney Toler as the detective.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through March 11: A video installation by

Michael Smith, including a twenty-five-minute videotape starring Smith, directed by Mark Fischer. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—March 3 at 8: A program of five films by Kenneth Anger. . . . March 4 at 8: A program of five films by Bruce Baillie. . . . March 5 at 8: A program of films by Jordan Belson and Stan Brakhage. . . . March 6 at 2: A video program by Deans Keppel. . . . March 6 at 8: A program of thirteen films by Robert Breer. . . . March 7 at 8: "Dog Star Man" (1961-64; Stan Brakhage). . . . March 9 at 8: A program of five films by

James Broughton. . . . March 10 at 8: "Le Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1944; Rober Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . March 11 at 8: "Un Chien Andalou" (1928; Luis Buñuel; a French silent film, no English titles) and "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Lui Buñuel; in French, no English subtitles). . . . March 12 at 8: "Scenes from Under Childhood" (1969-70; Stan Brakhage). . . . March 13 at 2: A video program by Lenc Wisniewski. . . . March 13 at 8: "Blood of Poet" (1930) and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), both films in French, with no English subtitles, directed by Jean Cocteau.

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovation until sometime in June.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ABSENCE OF MALICE—A well-paced newspaper melodrama that queries journalistic practices. Sally Field is the insensitive, eager-beaver Miami reporter who snaps up a false story leaked to her by the head of a federal strike force (Bob Balaban). The federal man's purpose is simply to stir things up by putting pressure on an honest businessman who has Mafia relatives. Paul Newman is the victim who turns the methods of the authorities and the newspaperwoman against them. The script is by Kurt Luedtke, a former newspaperman, the director is Sydney Pollack, and the film is moderately entertaining, but it leaves no residue. Except for the intensity of Newman's sly, compact performance and the marvellously inventive acting of Melinda Dillon in the role of an aching helplessness, frightened woman, and the character bits by Barry Primus, Luther Adler, Josef Sommer, Wilford Brimley, Don Hood, and John Harkins, you could get it all by reading an article. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/4/82.) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Theatres; through March 4. . . . Cinema 3; through March 6. . . . Olympia Quad; starting March 12.)

AIRPLANE! (1980)—If you were a teen-ager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (9/1/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 4.)

ALTERED STATES (1980)—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. There are some effectively scary Jekyll-and-Hyde devices, and Hurt, making his movie debut, brings a cool, quivering untrustworthiness to his revved-up mad-scientist role; this young scientist is neurasthenic, charismatic, and ready to try anything. But Russell clomps from one scene to the next, the psychedelic visions come at you like choppy slide shows, and the picture has a dismal, tired humanistic ending. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an updated version of the thankless role of the worrying, hand-wringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. Cinematography by Jordan Cronenweth. (1/19/81) (Olympia Quad; through March 11.)

ARTHUR—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken

millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Criterion Theatres. . . . U. A. East, and Embassy 72nd St.; through March 4. . . . Olympia Quad; through March 11.)

ATLANTIC CITY—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does, the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers-runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Little Carnegie. . . . 34th St. East, and Eastside Cinema; starting March 5.)

THE BED SITTING ROOM (1969)—The ghastly kind of far-out humor that makes you feel as if you've got a pain in your side when you haven't even laughed. Richard Lester directed this apocalyptic, after-the-bomb farce, in which some twenty-odd straggling survivors in London wander in and out of blackout sketches. With Michael Hordern, Rita Tushingham giving birth to something unspecified, and Ralph Richardson—until he mutates into a bed-sitter. The absurdist chaos becomes numbing; this perpetual giggle almost seems to require a bomb. Also with Mona Washbourne, Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, Arthur Lowe, Harry Secombe, Marty Feldman, and Spike Milligan. From the Milligan-John Antrobus play, adapted by Antrobus. Cinematography by David Watkin. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 7-9.)

THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN (1933)—This story about a cool, straitlaced girl from New England (Barbara Stanwyck) who is sexually drawn to the Chinese warlord who kidnaps her was the opening attraction at Radio City Music Hall. Tall, Swedish Nils Asther was a very peculiar Oriental, but he was certainly dazzlingly elegant and a highly exotic love object—too exotic, maybe, for moviegoers of

the time, because, despite the tensions of the daring interracial romance, the picture was not a box-office success. One of the most sensuously atmospheric (and least cloying) of Frank Capra's films, it suggests the influence of von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express" (1932). The screenplay by Edward Paramore was adapted from a story by Grace Zaring Stone. Cinematography by Joseph Walker. With Gavin Gordon, Walter Connolly, Toshi Mori, Richard Loo, and Lucien Littlefield (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 9.)

THE BORDER—In this impressive muckraking movie, Jack Nicholson plays a United States border patrolman whose job is to shove Mexicans back to their side of the Rio Grande. He hates his work, because most of his colleagues are in cahoots with the American business that hire wetbacks, and the patrolmen make their big money by closing their eyes to van full of workers earmarked for their business partners. Working from a script by Derik Washburn, Walon Green, and David Freeman, and with the cinematographers Richard Waite and Vilmos Zsigmond, director Tony Richardson is able to encompass so much in the wide-screen frame that he shows how the whole corrupt mess works. Nicholson tries to help an unspoiled young Mexican girl (Elpidia Carrillo), who is the opposite of his glibly sexpot wife (Valerie Perrine), and has to go through hell to do it. Nicholson is completely convincing as a man who has been living in dung up to his ears and feels he has to do one decent thing before it covers his head. With Harvey Keitel, Warren Oates, Shannon Wilcox, and Jeff Morris. (2/1/82) (Olympia Quad. . . . Gramercy, Gemini and Rivoli; through March 4.)

CATTLE ANNIE AND LITTLE BRITCHES—An unusual Western with a tip-top cast. The movie is based on the lives of two adolescent girls in the late nineteenth century who became infatuated with the outlaw heroes they'd read about in Ned Buntline's stories and ran off to join them. The girls (Amanda Plummer, who is excitingly, weirdly lyric in her movie debut, and the fastidious young actress Diane Lane) find the mangy, demoralized remnants of the Doolin-Dalton gang, led by the aging Bill Doolin (Burt Lancaster), and try to inspire them to live up to the legend created by Buntline. Scott Glenn, in long sideburns and a mustache, is Bill Dalton, and the gang also includes John Savage. The director, Lamont Johnson, has a warm, honest touch that the actors respond to. He even manages to hold down Rod Steiger, who plays the beady-eyed U.S. marshal chasing Doolin, and the result is one of Steiger's best performances in years. Though the script, by David Eyre and Robert Ward, from Ward's book, doesn't seem to build, and the film isn't as explosively funny as it should be, most of the incidents have a neat, dry humor, and Burt Lancaster's Doolin is a magnificent, sagging old buffalo—a charmer. The cinematography (with crisp, intense color) is by Larry Pizer. (6/15/81) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through March 7.)

CHARIOTS OF FIRE—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Putnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his debut film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (R.K.O. Century Art, Manhattan, Lincoln Plaza, and Criterion Theatres.)

THE CHILDREN OF THEATRE STREET (1977)—An American production team was able to get behind the scenes at Leningrad's historic ballet school (on Theatre Street), and then lost sight of its subject—the way the pupils are trained to become dancers. Colorful sidelights and some good performance shots of young dancers and old ballets, but, by and large, a wasted opportunity. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 7-9.)

HAL M FOR MURDER (1954)—Those who like drawing-room murder and cold, literate, gentlemanly skulduggery will find this ingenious and almost entertaining. Ray Milland is the suitably suave husband who hires unsavory, penny-dreadful Anthony Dawson to kill his rich, unfaithful wife, Grace Kelly; he then calmly goes out for the evening with her lover, Robert Cummings. The unexpected happens: the wife dispatches her would-be assassin with scissors; so the determined husband goes to work to make the murder look premeditated. All this is related with Alfred Hitchcock's ghoulish chic, but everyone in it seems to be walking around with tired blood. Amusingly, John Williams, as the inspector who unravels the case, is so wryly, archly dexterous that he makes everybody else's underplaying look positively boisterous. From Frederick Knott's play, just slightly adapted by the author; music by Dmitri Tiomkin. (Made in 3-D, though released flat; the 3-D version, shown here, wasn't released until 1980.) (Gemini; March 5-11. . . ♀ Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama; starting March 5.)

THE EARRINGS OF MADAME DE... (1953)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is set, ironically, in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophüls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinary romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. But Ophüls loved Mozart and Stendhal, and he also calls up a third master: Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" is the opera sequence that gives the film its musical theme. The performances by Danielle Darrieux as Madame de, by Vittorio De Sica as her lover, the Baron, and by Charles Boyer as Monsieur de, a general, are quite likely the finest each has given. Ophüls' lush, decorative style, his recreation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are used to evoke the protection that style and manners and wealth provide, and to demonstrate that passion destroys it all. Even the fashionable and secure become rash, make fools of themselves. Boyer, the general, attempting to use military discipline to cure his wife of her unseemly displays of emotion, is as helpless as she is. Madame de's life has been so shallow and empty that she cannot keep her lover. She is destroyed, finally, by the fact that women do not have the same sense of honor that men do, nor the same sense of pride. When, out of love for the Baron, she thoughtlessly lies to him, how could she know that he would take her lies as proof that she did not really love him? What he thinks dishonorable is merely unimportant to her. She places love before honor (what woman does not?), and neither her husband nor her lover can forgive her. With Jean Debucourt as the jeweller, and Lia de Léa as the general's mistress. Based on Louise de Vilmorin's novella "Madame de . . .," which is far more astringent than the

film; the script is by Marcel Achard, Annette Wademant, and Ophüls. Cinematography by Christian Matras; sets by Jean d'Eaubonne. In French. (Regency; March 9-10.)

FALLEN ANGEL (1945)—There was a brief period when Otto Preminger made well-paced, engaging melodramas, and this is one of them; it isn't in the class of his "Laura" (see below), but it's tolerable, in a tawdry sort of way. Dana Andrews arrives in a small California town with a dollar to his name, gets an itch for a money-loving waitress (Linda Darnell, so it's easy to sympathize with him), and marries the local rich girl (Alice Faye) to get the dough to win the waitress. But his sordid plan misfires: the waitress is murdered, and he becomes the prime suspect. Dana Andrews is saturnine and convincing, and although Alice Faye isn't altogether comfortable playing Brahms on a church organ and poring over Proust, the good cast includes Charles Bickford, Bruce Cabot, Jimmy Conlin, John Carradine, Anne Revere, and Percy Kilbride. Harry Kleiner adapted Marty Holland's novel. (Thalia; March 11.)

FOUR FRIENDS—Arthur Penn goes laboriously, painfully wrong in this story about the friendship of three boys and the girl whom each of them loves at some time—a friendship that spans the American social changes of the sixties and takes the four through adolescence (in Indiana) to maturity. The script is Steve Tesich's semi-autobiographical account of the arrival in this country of a Yugoslavian youth, Danilo, who comes with a heavy, symbolic trunk—it seems to be full of solid values. There's a wholesome, beefy moralism in Tesich's writing, and Penn brings out its hearty bouquet. The film combines the worst of the Freudianism and the self-pity of the William Inge-Elia Kazan "Splendor in the Grass" with the worst of the immigrant theme of Kazan's "America America." The characters are always learning life's important lessons, and the movie carefully spells out which side it's on. The colorless quartet is made up of Craig Wasson as Danilo, Jodi Thelen as the girl, and Jim Metzler and Michael Huddleston. Also with Miklos Simon, Reed Birney, Julia Murray, James Leo Herlihy, and Lois Smith. (1/4/82) (Greenwich Playhouse; through March 4.)

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art," every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (72nd Street East; through March 4. . . ♀ Olympia Quad; through March 11.)

HOW I WON THE WAR (1967)—Richard Lester's big try that failed disastrously—an anti-war black comedy, from a script by Charles Wood, and with ideas and techniques from the Theatres of Cruelty and the Absurd. Similar to the film of "Catch-22," though more British in subject and tone. At first, it seems daring for Lester and Wood to pick the Second World War—the war that many people consider a just war—for an attack on war. But the film concentrates on the class hatreds of British officers and men, who aren't engaged in defending London or in bombing Germany—they're dying in the course of building an officers' cricket pitch in Africa. The surreal vaudeville is painfully flat. With Michael Crawford as a modern Candide and bespectacled John Lennon as a Cockney soldier, and also with Roy Kenner, Jack MacGowran, Michael Hordern, and Alexander Knox. Based on a novel by Patrick Ryan; cinematography by David Watkins. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 7-9.)

LAURA (1944)—Everybody's favorite chic murder mystery. Gene Tierney is the dead girl who ends up as the heroine; Clifton Webb and Vincent Price are her suitors. Dana An-

Kodel, the fiber that puts the yes in polyester.



Johnston says yes to Kodel.

Checking into Spring . . . with an applied apron dress by Johnston. The green-and-white gingham check is enhanced by a French apron made in SPRINGMAID® Moonshadow sateen of easy-care Kodel polyester and cotton. Toddlers' made to sell for about \$48.; 4-6X, about \$52. At fine stores including: Marshall Field's, State Street, Water Tower, Old Orchard, Oak Brook, Texas Galleria.

Eastman Chemical Products, Inc., a subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company. KODEL is Eastman's trademark for its polyester fiber. Eastman does not make fabrics or consumer textile products and therefore makes no warranties with respect to such products.

© 1982 Eastman Kodak Company.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

drews is the charmingly necrophiliac detective, and Judith Anderson is modishly contemptible. Directed by Otto Preminger. (Thalia; March 11.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—The original version of the James Hilton novel, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown, cracker-barrel sentimentality. The early trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-La, the genteel Himalayan utopia of peace, health, and eternal life, is enough to make one head for the nearest gin mill. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, and Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, and Jane Wyatt. Score by Dmitri Tiomkin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 9.)

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON (1957)—Wide-eyed Audrey Hepburn as the Parisian schoolgirl whom Elisabeth Bergner played in "Ariane." A student of the cello, this Ariane falls in love with an aging American roué ensconced in the Paris Ritz—Gary Cooper, looking as if he knows how unappealing he is in the role. The director, Billy Wilder, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, have made her the daughter of a detective (Maurice Chevalier), who is then hired by Cooper to investigate her. It's all meant to be airy and bubbly, but it's obvious, overextended (two hours plus), and overproduced. It was shot in France, and much of it is location work, but the art director, Alexander Trauner, built the first floor of the Paris Conservatoire in a studio, as well as the second floor of the Ritz full-scale, with actual, operating elevators. For the performance of "Tristan and Isolde," Wilder engaged nine hundred and sixty extras in full evening dress. At the end, there's a fine view of a smoking, chugging locomotive in a splendid, vaulted railroad station—and for a moment one wonders if this, too, is a set. (Thalia; March 9.)

MELVIN AND HOWARD (1980)—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom; they have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it was that when something big—something legendary—touched his life, nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummur, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter—the representative debt-ridden American for whom game shows were created. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. Melvin, thinking him a desert rat, helps him into his pickup truck but is bothered by his mean expression; in order to cheer him up (and give himself some company), he insists that the old geezer sing with him or get out and walk. When Robards' Howard Hughes responds to Melvin's amiable prodding and begins to enjoy himself on a simple level and sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," it's a great moment. Hughes' eyes are an old man's eyes—faded into the past, shiny and glazed by recollections—yet intense. You feel that his grungy paranoia has melted away, that he has been healed. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummur as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Olympia Quad; starting March 5.... ♣ Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 10-13.)

MISSING—With Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek, directed by Costa-Gavras. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman.... ♣ R.K.O. Century 86th St., Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Rivoli; starting March 5.)

MY DINNER WITH ANDRÉ—It's like a mad tea party

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinner-time conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glitter-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

NASTY HABITS (1977)—At its best, high wit and inspired silliness—it's a dream of a satire, reminiscent of Bea Lillie's brand of madness. Adapted from "The Abbess of Crewe," Muriel Spark's 1974 Watergate travesty set in a convent, the film features a coiffed little wolf pack—Glenda Jackson as Nixon, Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson as Haldeman and Ehrlichman, and, in an inspired bit of casting, Sandy Dennis as their flunky, John Dean. In her first real crack at screen farce, Dennis turns tactlessness and blurring into woozy slapstick; it's a blissful performance—she's such a drip she's creepy. As Kissinger, Melina Mercouri doesn't help much, but the scenarist, Robert Enders, has added a Gerald Ford figure—Anne Meara, who is such a brassy, good-humored top banana that everything she does is funny. The script tapers off toward topicality and obviousness, but Michael Lindsay-Hogg's directing has a balmy gracefulness to it. With Edith Evans, Susan Penhaligon, Eli Wallach, Jerry Stiller, and Rip Torn. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe. (Thalia; March 10.)

ONE FROM THE HEART—Francis Ford Coppola's jewelled version of an experimental pastiche. You get the feeling that Coppola piled so many visual ideas and comedy bits on top of the small story he started with that it disappeared from sight. It's set in a metaphorical Las Vegas on Independence Day, when Frannie (Teri Garr) walks out on Hank (Frederic Forrest), whom she has been living with. The holiday is treated like Mardi Gras, with crowds dancing through the streets. All we're asked to care about is whether Hank, who's

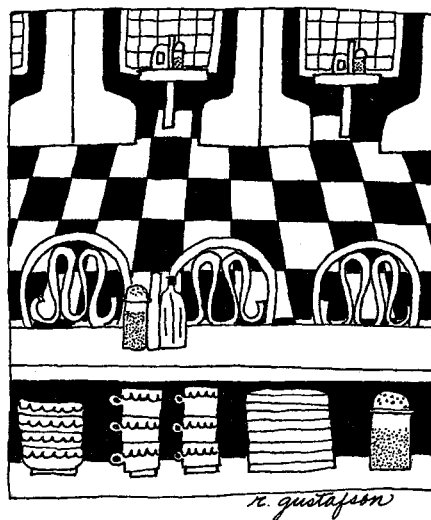
in love with Frannie, will win her back. Or rather, this story being negligible, what we're asked to respond to is Coppola's confectionary artistry. The movie is very pretty and some times eerily charming, but a day later it's a blurry in the mind as the memory of psychedelic light show. With Nastassi Kinski, Raul Julia, Harry Dean Stanton, an Lainie Kazan, and a song track with Tor Waits and Crystal Gayle. From a script by Arman Bernstein and Coppola. (2/1/82 (Loews Paramount.... ♣ Loews Tower East March 3.)

ON GOLDEN POND—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sun set of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau (12/7/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St., Quad Cinema, and New Yorker.... ♣ Rivoli through March 4.)

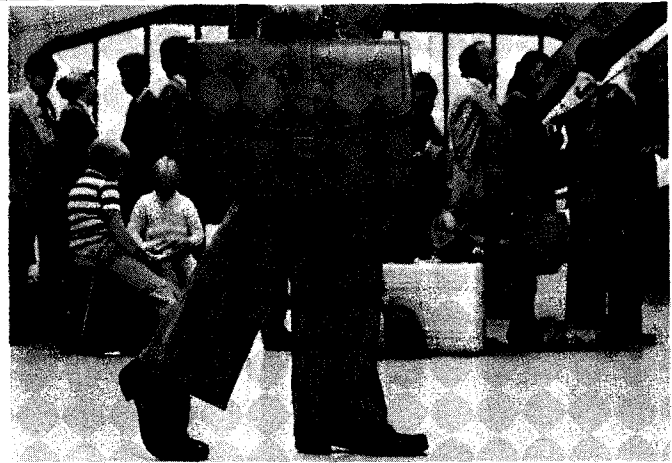
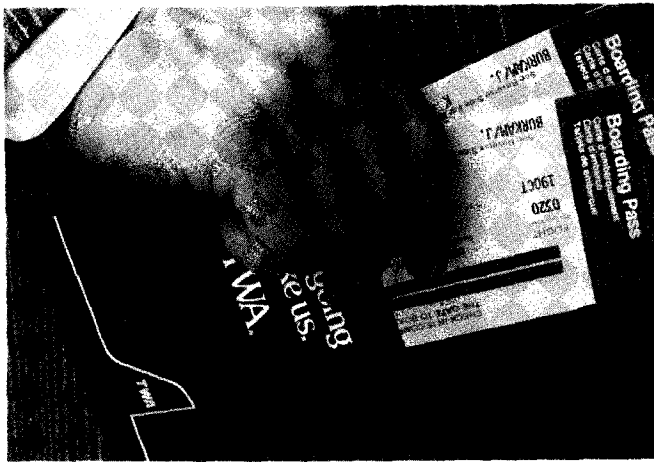
PENNIES FROM HEAVEN—A startling, stylized by M-G-M musical, set in the mythology of the Depression. When the characters can't say how they feel, they open their mouths, and out of them come the voices on hit records of the thirties. And as they lip-sync the lyric their obsessed eyes are burning bright. Their souls are in those voices, and they see themselves dancing just like the stars in movie musicals. The dance numbers are funny, amazing, and beautiful all at once; several of them are just about perfection. And though some of the dialogue scenes are awkwardly paced and almost static, they still have a rapt, gripping quality. Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Christopher Walken, Verne Bagnier, Jessica Harper, Tommy Rail, Robert Fitch, and Jay Garner all seem to be working at their highest capacities. This is also true of Danny Daniels, who did the choreography; Ken Adam, who designed the production; Bob Mackie, who did the costumes; Gordon Willis, who was the cinematographer; and Dennis Potter, who wrote the script, which is adapted from his six-segment BBC series. The film was directed by Herbert Ross. (12/21/81) (Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia Quad; through March 4.)

PERSONAL BEST—There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly. Set in the world of women athletes, this film—written, produced, and directed by Robert Towne—tells most of the story non-verbally and lets its characters reveal themselves in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines (Marie Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly) arm-wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles play off one another. He breaks down athletic events into specific details: you watch the athletes' calves or some other part of them, and you get an exact sense of how their bodies work—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe in this celebration of women's bodies, and everything in the movie is somatically charged. The women athletes are all great-looking and all funny, because physically they have advanced so much faster than men's thinking about them has. They razz men flirtatiously, flaunting their own strength. This is a very smart and super-subtle movie in which the authenticity of the details draws us in. It should be one of the best dating movies of all time, because it pares away all traces of self-consciousness. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; cinematography by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel. (2/22/82) (Sutton, and Greenwich Playhouse.... ♣ Movieland; through March 4.... ♣ Criterion Theatres; starting March 5.... ♣ Olympia Quad; starting March 12, tentative.)

PIXOTE—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of some abandoned children



Express yourself past check-in lines on TWA.



With TWA's Round-Trip Check-In and Advance Seat Selection you can express yourself past check-in lines.



Express yourself straight to the gate and...



express yourself straight to your seat.

It's easy with TWA's Airport Express.

Nothing gets you past check-in lines and through the airport faster than TWA's Airport Express®. And that's because with TWA's Round-Trip Check-In® Connection Check-Insm and Advance Seat Selection you can get boarding passes and seat assignments for your outbound, connecting and return flights before you depart.

So on your trip home you can go straight to your seat on the plane. Instead of straight to the back of a check-in line.

Next trip, ask for TWA's Airport Express. And express yourself past check-in lines. Call your travel agent, corporate travel department or TWA.

**Express yourself with
the American Express® Card.**
Traveling is easy when you carry the

American Express Card. Use it to charge your TWA tickets, car rentals, hotels, meals, theatre, shopping, almost



anything you need while traveling.

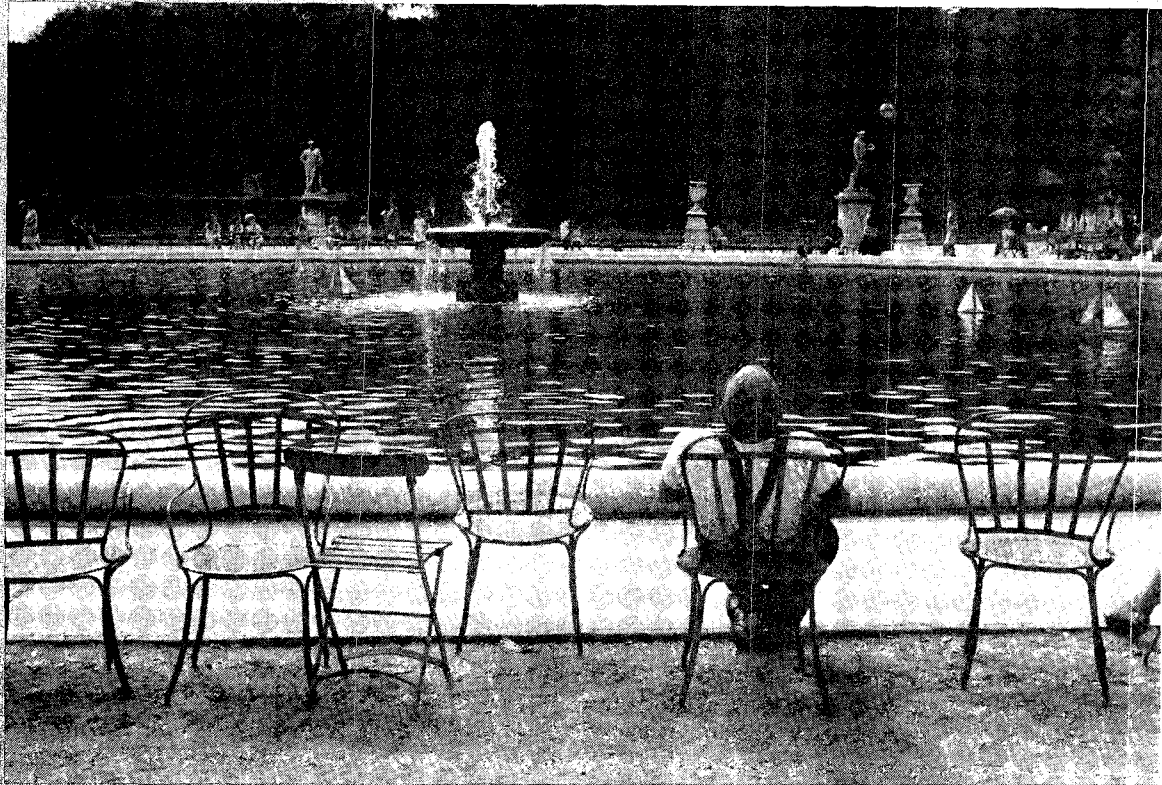
If you are not already a Cardmember, call toll-free 800-528-8000 for an application.

The American Express Card.
Don't leave home without it.®

You're going to like us



PA



Charles Harbutt, © 1981, *Jardin du Luxembourg*, 1966

MAGNUM

An exhibition of
Photographs
1935-1981

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, the ten-year-old Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli (Marília Pera), the whoriest where imaginable—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrorific and great. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Quad Cinema; through March 4.)

POPEYE (1980)—Sometimes the components of a picture seem miraculously right and you go to it expecting a magical interaction. That's the case with "Popeye," with Robin Williams as the squinting sailor, and Shelley Duvall as the persnickety Olive Oyl, and Robert Altman directing, from a screenplay by Jules Feiffer. The picture doesn't come together, though, and much of it is cluttered, squawky, and eerily unfunny. But there are lovely moments—especially when Olive is loping along or singing, and when she and Popeye are gazing adoringly at the foundling Sweet Pea (Wesley Ivan Hurt). The songs—an uneven collection—are by Harry Nilsson. With Paul Dooley as Wimpy, Paul L. Smith as Bluto, and, as Pappy, Ray Walston, whose rambunctious Broadway pizzazz cheapens everything. (1/5/81) (St. Marks Cinema; March 5-11.)

THE PRODUCERS (1968)—Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Naturally, he produces a hit. Some of the material is funny in an original way, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed (both for the first time), doesn't get the timing right and good gags fall apart or become gross or just don't develop. The sequence consisting of tryouts for the role of Hitler in the play, which is called "Springtime for Hitler," is potentially so great that what Brooks does with it lets you down. Still, terrible as this picture is, a lot of it is very enjoyable. For satire of the theatre as inspired as Brooks's gags at their best, it's not hard to put up with the ineptitude and the amateurish camera angles. It's even possible to put up with Zero Mostel in closeup. (He was not an actor who toned down his effects for the camera.) With Dick Shawn, Estelle Winwood, Renée Taylor, Kenneth Mars, and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Cinema Village; March 7-9.)

QUEST FOR FIRE—With Everett McGill, directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

RASTIME—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: the character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner, and Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (Baronet. . . . 34th St. East, and Embassy 1; through March 4. . . . Embassy; starting March 5.)

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936,

and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kineshetically, the film works, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Guild, and 57th Street Playhouse. . . . Embassy; through March 4. . . . St. Marks Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through March 11. . . . Embassy 1; starting March 5.)

REDS—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the movie-making is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . Embassy; starting March 12.)

THE ROSE (1979)—Bette Midler plays "the Rose," a character loosely based on the singer Janis Joplin, who died of pills, alcohol, heavy drugs, and tiredness in 1970. The director, Mark Rydell, puts Miss Midler's considerable talent at desperate odds with the film itself, by trying for wall-to-wall finale—one long, seamless high. When Miss Midler's Rose is not screaming to be heard somewhere in the bad music, she is screaming in anger, or in tears, or in alcoholic fugue states, or in a phone booth shooting heroin—all hyper, none of it really in Miss Midler's own style. With Frederic Forrest as the Rose's AWOL Army-sergeant lover, Alan Bates as her manager, and Harry Dean Stanton as a country-and-Western composer. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 7.)

SERVANT AND MISTRESS (1978)—An elitist role reversal between a master (Victor Lanoux) who comes home to collect his supposed inheritance and the family maid (Andréa

Ferréol) who has moved in to commandeer the money and behaves like a very Gallic Lady Bracknell. Everything is conducted here with talk that gives an implacable weight to trivia. Bruno Gantillon made the film without humor or humanity, and with a good deal of solemnity. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; March 12-13.)

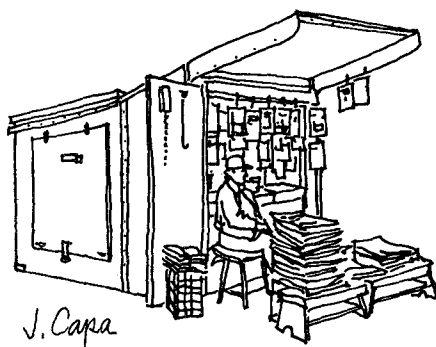
SHOOT THE MOON—As Faith and George Dunlap, Diane Keaton and Albert Finney give the kind of performances that in the theatre become legendary. And, in its smaller dimensions, Dana Hill's performance as their thirteen-year-old daughter is perhaps equally fine. This unapologetically grownup movie about separating is perhaps the most revealing American film of its era. Though the director, Alan Parker, doesn't do anything innovative in technique, it's a modern movie in terms of its consciousness. The characters in the script, written by Bo Goldman, aren't taken from the movies, or from books, either. Their emotions are raw, and rawness is what makes this film get to you. Diane Keaton has no vanity; Faith's angry misery is almost like a debauch—it makes her appear sodden. And Finney seems possessed by a great role—pulled into it kicking and screaming. With Peter Weller, Karen Allen, George Murdock, and three child actresses—Viveka Davis, Tracey Gold, and Tina Yothers. (1/18/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Cinema II, 86th St. East, Waverly, and Criterion Theatres. . . . Loews 83rd Quad; through March 11.)

TRAGEDY OF A RIDICULOUS MAN—With Ugo Tognazzi and Anouk Aimée, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio.)

WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS (1962)—John Guillermin's film of Anouilh's tender, ribald play about a portly Army officer (Peter Sellers) who lunges after his kitchen maids and remains at war with an obstinately inviolated wife, whom he rails at for what she symbolizes about his own aging. Margaret Leighton is very fine. (Cinema Village; March 12-13.)

THE WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALÜ (1929)—The German geologist-filmmaker Dr. Arnold Fanck made a series of six "mountain films"—all popular successes—starring the young dancer Leni Riefenstahl. This one is the most famous, perhaps because although Fanck directed the outdoor sequences (a celebration of heights, vastness, ordeal, purity), the overall story was in the hands of G. W. Pabst, who obtained marvellously sensual performances from Riefenstahl and Gustav Diessl. It's a passionately romantic outdoor epic full of that Promethean Alpine idealism about the conquest of the peaks which was soon after to become identified with Nazi mysticism. The celebrated German daredevil ace of the First World War, Ernst Udet (whose later experiences, during the Nazi period, were used as the basis for the 1955 film "The Devil's General"), appears as himself; when the principal characters are trapped on a mountain peak, Udet arrives in a tiny rescue plane. An example of a genre that died, this film of precipices, avalanches, and suffering produces very mixed emotions, but however one feels about it, it is visually stunning. When it opened in this country, it had a tremendous success, though its fame was diminished by a bastardized sound version, with sequences shot in a studio replacing the authentic originals. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 8.)

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN (1974)—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. You have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zippy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is old Baron Frankenstein's scientist grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of movie-making—the laughs never let up. The script is by Wilder and Brooks. With Cloris Leachman, Marty Feldman, Teri Garr, Liam Dunn, Richard Haydn, Kenneth Mars, and Gene Hackman, bearded, in a masterly bit as a blind man. (Cinema Village; March 7-9.)



*You're too old to wear
Ruth Scharf?*

Pity.



Ruth Scharf Ltd.,

112 West 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10120 (212) 695-7910. Available at fine stores everywhere. Sizes: Infants, 2-4, 4-6X, 7-14.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have heard once more from our scientifically oriented friend. This is what he had say:

You remember the last time I wrote you I had just begun working on Ubik's Cube and had bought a UFO Solar Saucer that goes around and round when the sun shines on it. Well, before I tell you what I have seen up to recently let me tell you what happened about the cube. When I was working on it, I got a T-shirt with a magnificent decal showing the cube and saying, "I beat the cube." I hadn't beaten the cube, but it was good for my morale. Anyway, I was wearing this thing to the dentist—I was going jogging in it afterward—and riding up to his office in the elevator. There was a United Parcel deliveryman in the elevator, and he caught sight of the shirt and asked if I was in the contest—the cube contest—downtown. "No," I said modestly, and, out of politeness, I asked if *he* was in the contest. "I didn't enter," he said. "My time is too slow. It takes me over a minute to do it." When I got home, I put my cube in a drawer, and I haven't looked at it since.

The Solar Saucer still goes around, but it set off a train of thought that is really what I am writing to you about. One afternoon, as I was watching it, it occurred to me that I really didn't understand it. Sure, I know as well as the next man that photons from the sun produce an electric current in the photo cell and that this current drives the motor. But so what? How would you build one? If I could only build one, I thought, I could really get to see its heart and soul. This simple idea set off a whole chain of reaction, because, as I looked around my apartment, I realized I didn't un-

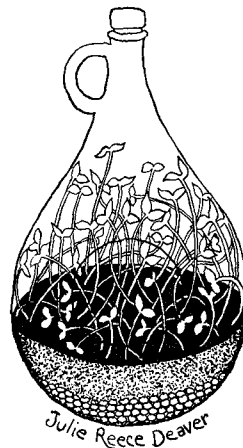
derstand much of anything. I had just bought one of those electronic watches that chime every hour. I love it dearly and find its little hourly statement a testimonial—a reassuring one—to the continuity of things, but I do not have the foggiest idea of how it works. I certainly don't understand how my color television set works. In fact, I barely understand how my manual typewriter works. For a moment, I felt like Descartes when he began doubting the existence of things that purported to exist—which, you must admit, is a pretty unsettling state of mind to be in. I then asked myself if there was ever a time when I understood anything, and I remembered that when I was about ten I used to build radios. I loved to solder. The smell of melting solder was irresistible, and I would spend hour after hour in our basement—where my parents had made me a rudimentary workshop—soldering together wires to build little radios that actually worked. You could listen to them. I then thought, If I could only build a radio now, I might feel better about the whole thing.

Around that time, I got the latest catalogue from the Edmund Scientific Company, in New Jersey—the people who sold me the Solar Saucer. On page 114 I found this item: "Electronic Kits You Build, 100 Projects: Learn about electronics without soldering. [That was too bad, but you can't have everything.] Build 100 projects with 36 plug-in modules. Includes: antenna, speaker, 2 transistors, diodes & more." They also offered a de-luxe kit, which you can use to make a hundred and fifty experiments, but I settled for a hundred. The other

day, it came. It is called—I don't know why—Gakken Electronic Blocks, and is made by a company called Creative Products, Inc., in Santa Ana, California. When I opened the box, I must confess my heart sank. What was inside looked completely bewildering—so much so, in fact, that I put it away in the closet for a few days. But last night I had one of those nights when you wake up at 2 A.M. thinking that it must be time to get up. I knew that I wasn't going to get back to sleep for a couple of hours, so I decided to look into my electronic kit. Basically, it looks like a pegboard, and you plug into it sort of green plastic vials that have symbols stamped on one end of them standing for various electronic components, like condensers, resistors, and transistors. When I was a kid, I loved resistors. I

didn't know exactly what they did, but they came in wonderful colors. A tiny resistor in the kit also has wonderful colors. I started in with the first experiment, which is to build a little circuit that lights a light bulb. It requires eight plastic vials, and after I plugged them in, the light lit up. A marvellous moment. Then I went after the simplest radio experiment, No. 6—Diode Detector Radio.

It's the modern version of the first radio detector, which simply captures the radio waves out of the atmosphere. It has no power source, like a battery, but just runs off the waves. The directions warned that the signals might be too weak to hear without a giant antenna. I didn't hear anything and I didn't have a giant antenna, so I went for broke. I put together something called the



Transistor Reflex Radio. It requires eighteen plastic vials and works off batteries and, according to the directions, would operate off the antenna in the kit. Almost feverishly, I began to plug in my vials. I felt like Marconi. I then attached the antenna and the little earphone, and, by God, I began to hear voices! Real voices! It was one of those all-night talk shows. At first, I couldn't quite make out what they were saying, but after fiddling with my new radio for a while the voices became clearer and I very distinctly heard a man say, "If you had a policeman stationed every fifty feet, the crime rate would drop to zero." I turned off the radio and went back to bed. We live in a strange world.

Turns of the Wheel

SO much of what never stops going on in the world, or even just in this city, disappears at such a ferocious gulp into the great maw of oblivion that when some event, however small, swims back into our attention we get an extra tinge of pleasure from the re-

currence itself. One previously remembered moment came around again the other morning as we found ourselves making an enthusiastic circuit of the parking lot outside the Tavern-on-the-Green, in Central Park, astride a zippy small-wheeled bicycle, in front of a cheerful knot of early breakfasters waiting their turns in the saddle. We could remember several roughly similar occasions, including one that involved a moped, but what struck us this time was a moment in October of 1980 when, meandering through an engineering show at the Coliseum, we had watched a young man called Steven Titcomb weave his way through the thronged aisles on a similar small-wheeled machine, and do it so gracefully and with such smooth and skillful insouciance that we had spent some time talking with him there, to find out how he had brought his remarkable small bicycle, which he then called the Urban, into being. (We ought to confess early to an abiding passion for bicycles, which rank in our book among the more lyrical of human creations and, without any question, among the more sensible.) Mr. Titcomb told us

then that he had developed and built the Urban at home in Boston, on his private time, over some five years; and after giving it a whirl ourselves we had felt so enthusiastic about it that we left the Coliseum with a vision of the world thronged with those elegant silent little machines.

Well, we are happy to report that Mr. Titcomb's little bicycle, instead of becoming a Spruce Goose, looks as though it might very well multiply and soon. What we in fact encountered the other morning at the Tavern-on-the-Green was a descendant of the Urban, even more ingenious, and called, in what we must suppose to be the carefully calculated product-language of the eighties, the Creative Motion Industries CM-1000—a heavy appellation, we felt, for such a sharp little machine to bear on its small frame. The first person we spotted on our arrival was Steven Titcomb himself, crouched over one of his creations, tinkering and tuning until the last moment. He knows his own bicycle so well now that his attention to it is close to stethoscopic. We reintroduced ourselves across time, and found him as gracious as ever but on this occasion elegantly turned out in a three-piece suit and surrounded by a number of eager-faced men whose appearance would not at a glance have brought bicycles to mind.

The smell of fresh croissants was in the air, for the occasion began with a breakfast, inside the Tavern, held by a group called Creative Motion Industries, which had incorporated itself in August of last year and had placed its financial and commercial interests not just behind Steven Titcomb's bicycle but, even more firmly, behind his long obsession with efficient human-propulsion systems and all their possible applications. We sat over our croissants with Arthur Gingrande, Jr., of Garrett-Arthur Associates, which is a financial-planning and business-consulting firm in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Mr. Gingrande, a stocky, vigorous man, told us that for him bicycling had long been a serious business—that, in fact, he had spent a good part of last summer getting into ten-speed trim. "We are essentially a financing company," he went on. "I knew Steve casually, and then we began to take a look at his machine, he shown all the possibilities of his propulsion system, which could be applied easily to scooters, to adult tri-



GRIDLOCK
6:53 P.M. 927 PORTER RD.

cles, and, in manual form, to wheel-chairs. So we set out to find a set of intelligent investors who would see the possibilities we were seeing, and here we are!"

A large, lighted screen bore across its top the legend "INTRODUCING A BICYCLE DESIGNED FOR THE WAY YOUR LEGS ACTUALLY WORK," and suspended from the screen was a gleaming white version of the CM-1000, folded into its most portable assembled size—fifty-five inches by twenty-six inches by eight. We could envision it tucked away in a corner of our office, or even under the bed. Two other models of the machine, opened out, stood on their kickstands, looking positively eager to go somewhere. The mysterious essence of a particular bicycle does not lend itself easily to explicit prose. At first glance, there is nothing about Mr. Titcomb's machine—apart from a mechanical neatness that amounts to elegance—to distinguish it from other small-wheeled bicycles (like the famous one designed in England by Alexander Moulton), many of which have come and gone. The CM-1000's difference from other bicycles lies largely in its propulsion system—the consequence of the thinking that Mr. Titcomb has done since he became obsessed as a design student, seven years ago, with exploring and improving the functioning of certain human mechanisms. Brooding in particular on the chain-and-sprocket drive that had kept bicycle wheels going around as long as he had known them, he realized that it was the downstroke of the leg that, combined with the pressure of the hands against the handlebars, was supplying the maximum power, and he worked on a propulsion system that would fully exploit this isometric thrust. The CM-1000 has no chain drive. Instead, its pedals are mounted on the back ends of two levers, which move up and down parallel to the main frame. A downward push on either pedal transmits power directly to the back-wheel hub through a steel cable, and a concealed spring on each side of the frame returns the pedal to the upward position. The two pedal levers are independent of one another, so the bicycle can be propelled by one foot alone, by both feet pressed down simultaneously, or by conventional alternate pedalling. What the rider notices at once is the effortlessness of the bike's propulsion: with the



"Oh, he talks, all right, but he's a master of understatement."

smallest downward pressure on a single pedal, the bicycle glides into motion. Moreover, the small wheels give the bicycle a low center of gravity; the height of the seat and of the handlebars is easily adjustable, thanks to beautifully designed clamps that can be tightened by hand; and the rider finds himself riding upright, in a posture that feels close to stately—a marked change from the forward crouch of the ten-speed rider, whose eyebrows are inclined anxiously upward.

While various officers of the company introduced themselves and one another, and put the CM-1000 into various forms of unexplicit prose, what we were all waiting for among the croissants was for words to turn into bicycles—to take wheel—and they did at last, when Mr. Titcomb, after making a few characteristically modest remarks about his machine, grasped the handlebars of one of the prototypes and, obviously relieved to have left words behind him, rode several mesmerizing circles in a small space that we onlookers surrounded. It was like riding around the breakfast table, and it put a quick end to breakfast: in no time we had all made our way out to the parking lot behind the two prototypes—children eager for our turn. We noticed that it needed

hardly even one circuit to make the bicycle's easy grace dawn visibly on the face of the rider, and we were seized by a passing concern that someone might feel sufficiently exhilarated to cycle off into the early-morning fog and never be seen again.

WE wanted a chance for a quieter word with Steven Titcomb—and, we must confess, another whirl on the CM-1000—so we took ourselves along to the International Cycle Show at the Coliseum, to see how the CM-1000 was faring in big-wheeled company, for Creative Motion Industries had a small display space among the forests of other wheels. As we approached the Coliseum, we saw Mr. Titcomb riding figure eights on the broad span of sidewalk, stopping occasionally to answer head-scratching questions with his usual grave patience. We went on up to the display space, and there had a word with the president of Creative Motion Industries, Richard Hornbeck, tall and black-mustached, who was manning the display and supplying remarkably agile technical explanations to passersby. "It's quite funny to find myself doing this," he told us. "I was a private consultant, and I was called in by Garrett-Arthur Associates to

make a study of the bicycle market, and worked on it even before I met Steve. I discovered that bicycle commuting was rising to a remarkable degree, and a lot of things began to make sense." Mr. Titcomb turned up at that moment, wheeling his CM-1000, and set it on its kickstand. Mr. Hornbeck looked at it the way we imagine horse trainers look at winners. We went off with Mr. Titcomb to a quiet corner, furnished with chairs rather than bicycle saddles, where he seemed, for once, sufficiently relieved of public curiosity to put aside his serious question-answering manner.

"You know," he told us, "even after I'd shown the Urban here that first time, and seen lots of interest shown in it, and even though all my patent applications were by then firmly lodged, I could just as easily have ended up back home in Boston with the bike in the living room, where it started. But nothing stood still. Large companies, like Huffy and Alcoa, were getting in touch with me, and it dawned on me that I had to take some protective action, because, even though I had a new job—as director of design with the ADE Corporation—I never stopped thinking about propulsion systems, and about more and more possibilities. So I took the advice of friends and, last March, got in touch with Garrett-Arthur, in Cambridge, and they brought in what turned out to be just the right people, like Richard Hornbeck, to relieve me of all the corporate thinking that has to come between just making something and having it exist as a product. Looking back now, I feel that it took no time at all. We held meetings and talked a lot about the possible applications of the propulsion principle, and by the third of those meetings we had the support of enough financial and scientific professionals to raise the necessary funds. I resigned my job in August, we looked at a few sites, and by November we had acquired our present premises, in Danvers. It was fairly clear-cut. After all, I didn't have to sell people on an idea—I'd built the bike, there it was, and it helped a lot in showing the people who came into the project all the possibilities of the propulsion system, and in letting them in on some of the other applications that had been taking shape in my head all along."

How had it been, setting up his own working headquarters, we asked him.

He lit up like a reflector. "It was a blast! I could design my own lab and

shop; I hired assistants and consultants; we *talked* all the time. One of my consultants, an engineer named John Sofia, even taught me things I hadn't quite realized about my own bicycle. That gear ratio, for example, which is mechanically controlled on chain-driven bicycles, in mine becomes something much more like a biological function—like a decision the leg makes about how hard to push, and when. You have to remember that I spent over six years doing all this stuff in my living room, and trying out my bicycle in the corridors of my apartment house late at night, and that now I have enthusiastic company. We feed our variables into computers and get back instantly the data I used to scribble away at alone. And people keep coming to me with amazing notions—things I'm bursting to try. As for the CM-1000, we still have to settle a handful of small quibbles about the prototype, but the real problems are all virtually solved. So about two months from now—not much later—we'll go into production, and by July the bicycle will actually be available. I mean, people will be able to go and buy one. It will cost about three hundred and fifty dollars, by the company's reckoning. Of course, I'm pleased in all kinds of ways, but I think that what pleases me most is that the bicycle always made a lot of *sense* to me, and it feels really great when something sensible actually *happens*—don't you think?"

Group

THE American Group Psychotherapy Association held its fortieth-anniversary meeting here recently, and a few days later we received the following account of another regularly scheduled, but much smaller, gathering of kindred souls:

BONNIE: Hi, Fred.

FRED: Hi, Bonnie. Hi, Dr. Feldspar. (*Nods to others in group.*)



THELMA: Hi, Fred.

FRED: Guess where I was this weekend.

BONNIE: Don't play your games with us, Fred. Where were you?

FRED: I went to a convention on group therapy at the Waldorf-Astoria.

THELMA: Oh. Oh. How interesting. Is that held every year?

FRED: I think so.

BONNIE (*impatiently*): Think. Think. That's all you ever do, Fred.

FRED: Sorry. I *feel* it's held every year. Most people seemed to know each other. There was a fair amount of touching and hugging.

THELMA: How exciting!

FRED: I wouldn't call it an exciting event. It was actually kind of sedate. But interesting.

BONNIE: Could you be more specific? Sometimes I find you irritatingly obscure.

THELMA: Oh, I do, too. Bonnie, I like the way you said that. I wish I could say things like that, but I'm too shy.

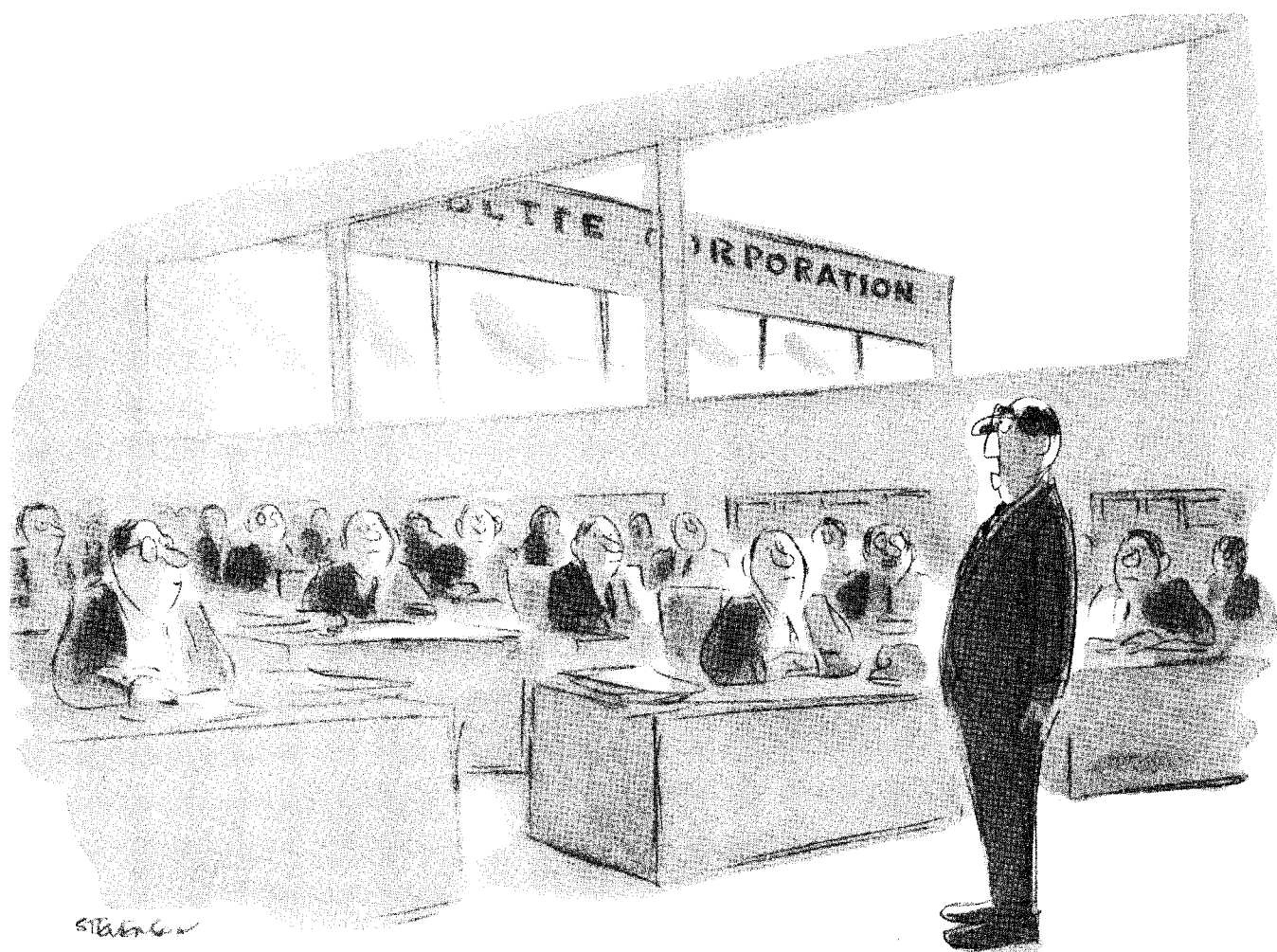
FRED: There were workshops and films. There was an exhibit area. I tried out a miniature trampoline, about three by four feet and six inches off the ground, that is used to relieve tension. Every time I walked into the exhibit area, someone was bouncing on it, and someone else was trying out a massage chair that also relieves tension, and runs on six cents' worth of electricity a day.

BONNIE: Are you suggesting that I'm cheap, Fred?

FRED: I thought you wanted to hear about the convention.

THELMA: She does. We both do.

FRED: Well, as I said, there was a subdued, relaxed atmosphere. There was a nice smell of pipe tobacco. I walked into a workshop that I wasn't enrolled in, but no one stopped me. I sat next to this guy with a piece of paper pinned to his chest. It read, "Social Worker. Married. Warm. Tender. Strong." Don't ask me what that meant. I went to another meeting, of fifty or sixty people, where a therapist read a paper on intimacy and hostility as group phenomena. The paper took forever, but everyone sat quietly and didn't fidget—not even when he lost his place. People just seemed to understand. He was followed by a man who read a paper on how much a therapist should disclose of himself to his clients. The upshot was not too much and not too little. During that paper, a



"It has come to my attention that somebody in here is only going through the motions."

Woman stretched out on the floor in a look at the back of the room. Then someone else stretched out, too, in another corner, but he opened his eyes whenever I looked at him.

BONNIE: Well, Fred, did you learn anything?

FRED: I learned that, as a group, group therapists appear to be laid-back, untroubled people. They are sort of the golden retrievers of humanity.

THELMA: What on earth does that mean, Fred? I wish you wouldn't be so intellectual all the time.

FRED: Oh, you know. Responsible, benevolent, helping to lead people out of darkness and danger and into the light.

BONNIE (*angrily*): I feel you're being disparaging, Fred. Not only to us but to Dr. Feldspar.

THELMA (*crouching behind chair*): Bonnie, I admire your anger. Fred, I understand your metaphor, but I hope you didn't hurt Dr. Feldspar's feelings.

BONNIE: Dr. Feldspar? (*She shakes his shoulder.*) Why does he look like that?

THELMA: He's observing us.

FRED: He's tired. He was at the convention, too. He's probably worn out.

BONNIE: *Dr. Feldspar!*

DR. FELDSPAR (*sits up, makes eye contact with Bonnie and Fred*): I'm O.K. Fred's right. I am a little tired. All those meetings—"Non-Verbal Methods in Group Psychotherapy," "Redecision Therapy," "The Use of Myths in Group Therapy" . . .

THELMA (*reads from orange-colored program she has pulled out of pocket of Fred's jacket*): "The 'Burnt-Out' Therapist Syndrome and Its Treatment." This is Master Workshop 4-a. "Deep fatigue and exhaustion after years of working are experienced by many . . ."

BONNIE: Thelma! That's not like you.

FRED: You're being downright offensive.

THELMA: "...group psychotherapists. Some leave the field, others abandon . . ."

FRED: Way to go, Thelma.

DR. FELDSPAR: Why, this is turning into quite an interesting little session, isn't it? Bonnie, what do you think is going on here?

FRED: Hold it. I just remembered something. When I went out to lunch, there was a chauffeur waiting outside the hotel. Guess what he was singing.

BONNIE (*wearily*): Oh, Fred.

FRED: Guess.

DR. FELDSPAR: Don't play your games with us, Fred. What was he singing?

FRED: "People."

BONNIE: You're kidding.

DR. FELDSPAR: "People"?

FRED: It's true. You know—"People." (*Begins to sing in soft tenor voice.*) "People. People who need people Are the luckiest people . . ."

BONNIE: Fred, you have a lovely voice.

THE BUN IN HIS BASKET

You will see that Charles set his sights high. Intelligent idlers always have, in order to justify their idleness to their intelligence. He had, in short, all the Byronic ennui with neither of the Byronic outlets: genius and adultery.—“*The French Lieutenant's Woman*,” by John Fowles.

HAVING followed what has become my wonted practice, of late, to substitute for the satisfaction of my blocked Byronic outlets the pleasure of pastry consumption, I entered, with an anticipatory—and what would be called, in a later and more Freudian age than that of 1867, a masturbatory—jingling of pocket change, a confectioner's establishment, a small shop of the variety that was only beginning to be driven into distinction by the giant retailers looming up in London; I say *distinction* owing to the second-rate nature of these department stores' pastries. My eye was caught by a certain bun; and although I now know that any sweet that is baked, displayed, and sold under the rubric or epithet “bun” is not very much of a sweet at all but, rather, a standard bread roll embellished with some of the trappings familiarly associated with sweets—raisins, sugar glaze, candied-fruit morsels, and so forth—and therefore an item that an individual who seeks the greatest possible enjoyment of his sinfully ingested calories would scorn as tasting rather bad, I bought the bun.

It was only upon reconsideration—or, should I say, subsequent *rumination*, the thoughts coinciding as they did with a bite of the bun—some time and distance away from the pastry shop, that I decided I did not want the bun at all. Such, indeed, was my revulsion at the bun that I desired to be rid of it as soon as, and by whatever means, possible. It is in reaction to such a strong feeling of the viscera, whether it be profound hatred or mere bun-revulsion, that even the most moral men are driven to immoral acts; and, there being no more appropriate receptacle for the offensive bun within a bearable distance—or, rather, a *knowable* bearable distance, for there was, merely a few yards away but hidden from sight, a rubbish bin—I deposited my tormentor in the basket of a bicycle parked close at hand and hastened away, the sooner to put from both mind and (what you would call in a later age) personal space the bun, the bin, and the manifold ramifications of the one's not having ended up inside the other.

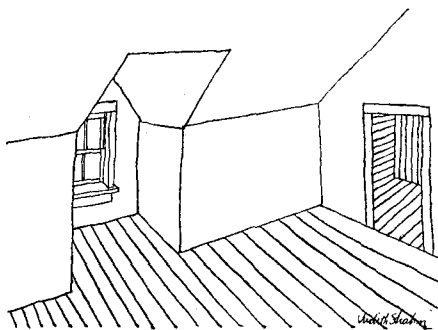
At this point, I, the buyer of the bun, leave the story. And as I am now at a very safe distance indeed from the rum bun, I can adopt the stance of objective observer of the bun and its unfortunate inheritor. I speak of the owner of the bicycle, who returned to his machine shortly after my own departure, and well before the bun would have grown stale, in order to spirit himself, under his own power, to a long-awaited lunch. I say his own power, but I must add that the bicycle, owing to certain basic principles of mechanics and locomotion, multiplied that power several fold. (Here I omit a brief explanation of the mechanics of bicycle locomotion followed by an encapsulated social history of the bicycle, tracing the spread of its popularity and its effect, by means of its expansion of personal speed and mobility, on Victorian culture and mores, which is retained in a later edition. Parenthetically, when I say “the” bicycle, I of course mean bicycles generally and not the one to the bun in whose basket we now return.)

The owner of the bicycle—we should not hesitate to call him Harry for our own expedience (and to his annoyance, since his name is Edward)—Harry, was quite hungry, a state that had the peculiar effect of heightening his senses generally. It was thus that he noticed, almost immediately, a small irregularity in the status of the bicycle (his own, not bicycles generally) as he had left it: the *status quo ante*, if you will. There was a bun in his basket. This fact, the conclusion of a short but systematic process of analysis and examination (commencing with the unwrapping of the bun from its only slightly grease-stained paper and ending with a close scrutiny of

the doughy quality of the flesh which finally scotched, for Harry, any question as to the bun-ness of the bun), was not without some significance for the hungry man. For Harry, though he was not particularly fond of buns as such, saw in this random event, whose proximate cause eluded, could only elude, him, a palliative, a felicitous answer to the hunger in his being.

But it was a flawed answer: the flaw, appearing first as a void, the non-presence of matter crystallizing in the form of a bite. This, even in his hunger, Harry could neither deny nor circumvent. The bun had been-bitten into; Harry knew this as surely as he knew another, corollary fact, a fact of which his forebears would have been completely ignorant but of which Harry himself was not, owing to the spread of lay medical knowledge in the Victorian age: contagious germs, potent bacteria antipathetic to the human constitution thrive in the saliva of the human mouth. And Harry knew, as his dimly aware ancestors might have guessed and his hyper-aware descendants in our own day would know, that where a mouth has bitten, some saliva will remain. Thinking thus (or supposing that he thought thus, for do we not assume, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, that a man tends to behave according to rational principles?), Harry threw the bun in the bin. Harry, you see, knew that it was there.

BUT perhaps we have given Edward short shrift in failing to credit him with creative thinking. Could he not have considered, for example, cutting away the bitten part and then eating the bun? Let us return Edward to the initial dilemma, with a slight adjustment in the facts: it is a perfectly formed, unbitten bun that faces Edward. And suddenly Edward can no longer act on rational principles, on a reasoned hypothesis based on a sensible application of fashionable scientific knowledge. Edward could see nothing wrong with the bun. And he was hungry. Yet there was something too easy, too suggestively providential in the bun's being there in his basket on that hungry afternoon. A dark foreboding, a feeling that his fate somehow turned on the decision before him, made his stomach tighten. The bun looked more sumptuous with every passing second. What could be wrong





with it? Why would a perfectly good bun be abandoned? And if a perfectly good bun would not be, what microscopic evils lay masked beneath the sugar glaze, embedded like the raisin?

It is at a moment like this that a man wonders whether God is malevolent, like a wanton schoolboy passing a tainted bun to his mates. To a man like Edward, born between two worlds, one—of faith—dead, the

other struggling to be born, it is the hope that springs from hunger which alone sustains the possibility that God is good. But the more rational hunger, emanating from the brain, the hunger that seeks answers, analyzes, discovers, and in the end only brings new uncertainties—this rationality would tell our Edward that a good God is a predictable one: He would not extend a bun of uncertainty.

Thus Edward is poised, as his whole generation is poised, on a parapet of indecision. For what he doesn't know—though can we in fairness expect him to?—is that *God*, if He exists at all, is indifferent, and therefore does not foreordain, or establish an answer to be divined. Our generation, a thousand or more Edwards later, has had to bite the bun.

—DAVID SAUL SCHWARTZ

THE BACHELOR

At a distance Jack Holland was often mistaken for a priest, so solemn did he seem in his great long black overcoat and his black squashed hat. His face was grave, too, and very often he had a drip at the end of his pointed nose. It was unusual to see a grown man with tears in his eyes—and this even when he told something lighthearted. The tears would start up almost as soon as he began to talk, giving him a morose funereal look. He wore striped flannelette shirts and a tattered homespun jacket that he had shared with his brother when his brother was alive. Until the brother's death, they had to attend Mass separately, as each wanted to be the proud wearer of the oatmeal jacket.

As a child, I used to catch fleas for him and keep them in a matchbox, and my reward was a penny and a glass of raspberry wine. Nothing could equal the thrill of seeing that thick red cordial in the bottom of a tumbler, or the flurry as he shot out to the yard, where the tap was; then the leisurely joy of watching him dilute it, of watching its redness gradually pale and pale until it was a beautiful light aerated pink—and, oh, the taste, so sweet and so synthetic that it even surpassed the joyous taste of warm, melting jelly. I don't know what he did with the fleas, but I know that my mother was in-

censed when she heard of it and forbade me to catch any more.

Jack Holland owned a wineshop, which he called a "taverna." It was dark and huge, like a barracks, and even in the daytime when devoid of customers the air reeked with the smell of stale flat porter, just as the high oak counter had the circular marks of thousands of porter glasses laid down in different humors—in rage, in mirth, and quite often in insupportable melancholia. Jack did not do a brisk business, but certain men went there when they wanted to drink quietly and purposefully, and at night a particular crowd went, preferring it to the neighboring bars because there was no woman to harangue them or gossip or tell the whole county how much they drank or what they owed. Jack's sister, Maggie, was kept to the living quarters, which adjoined the shop. She was laid up with rheumatism and spent her days hunched over the kitchen fire, occasionally letting out a moan that sounded like a prayer and alerting him to the fact that a sod had fallen onto the floor or that she was in need of tea. My mother sometimes took pity on Jack and Maggie and sent a gift of a cake or black pudding, or a pot of marmalade in the spring, when the oranges came from Seville and the women vied with each other over

whose marmalade was the most tempting. Jack would hasten to our house then and thank her with extravagant phrases, but, suddenly unable to conquer his tears, he would lift his hat and run away. He loved my mother, and would stroll in our fields just to catch sight of her. Summer mornings on my way to school I would find him, as he said, penning a little ode. One morning when the horse-chestnut tree was in flower and the beautiful cream blooms hung like candles merely waiting to be lit, I came on him reciting excitedly. The brightness and the gaiety of the morning, the rustle of the trees, the birds scurrying about, and all of nature hellbent on its bacchanalia must have fired him as greatly as his secret passion—and all this despite the fact that he was a grown man who had probably never known a handclasp or certainly a kiss.

"Just penning a little poem," he said.

"What sort of poem?" I asked.

"Ah, you're too young to know," he said, and then inquired if my mother ever came down this far.

"Only to follow turkeys," I said, and he moved off muttering to himself and smiling in a bemused way. I guessed that the poem was composed in a Latin that no one would be likely to read or translate, not even a clerical student, because Jack's Latin was a botch, gleaned partly from his missal and embellished with his imagination. I could have told him that the written word did not move my mother, that she never read anything but the price of eggs in the daily paper and the big egg-stained Mrs. Beeton's cookery book. Moreover, she believed that books were sinful, that poetry was rubbish, and that such things helped to turn people's minds and deflect them from their true work. I did not tell him, though I do not know why, since it was my habit to blurt.

The following Sunday, when Mama and I were going in to Mass, Jack grabbed my coat sleeve and whispered that he had a surprise for me and he would call on us that night. My mother always used Sunday evenings to soak



"Good morning. I'm Tom Fetterson, and this is the early-evening news."

her feet in hot water and washing soda and to pare her corals with my father's razor blade. It was a formidable and frightening sight. My father usually went to play cards, though we were hopelessly in debt and, indeed, had not the money to pay at the chapel collection that day but had to borrow it from the men who worked in the fields. But that Sunday after she had done her feet Mama said, "To hell with it," that she felt like dolling up. So seldom did she dress up it was akin to a ceremony to follow her upstairs, to go into the Blue Room and see her open the wardrobe and touch the few long dresses that, despite their age and their musty smell, still conjured up all-night dances, buffet suppers, music and merriment. She put on her white georgette blouse, which had raised patches of vivid red flowers embroidered on the bodice and a drawstring that could either be tied tightly or allowed to go slack. She did not tie the string very tightly, and the effect was perfect—her pale neck, the white gauzy material, and the magic of the flowers, which, though unreal, looked as if they might become real, might stir like flowers in a garden. Downstairs in the kitchen we lit the lamp, and her hair, which was red-brown, glinted as she proceeded to make sandwiches from the bacon left over from lunch. I thought then that when I grew up if I could be as lovely as my mother I would be certain to find happiness. For some reason, I believed that the troubles of her life were an anomaly, and never did it occur to me that some of the fatality of her disposition had already grafted itself onto me and determined mine.

"Is there company coming?" I asked.

"Hardly," she said. "I expect Jack was only raving."

Yet she showed no surprise when the familiar knock came at the back door, and she jumped up to answer it. Jack came in and looked about, but would not take off his hat; he merely lifted it slightly, to salute us. He was ashamed of his bald scalp; people said that not one hair grew on it, and that it was the color of putty. He took a tin from his pocket and handed it to me with a flourish. On the tin was a picture of a couple in a jaunting car, and inside there were boiled sweets adhered together with dirt and dried sugar. Once you sucked them they tasted of lemon, as they were meant to. Jack sat down and gradually drew his chair nearer to my mother as he began



to expound. "Strange to say, Mrs. O.," he said, "I was looking forward to my little expedition here and, unfortunately, I was detained—a very irksome thing when one prides oneself on one's punctuality."

"It's early, Jack," my mother said flatly.

"The maternity nurse, Mrs. O.—"

On hearing this name my mother made a face that conveyed her disgust. She had an idea that all nurses were crude, but the maternity nurse was the limit altogether, as she insisted on describing women's labors and the different ways their water broke.

"Trying to get yours truly into her clutches, Mrs. O.," Jack said, drawing his chair dangerously near. His body was at an angle to hers, and I thought that if he moved nearer they would have to touch.

"Makes no secret of her inten-

tions," he said, and then he whispered something that must have been wanton, because my mother writhed and put on her injured face.

"I like a woman to be a lady," Jack said, and he smiled at my mother in the most bashful but apparent way, and at that instant she jumped up and said she was dying for an apple.

The tiled floor of the vestibule was covered with small wrinkled wine-colored apples, and these gave a delicious smell to the whole house; even the rotting ones made you long for stewed apple or a pie. My mother returned with a dishful of apples and, taking a small knife from the kitchen drawer, she peeled one and gave it to Jack; then she peeled another and sat on the far side of the fire, a distance away from him.

"By the way, Mrs. O."—he paused as he munched—"there's a little gift

awaiting you in my taverna. Drop in at your convenience."

"Oh, Jack, you're too good!" she said and she beamed at him. I'm sure that she was sorry for having rebuffed him earlier. As she stood up to make the tea, Jack got up, too, dropped three apple pips down inside her low-cut blouse, and fled from the kitchen muttering something about his sister's swooning fits.

"Can't you stay, Jack, and have a cup?" she called, but he had already lifted the heavy latch and was gone. She sent me after him with the flashlight.

I saw his figure going down the field, but I didn't call after him, because I hated his using our cups and being so personal with my mother. It was dark and hushed outside and I could hear the cows and the horses cropping the grass, and from the village came the strains of an accordion playing "Danny Boy."

I was unsettled for some reason as I came inside followed by our three sheepdogs, who whined for bread and would not leave the kitchen until they received a crust each. "He's gone," I said.

"Creature," my mother said. "Gone home to nothing—only tea and loaf bread and poor Maggie rambling."

"I wonder what's the present," I said.

"That's what I was wondering," she said, and I could see that she was very curious.

"Would you prefer him to Dada?" I asked, and at that very moment my father came in. To my surprise Mama told him that he shouldn't have been so long and that she was bored to tears with Jack, who insisted on telling her smutty stories.

"Bloody clown. Who asked him here, anyhow?" my father said, and he shouted and stamped the floor with his boot—a thing he always did to give impetus to his bad temper. I saw something in his wild protruding eyes, but I did not know what to call it then.

"I'll have that cold meat. I'm hungry," he said. He was jealous.

"I made sandwiches," she said placatingly.

"Damn your sandwiches. A man gets no satisfaction in this house." And suddenly he banged the table with his fist and sent the dish of apples flying.

"Get me my light shoes," he said to me, and I fetched them from the shoe closet and threw them on the floor

By 6 A.M. the catfish
freshened on ice
have lost their pallor
and look like something
you'd want to eat.
A line snakes through the shadows
down Trade Street,
where the last person stoops
to read the paper he brought
to wrap his fish in.
It takes pliers
to open a catfish
plugged with tin and algae.
But the small ones, delicate,
dipped in batter,
are like white roses
blooming on grease.

I don't know
what the sun will mean
to this winter day, already sinking
into the brick and steam.
But those who've left their beds,
their children, their frozen corners
to stand in line outside the market
hope it will shine forever,
radiant as the gaze of one
who swims through both mud
and ink.

My friend feeds more sticks
to the fire and the flames jump
to the stained kettle of greens.
She tells me a dream
she had of a vacant strand
on the Outer Banks, and a flounder

CATFISH

she found with both faces
up to the sun.
When she flicked it over
with another stick,
she saw her eyes,
her own slow smile, even
her soul scattered by gulls
on the ribbons of sand.

Now she can't eat fish—
even catfish,
which will eat anything.

In the dawn
mine is the only face
that loses its darkness.
I place my change
on the glass and reach into
the strange aquarium
where the fish are stacked
in even numbers. Their fins
and whiskers are touching
as though they still know
who loves and hates them.

In the South
fish are cooked in lard,
lard in greens, and greens
in warm, silty water.
And when the rings rise
to the unbroken surface,
then, you know it is true:
the stars move to another pond,
and a mewling starts up
in the trees.

—ROBERTA SPEAR

near where he stood. I thought I smelled whiskey, and then put the thought aside as being just fear, unwarranted, but Mama thought it, too, and that night in bed we both prayed and cried, hoping that he would not go on a batter.

THE next evening, when I got home from school there was a note propped against the tea caddy to say that I was to keep a kettle boiling, as Mama had gone down to Jack's to



collect her gift. I sat by the window and watched for her, and when I saw the gleam of her bicycle coming in at the gate I ran down the fields, eager to know what she had been given, envisaging a georgette scarf or a beaded bag.

"You'll catch cold without a coat," she shouted from halfway up the field.

"What did you get?" I called.

When she was close to me, I saw a packet of coffee beans—utterly useless, since we never drank coffee and, moreover, had nothing to grind the beans with.

"You were ages," I said.

"I was looking at jewelry, gorgeous brooches belonging to Maggie, upstairs in a box."

"Were you upstairs?" I asked. There was something untoward about that.

"Yes, and you should see the bedroom." She raised her eyes toward the sky, to emphasize the squalor. "Bare



"A little hand, if you will, Bob, for the Brewsterettes."

boards, and not a thing in his room—only an iron bed with his rosary beads hanging at the head of it and his good suit on a chair."

When we went inside, she threw the coffee beans into a holdall where we kept bottle tops, bits of used string, and a rusted tin opener.

Two days later, when I came home from school there was a car at our front door and I hurried, thinking it was visitors. But as I approached the house I heard shouting and knew that once again we were in trouble.

"You poor child you," my mother said, hugging me and ushering me into the kitchen. Then she told me that the bailiff was with my father and that unless we could find money we could be out on the roadside with the tinkers. At that moment the bailiff came into the kitchen and said he wanted a drink of water. He had a bad stomach and was obliged to take tablets every few hours, he said. She offered him tea, which he declined, and he stood there frowning, as if he could not comprehend how people like us, with a nice house and nice furniture,

had come to such straits. She offered tea a second time, and I think he was annoyed that she should mix hospitality with the odious business at hand. It was then he realized that I was there, and, perhaps feeling sorry for me, he asked suddenly, "Who's the best at school?"

"I am," I said, not knowing that I was boasting.

Then the sergeant arrived, and my mother begged him to go in and get the revolver from my father. All three of them went in. I looked through the jamb of the door and saw my father standing near the mantel, the revolver in his hand, his hat thrown back on his head, and his mouth frothing. He was like a man in a picture depicting murder. They were trying to reason with him, and the more they tried the more he foamed.

Suddenly my mother left the room, saying she would be back in a matter of minutes. With wizard speed she cycled down the drive, and presently she was back accompanied by Jack. She handed the bailiff a brown envelope containing a wad of money. Then

the sergeant linked my father and helped him upstairs, and though a few times my father fell, he never lost his grip on a bottle of whiskey that had a label with two shades of gold on it.

After the sergeant left, Jack stayed with us and spoke about the vale of tears and life's tribulations. Then when my father was asleep Jack took off his boots and stole upstairs to get the revolver from under the pillow. He also emptied most of the whiskey into a jug and filled the whiskey bottle with water. Mama put the retrieved whiskey into a lemonade bottle, saying she would keep it for the Christmas cake. The kitchen was foul with the smell.

"Well, Mrs. O., you know who your friends are, you know you can rely on Jack," he said, and he tied his boots and took his leave.

Mama stood on the step with him, and he said something to which she replied in a pitying way that baffled me. "How could I, Jack?" she said, and then she came back into the kitchen and asked God Almighty what would become of us. She talked of my two sisters and my brother, who were

at boarding school, and said that with no money for fees they would no doubt be expelled and have to come home to rough it. I said that when I grew up I would be rich and that I would install us all in a big house where there would be no wrangling and no debt.

"You'll be lucky if you have any education," she said dolefully, and she conjectured about the impossibility of repaying Jack's loan.

"He won't mind," I said, but she was not so sure about that. She said paupers were paupers and people soon wearied of them. The word "pauper" sounded so beautiful, like some kind of Indian flower or fruit.

Later, when we heard my father shout, we ran out of the house and hid in a hollow behind some trees until he had gone. We well knew the pattern—how he would be missing for days and how eventually he would be taken to the hospital, and then he would come home and apologize for everything.

THE day my father came home, which was about two weeks later, he asked me to come and see his horses with him. I hated going. It had rained a lot, and the fields held pools of water in which the clouds were reflected and kept appearing and disappearing. There were three horses and a young foal. I feared them as much as I feared him, because they, too, stood for unpredictability and overwhelming strength. As we went to the field, they came toward us whinnying, and I kept lurking behind for shelter.

"They won't touch you, they won't touch you," he said as one horse kicked the ground with her hoof as if in a temper. First they galloped wildly, but after a bit they quieted down and nuzzled to see if he had brought any oats.

"I'm a good father—good to you and your mother," he said.

You're not, I thought, but I did not speak.

"Answer me," he said.

"Yes," I said grudgingly, and he went on to say that the reason for his recent little mishap was that he did not like the way Jack Holland was making free with my mother. He said it was a disgrace and that it would have to end. I said nothing. By now the horses on a whim had decided to lie down in the pools of water and roll around until they became covered with mud, their haunches smeared. They hadn't seen a soul for two weeks and were probably

complaining about this by resorting to antics.

Next day, Mama wrote Jack a letter and marked it "Personal." She put "S.A.G." ("St. Anthony Guide") on the back of the envelope and dispatched me with it. It was my first time in Jack's kitchen. It was a large kitchen, with a stone floor and a great hearth fire. There was a smell of fried onions, wet turf, and old ashes. Maggie was dozing in a rocking chair by the fire and Jack was having a mug of tea at the kitchen table.

"Have a little repast," he said as I went in. To read the letter he had to borrow his sister's glasses, so he pulled them off her face and put them on his own. They were rimless glasses and they looked silly. A few hens had come in from the yard and were picking at a colander in which there had been cold cabbage but which was now almost picked clean. They were intent on this. A sprig of faded palm was stuck beside the globe of the Sacred Heart lamp, and I reckoned that it had been there since Easter. The willow-pattern plates that were wedged into the dresser badly needed a wash. I tried to find a disappointed look on Jack's face as he read the letter, but there was none.

"Tell your Mam that Jack understands all and that Jack will wait for time's eventualities," he said, and I said I would, and ran out of the kitchen because I had some idea that he was going to kiss me.

After that he visited us rarely, and when he did he talked mostly to Dada. But often on the way from school he called me by rapping the windows with his knuckles. "How's your Mam?" he would ask.

"She's well," I would say. Even when she wasn't I said it, out of deference. And then he'd put two bars of chocolate in an envelope and send them to her.

I WAS twelve when Maggie died, and we all sat in the parlor, and the ladies drank port wine and nibbled Marietta biscuits. Jack looked sad, with a drip on his nose and a black diamond of cloth on the sleeve of his brown jacket. The maternity nurse sewed it on for him.

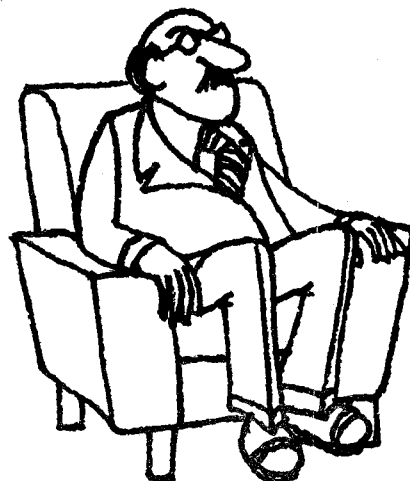
"Creature."

"How many years is it since she got crippled?"

"She was lucky to have Jack."

"She's gone straight to Heaven."

They all said the same things and



agreed with each other about Maggie's sainthood and probably dimly thought of their own deaths. My mother said that she would make tea, and no doubt she was impelled to do it so as to keep my father from anything alcoholic. In the breakfast room, where she and I went to get the good cups, we found dog daisies in a jug on the sideboard, with the water putrid and the daisies themselves shrivelled up. She said what was a house without a woman, and as she carried the jug out the women had to put their handkerchiefs or their gloved hands to their noses.

As we walked home, she told my father about the daisies and said it was a pity that Jack never married and that perhaps he would now.

"Whoever marries Jack will have Maggie's brooches," I said.

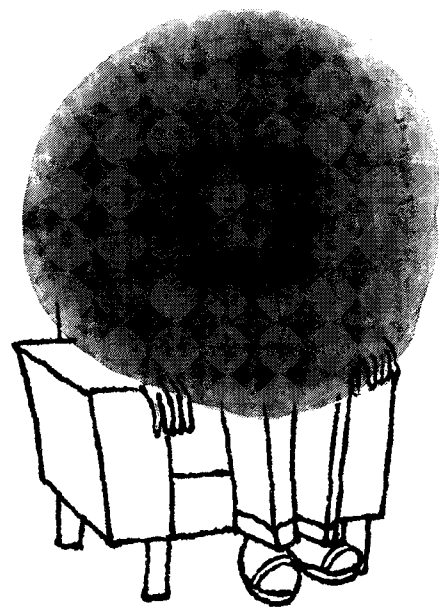
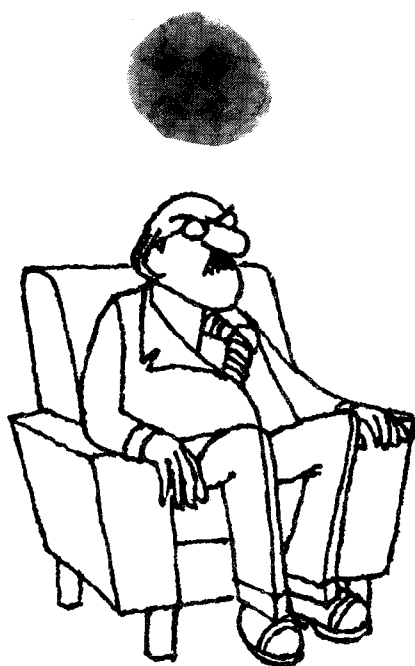
"Maybe he'll wait for you," she said jokingly.

"She'll marry a doctor," said my father proudly; he hoped that I would better their situation.

"She'll marry Jack," my mother said, and the thought was offensive to me. It happened to be a time when my girl friends and I secretly talked of nothing but marriage. We skipped to a rhyme that went:

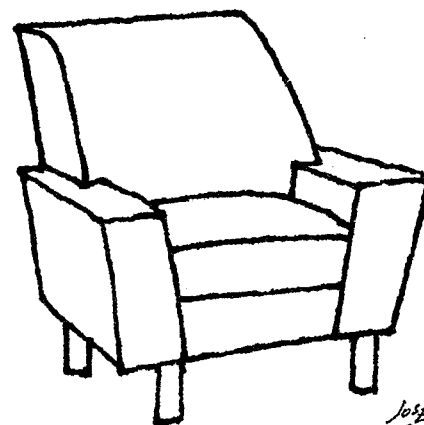
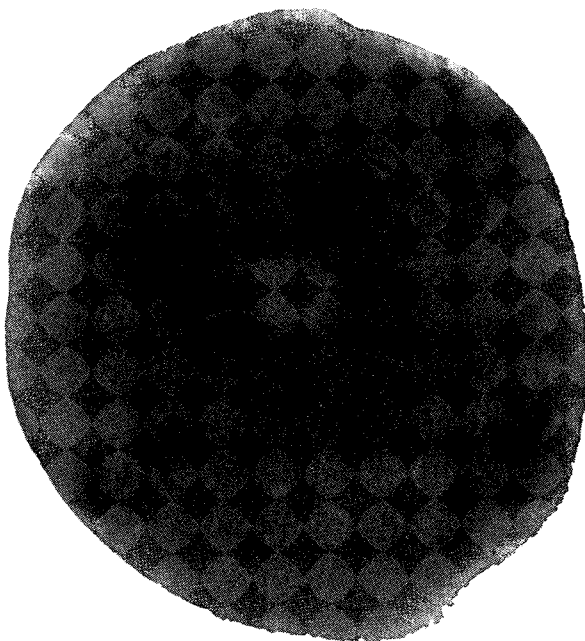
Raspberry, strawberry, blackberry jam,
Tell me the name of my young man.

Daisies were plucked, novenas were said, and spells resorted to. There was one spell that surpassed all others for novelty. In the post would come a particular little white box lined with



silver paper which contained dark, rich wedding cake, so dense with different fruits that it was as if it had no other ingredients but fruits, raisins, and candied peel. Then there was the deep yellow layer of almond icing, and above that the white icing, with maybe a silver ball or the shred of an initial where it had been cut off on someone's name or a greeting. The flavor was exotic, but that was secondary. You slept with it under your pillow in the hope that the initials of your own future spouse would be delivered up in a dream. If it did not happen that night, then some other night, in a year or two or three, when another piece of wedding cake was bound to arrive in the post. I was vexed with my mother for suggesting Jack, even as a joke. I felt defiled.

WHEN it came time to go away to boarding school, Jack gave me a present wrapped in sheets of damp newspaper. It was a blue mechanical pencil whose lead was so weak that at first use it broke. Later I gave it to a nun who was collecting for the black babies. Within a week Jack wrote to me, and since our letters were



JOSEPH
FARRIS

censored, the nun asked who this gentleman was.

"My uncle, Sister," I said, and was surprised that I could lie with such facility. It was almost dark, but as it was not the appointed time to put on the lights we were obliged to read our letters in the half-light. I went over to the window and pushed aside a castor-oil plant and read Jack's effusion:

I hope you are well and attending diligently to your studies. I shall be curious to learn if geometry is your pet subject as it was mine; three cheers for Pythagorous! Your Mam and Dad are fine, we converse as usual on world affairs, and we miss your bright pertinent contributions.

My wine shop is flourishing, a gentle-

man travelled from the North of Ireland last week to sample, and later to purchase a particular vintage of mine. It was my very own, concocted from the offerings of the ditches, rhubarb, elderberry and parsnip mixed to give a subtle bouquet.

(I knew that if anyone made the wine it was the maternity nurse.)

I am still writing poems and brushing up on Swift and Goldsmith, indeed have dialogues with them when I peruse the highways and the byways. The name of Holland will one day be illustrious; if not for one thing, then for another. The weather is clement, though there was a downpour yesterday and I was obliged to take precautions.

(I could see him putting basins in the

passage and dishcloths on the shop floor to catch some of the rain as it poured through the leaking roof.)

Here is a little surprise with which to supplement your budget. Do not allow the good nuns to twist your head in a holy direction, and remember your promise to your friend,

JACK

He had enclosed a money order for five shillings, and I could hardly believe it. Its crinkled white paper with the definite black lettering assured me that he had indeed sent this amount, but I could not guess why.

IT was a clear, starry night when I came home for my Christmas holidays. I got off the bus and walked up the field. It was a pleasure to feel the darkness again, to smell the wet grass and the rotting toadstools. The dogs jumped on me, licked my face, and were hysterical with welcome. Inside the door Mama stood waiting to embrace me, and beside her was Jack. He grinned foolishly at me and hurt the two fingers next to my ring finger by giving me an iron handshake. My new friend, Lydia, had lent me her signet ring, so that I would think of her constantly.

"You're growing," Jack said ominously, as if it weren't normal. Mama had a table laid in the breakfast room, and there were sausage rolls, mince pies, and iced orange cake. The turf fire sent up rainbow-colored flames, and to smell it again after so many months made me realize how cold and unnatural our life was in the convent.

"Yours truly is a bit of an antiquarian now," Jack said to me across the table.

"Oh" was all I could say in reply.

"Yes, when searching for mushrooms last harvest, I found a brooch which proved to be unique. But keep this under your hat, because of course a lot of hooligans would endeavor to imitate me. It's bronze. I've interested some authorities from Dublin, and they are travelling to see it early in the New Year."

Mama winked at me and said, "Will you carry a candle upstairs, till we get a pillow that I want to air for you?"

We linked as we climbed the stairs, and for once she did not warn me about spilling grease on the old turkey carpet. Anyhow, we would melt it next day onto a piece of brown paper, either with a hot iron or with a hot

AU CLUB

"Pour les frais du culte, Monsieur l'abbé."—Proust.

There's always a last room
At the club,
A room beyond the past.

Where they'll carry the evening dresses,
The basket of flowers, the platters of food.

Where they'll bring down the long avenue
The violin, the jewelry, and the whip.

As the leaves drop on all the terraces,
The orioles chirp at twilight among the oaks,
And the gauleiter, judge, or marshal cries,
*"You haven't lived till you've visited
The last room, it's so fabulous you'll die . . ."*

Well, one can imagine
The power of the last room,
The syllable of wine, the mouth that's always open,
And the body polished like stone . . .

Of course we exist
In all the other rooms,
But it's impossible not to dream of what's left,
And the ocean grazing beneath its cliffs,
The flare above the aerodrome
Burning through the dawn . . .

And the women and the men,
The men and the women,
Ghostly and lustful,
Innocent and utterly caught,
Who'll float in and out of the last room.

—ROBERT MAZZOCCO

knife. I wanted to sit on the landing step and discuss everything—how my hair once got nits in it and the disgrace that the nun had made of me, to ask if Dada had been drinking, and if the harvest had been good, and would we be able to pay my fees.

When I shone the candle on her face, Mama was laughing. "It's Jack," she said. "He imagines things now. He's not all there. He digs in the Protestant graveyard every night and finds nothing—only old bottles

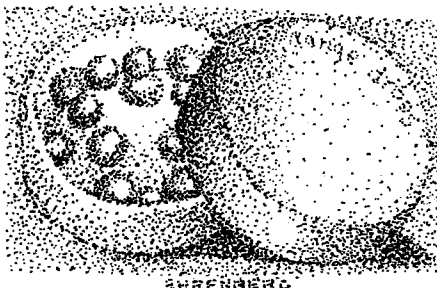
and chamber pots and broken glass domes."

"Has he any friends?" I asked.

"Only us," she said.

Jack beamed at me when I came downstairs, and a little later, when he was leaving, it was inside the neck of my jumper and not Mama's that he dropped two toffees.

I was back only a month in the convent when Mama wrote to tell me that Jack was building a large two-story house, three miles outside the village. She also said there was a rumor that he was getting married to a girl from Longford and that the maternity nurse got shingles when she heard it. He was then probably sixty. There was no telling how he made contact with this lady in Longford unless it was by post, but it was said that such a lady existed, and that her name was Cissy. Most afternoons he shut up shop and went to work on his house





without any help at all—not even a handyman or a plasterer. As a consequence the house took three years, and when it was finished my mother wrote to tell me what it was like:

Jack's house is at last complete. Your father and I were brought to see it last Sunday. "Terrible" is the only word I could use. The roof is not slated, the window frames very crooked, and the exterior a bilious yellow color which he called ochre. The road up to it is a swamp. Of course Jack thinks it is marvellous and he has called it "Sweet Auburn" no less. He is dying to show it to you.

WHEN I came home on my summer's holiday, having finished with the convent, I aspired toward Dublin and resented being at home, listening to depressing conversations. I was sarcastic to my mother, shunned my father, and spent most of my first morning upstairs fitting on clothes—my own clothes and my mother's clothes. That afternoon, a youngster came from the village to say that Jack wanted to see me at three o'clock. My mother said that she felt it was propitious. I had done well in my examinations, and she believed that Jack was going to give me ten or twenty pounds. I hoped she was right, as I yearned for the money to buy style.

Jack was waiting for me outside the

shop, sitting on the windowsill with an oilskin thrown over one shoulder in jaunty toreador fashion. He looked happy and he waved to me from fifty yards away.

"What a picture!" he said as he stood up and with a nod indicated that we weren't going to sit there in view of the village.

The blind was down in his shop, and I asked if it was the half day.

"No, but yours truly is his own boss," Jack said, announcing that we would have a walk, and, going on ahead, he took great strides up the hill and passed the chapel and the graveyard.

"Where to?" I asked.

"To my country abode," he said.

It began to rain. The drops came singly at first and then with a great urgency, and Jack used this as an excuse for chivalry and placed his oilskin over my shoulders.

We walked along that road and then up a track to the damp spectacle of a solitary house. He was impatient to get close to it. There being no gate, he lifted a strand of rusty barbed wire and helped me inside, to the rectangular patch that enclosed the house and where nettles flourished. The house looked haunted. The windows were gray with dirt. Birds flew wildly in

and out of the eaves and chattered as if they were angry with us, as if their occupancy of the place was challenged by our visit. A rat slunk deftly through a hole under the privet hedge, but if Jack saw it he certainly made no reference to it. In the field beyond the barbed wire was a very small old donkey, whose hair had come off in patches; the donkey stared at us but did not bray. Jack muttered something about having flower beds later on, and added that he was partial to those arches over which roses tumbled in June. It was June, and all that blossomed was the ragwort and the masses of buttercups, both yellow, both bright. As we stood there, Jack pointed to certain features of the house—the fanlight above the hall door, which he described as neo-Georgian, and the door itself, which was made of deal. For all his talk, these features were very prosaic and very wanting. It was a square two-story house, its pebble-dash front painted over in dark muddy yellow. The curtainless windows were like long mourners looking out onto the garden. The house's only feature, if one can call it that, was that it was on an incline, and there was a fine view of plowed land and meadow leading to the road.

I went to look through one of the

long windows, but Jack intercepted me. The tour had to be done properly, with him as guide. Impatience seized me and I looked anyhow, and in the drawing room I saw the bare boards spattered with paint, and in the middle of the floor, incongruously, a marble fireplace.

"Carrara marble," Jack said, and I understood it was a sign of the grandeur that he aspired to. He conceded that the house needed a bit more work, and then he declared that what it surely needed was a woman's touch, a seemly eye that would know where to hang a mirror, or where to put a little whatnot, and which portrait to place over the fireplace so that visitors would sit there with a sense of enrichment. I listened to Jack's ramblings, resenting the fact that the high wet grass was harming my new sandals and draining the beige dye out of them.

Did we, I wondered, ever pay him back the money he had given the bailiff. He was probably paid in dribs and

drabs, but hunks of cake and bacon and even an embroidered tablecloth must have had to suffice for much of the money. I did not care. One thing was uppermost in my mind, and it was flight. In my resolve I had no idea that no matter how distant the flight other people would be entangled with me. I had to say something, so I said, "It's very secluded."

"Not when there's two of us," Jack said. He went around to the side to fetch a key that was kept in a can.

I felt shivery. Along with the nettles, the thistles, and the ragwort, there was such an emanation of damp from the house itself that it seemed more dismal than any outhouse.

Coming back twirling a big key, Jack winked at me slyly, and then it happened, before I had time to bristle. Jack turned the key in the door and lifted me up in his arms and carried me over the threshold, triumphantly shouting, "Ours! Ours! Ours!" He said for long he had envisaged such a

scene and only wished he had brought a ring. His mouth and nose were lowered toward my face. I struggled out of his arms, and I ran toward the barbed wire, accusing him of being a wicked man. But I need not have gone at such a helter-skelter down the dirt track. He was either too shocked or too ashamed to follow. As I looked back I saw that he was standing as stationary and as forlorn as a poplar tree. He did not move.

JACK stopped visiting our house, and crossed the road when he saw my mother and avoided my father after Mass. It was then that the maternity nurse became essential. She made him soda bread, and when she delivered it she collected dirty socks from the table or from a chair where they were slung. She darned the socks and even began to talk of plans for the unused parlor; she fancied an oil stove for there. Since the girl from Longford had not materialized, everyone thought that Jack would marry the maternity nurse, and, indeed, so did she. After six months of washing and baking, and even repairing the lace curtains on the upstairs landing, she asked the parish priest to have a word with Jack.

The parish priest called one Sunday evening, and since the public house was shut, the front door was ceremoniously lifted back. The door had swollen in the rain. Jack threw a newspaper over a kitchen chair and asked His Reverence to sit down and to please forgive the humbleness of the place, and to have a drop of sherry or, better still, a glass of malt.

"Well now, Jack, there's none of us getting younger, and time is passing, and you are keeping company with a very nice lady, and isn't it time that you thought of settling down?" the parish priest said. Those were the very words the priest used, because he described the incident in detail to my mother the day she had Mass said in our house.

"Marriage, Father, is out of the question," said Jack. "I was betrothed for a long number of years to a certain little lady in this parish, who jilted me. It has embittered my ideals about the opposite sex, it has cauterized me from ever entering on another alliance; indeed, it has ruined my life."

JACK was soon without the ministrings of the maternity nurse, and in time he did not even talk to his cus-



"Might I point out, sir, that that one goes particularly well with your tie?"

tomers. He just served them the drink and watched while they drank. He lost interest in his two-story house, and one evening some children who were picking mushrooms saw flames in the front window and hurried to look inside, thinking it had caught fire. In the parlor a group of tinkers squatted on the floor, eating and drinking, and they had made a big fire in the grate. When told of this, Jack said he would get the sergeant to deal with them, but whenever the tinkers came they did not sleep out in the fields, as they had before, but used the shelter of the house. The following winter, Jack came down with shingles and would open his shop only at odd hours, when it suited him.

As I got older, I thought of Jack—of how embarrassed he must have been, and of how callous I must have seemed. I wanted to talk to him and somehow to make amends. One Easter, when I was home from Dublin for a visit, I said to my mother that I ought to speak to Jack. My mother warned me that he was very peculiar, and that if I went to the shop he would not let me past the door but would drive me out, as he had done her. I said that I would follow him from Mass.

In church, I sat through the coughing and the croaking, inhaling the damp smell of tweed coats, looking at all the faces that I had almost forgotten, faces worn and twisted like the trees. There he was, monopolizing the aisle seat of a pew and scowling when he had to let others in. He was bald and stooped, and he prayed feverishly on his black horn rosary beads. His fingers could have been an old woman's, so small were they, so gnarled. The chapel itself seemed a smaller and humbler place, and I thought of the missionaries and the terror of their sermons. The parish priest was very slow, and at times hesitated as if he had forgotten the words. At the Last



"I'm afraid we won't be going anywhere for a while, Charlotte. Don's locked in the struggle for the heart and mind of Ronald Reagan."

Gospel, Jack jumped up and left on tiptoe.

Forewarned, I, too, got up, genuflected, and left. He hurried out under the cypress trees and opened the church gate but did not wait to close it, and let it clang. "Jack, Jack," I called softly. I could not shout, lest it be disrespectful to the proceedings in the church. I closed the gate and walked quickly, all the while calling, but he pretended not to hear. He took great strides, and it was clear that he was avoiding me.

I caught up with him as he reached his own shop door and was pushing it in. "Jack," I said. "It's lovely to see you again."

He must have heard, but he did not turn. He stepped inside the shop, pushed the door shut, and immediately drew a bolt. I stood at the door, thinking that he would change his mind. The gray gauze blind that had once had the name "Vintner" printed on it was like a filament. Any minute it might disintegrate. I tapped and tapped, but he did not relent. Indeed, I do not know if he stood there vacillating or if he had gone on tiptoe in-

to the kitchen and was brewing a cup of tea.

WHEN Jack died, he left his premises to a cousin whom we had never seen and scarcely knew of. His gloom had cut him off and his friends would not call on him until they came as mourners. My mother was eager to hear what he did with his possessions, and, realizing that he had not remembered us at all, she said she was genuinely surprised that he hadn't left her a decanter or a biscuit barrel. She brooded on it and recited the motto about blood being thicker than water. But I think her disappointment was not greed but, rather, a deference to romance, because, much as she denounced it, in some part of her mysterious being she cherished it and all her life believed that it would come her way.

—EDNA O'BRIEN

Kouros. The Legendary New Fragrance For Men . . . From Yves Saint Laurent.

—Adv. in the Times.

Who knows a new legend when he smells one.

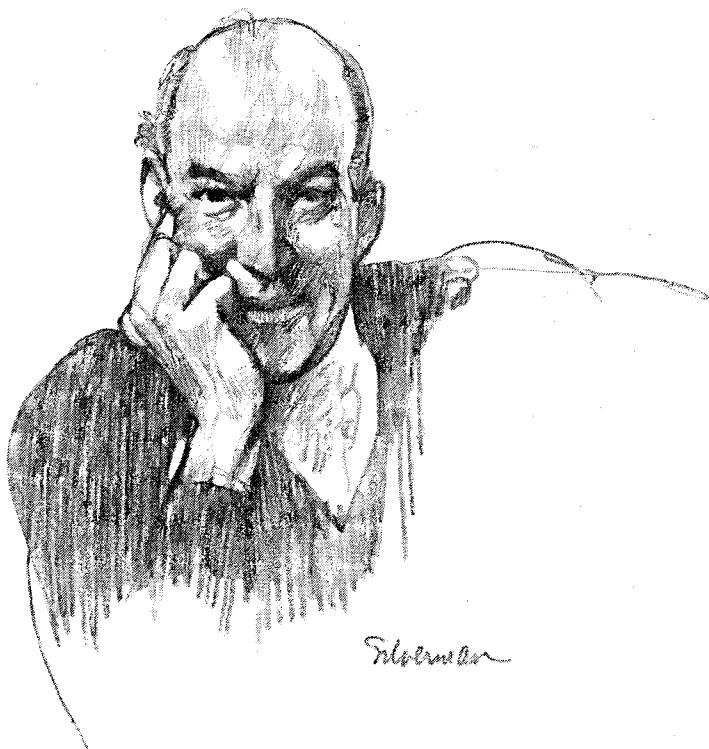


TAKING ART TO POINT ZERO—I

If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear as it is, infinite.—*William Blake.*

MAURICE TUCHMAN, the enterprising curator for modern art at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, had been with the museum only two years when he conceived, in 1966, the notion of matching established, practicing artists with corporate sponsors who could provide access to the most sophisticated technology of the day. He was curious to see what the results would be. Tuchman's curiosity was not widely shared, but finally, after he had done a great deal of prodding, he was able to enlist the wary cooperation of thirty-seven companies (more than two hundred had declined), and he set about getting in touch with artists and effecting the various matches. Andy Warhol, for example, was paired with Cowles Communications, Tony Smith with the Container Corporation of America, and Claes Oldenburg with Walt Disney Productions; Robert Rauschenberg began exploring the acoustic physics of mud baths with engineers at Teledyne, and Jean Dubuffet tackled problems concerning monumental scale with the research division of the American Cement Corporation. Most of the artists, in one way or another, took the opportunity afforded them by the program to enhance through the application of advanced technology the kind of work they were already doing. They ended up producing bigger, more elaborate, more sophisticated objects—objects that then made up Tuchman's Art and Technology show at the Los Angeles County Museum in 1971. Oldenburg's huge, lascivious "Icebag" throbbed and undulated at the entrance; inside, Rauschenberg's "Mud-Muse" belched and Warhol's three-dimensional flowered shower curtain streamed.

One of the first people Tuchman had attempted to enlist, early in 1968, was Robert Irwin, a leading Southern



Robert Irwin

California artist, who was at that time in transition from a period of painting metallic discs to one in which he was fashioning acrylic columns. Tuchman suggested that the proposed exhibition might give Irwin an opportunity to work with scientists at transcending some of the technical difficulties involved. But, to his surprise, he found Irwin not the least bit responsive to such an approach. "I told him," Irwin recalled several years later, "that I had no interest in producing a short-term object, a large, winking, blinking version of what I was then doing." Irwin was, on the other hand, quite interested in the broader sorts of cross-disciplinary interaction the Art and Technology project might offer. "At that time, I was beginning to think about using energy in my work, as opposed to matter, and that meant dealing with light and sound and other kinds of energy forms. So the idea that I might be able to talk to some physicists not about hardware or things of that sort but, rather, about how they actually thought about those ideas of space and energy and matter, what their approach was to the whole question, their mental picture—that seemed to me to be something really worth doing. So I told Maurice that

what I wanted was an opportunity to find someone who would be interested in exploring that kind of exchange, and not someone or some industry intent on making something. I felt that what you could make in six weeks or in two months for an exhibition would really be essentially what you already knew—I mean, you would simply act out or develop something that was already essentially resolved, except maybe technically—and that this was too rich an opportunity and too interesting a situation to put that kind of deadline on it. And, to his credit, Maurice went along with me."

At the time, Irwin had just turned forty.

Born not too far away, in Long Beach, in 1928, into a lower-middle-class family with no artistic pretensions, Irwin had nevertheless been "plagued," as he later characterized it, with natural ability, an easy facility in drawing which allowed him to skim effortlessly through art school without ever having to confront any serious questions. Indeed, he didn't face any serious questions until some years later, when, in 1957, just before the opening of the first significant show of his work—at the Felix Landau Gallery, in Los Angeles—he was thunderstruck with dissatisfaction over what he had been producing. His education, he insists, began then. During the middle and late fifties, he gravitated toward the Ferus group, a brash fraternity of L.A. artists (including Billy Al Bengston, Ed Kienholz, Ed Moses, John Altoon, and Craig Kauffman), as cocky as they were isolated, who had ranged themselves around a precarious avant-garde gallery by that name. It was through them that Irwin was first exposed to the work of New York's Abstract Expressionists; and by the late fifties Irwin himself was producing large, richly impastoed abstract canvases.

But already he was beginning to

be bothered by the arbitrary, undisciplined character of his endeavor. "In those days," he recalls, "you just got yourself in a good Zen mood and emoted. But six months after the 'emotion' of my involvement with those paintings, much of what I had done just didn't seem necessary." In early attempts to tackle the problem, he contracted the canvas and simplified the marks, attempting to exercise greater control over a more circumscribed space and theme. It gradually became apparent, however, that his real conflict was with the tendency of *any* abstract design to read as image (as swan, say, or cloud, or face); what he was after was pure physicality.

During the sixties, therefore, Irwin systematically pursued the mystery of aesthetic presence, dismantling the activity of painting through a series of progressive questionings—or, more properly phrased, bringings-into-question—at each stage stripping away the inessential elements of the art act while simultaneously opening up his perceptions to a whole range of experience that had previously been excluded. "Is it possible to paint a painting without image?" he wondered in 1960, and over the next three years he endeavored to do just that. During a period of intense activity—holed up in his studio for fifteen-hour days, seven days a week, for months on end—he produced ten canvases, each with two straight lines hand-splayed over a monotone ground, into which they virtually disappeared. Although the lines' placement had been painstakingly calibrated for the most neutral effect, each canvas still read as "a painting of two lines," and Irwin next wondered, "Is it possible to paint a painting without subject and without linear mark?" The result, between 1964 and 1966, was a series of ten large, slightly bowed, white canvases overspread with a fine peppering of tiny dots in two opposing colors. The dots seemed to cancel each other out, halating around the edges; the paintings vibrated with an uncanny energy. But although these paintings had successfully resolved the question they had addressed, Irwin felt they were compromised by

the frame itself, the rectangle that arbitrarily bound them in and likewise bound out the varied world of phenomena around them. "Is it possible to paint a painting without frame?" Irwin then mused, and the resultant investigations produced a series of remarkable disc paintings (1966-67). A convex white disc was thrust out about two feet from the wall, hovering, and when Irwin played floodlights on it from each of the four corners, projecting a four-leaf clover of shadows onto the white wall behind, it was extremely difficult to fathom where the gray-white disc left off and the mothy shadows began. The shield itself read alternately as flat, bulging, or collapsed, and even from virtual profile the truth was elusive. The entire space seemed to float. While these discs had effectively eliminated the frame from the art object, they still required an attitude of focus; they still demanded of the viewer a heightened level of attention aimed at one area of the room. Irwin, meanwhile, had become fascinated with everything else that was going on in the room anyway.

Irwin's commitment was slowly shifting to the pure activity of inquiry. Questions that had initially served him as vehicles toward answers were becoming compelling in their own right. He was becoming less interested in

what we perceive or how we perceive than in the very wonder that we perceive at all. It wasn't so much that he wanted his viewers to perceive anything in particular as that he wanted them to perceive themselves perceiving. He was now placing tall, prismatic acrylic columns in empty white rooms, not out of any sculptural concern but, rather, because of the transformation these columns could effect when, invisible, they suddenly gleamed at the periphery of the visitor's awareness. Irwin increasingly felt himself to be forging toward the periphery of traditional art practice, and he was becoming convinced that there, along the borderland, his concerns were dovetailing with those of practitioners in other disciplines (psychologists, architects, sociologists, mathematicians, physicists—all working at the peripheries of their fields). He began to call this interpenetration of pure inquiry "the dialogue of immanence." And it was in this light that Irwin redefined and then grasped at Tuchman's offer.

IN August, 1968, Tuchman began the process of finding a corporate match for Irwin. The artist toured Lockheed's Rye Canyon research center as well as its Burbank production complex (it was at Rye Canyon that Irwin first encountered a kind of echo-



"Well, for one thing, George, I'm already married."



"I'm afraid Rome is out. Mr. Elgar doesn't like architecture."

free chamber that would subsequently consume his interest). Then, accompanied by Caltech's famous Nobel-winning physicist Richard Feynman, Irwin visited I.B.M.'s enormous San Jose facilities, and afterward the pair returned to Southern California and spent several days at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, where scientists were busy tracking Mariner 5 and preparing for two of the Mars missions. Although nothing came of either of his tours, Irwin found his conversations with Feynman especially rewarding.

During that summer, Irwin also entered into an intense dialogue with James Turrell, a young artist who had recently completed studies in psychology at Pomona College. Turrell was already providing Irwin with a great deal of intellectual background for his investigations, and now Irwin invited him to collaborate on his Art and Technology effort. In November, 1968, Tuchman approached the Garrett AiResearch Corporation and arranged for Irwin and Turrell to tour its Life Sciences Department, where much of the work on the environmen-

tal-control systems for NASA's manned space flights was being pursued. (The moon landing was less than a year off.) And it was during this tour that Irwin met Dr. Ed Wortz, the head of that lab.

There exists a photograph of one of their first meetings. Irwin is sporting a neat Edwardian beard, his hair is moderately long at the sides, and he looks very hip. Wortz, by contrast, has short-cropped hair, is wearing a short-sleeved white shirt and a striped tie, and, with four pens visible in his breast pocket, looks very square. In fact, he might be any one of those flight-operations engineers who used to scurry about in the background during Walter Cronkite's live telecasts from Mission Control in Houston. The contrast between the two men is of particular interest because nowadays Irwin is clean-shaven and seems utterly staid (he might easily have just walked off the neighborhood golf course), whereas Wortz, who has dropped out of the space program to become a Gestalt psychotherapist and is quite active at the Buddhist Meditation Center in Los Ange-

les, looks anything but square, right down to a gray-flecked curly beard. It is as if the two had traded existences.

"So I was in my lab at El Segundo one day when I got a call from the corporate office and they said they were sending over one of the corporation P.R. guys with two artists," Wortz recalled not long ago. "I said, 'Gee, guys, thanks a lot, that's just what I need.'" Up to that point, Wortz, who had received his Ph.D. in psychology from the University of Texas and gone on to do research on such issues as "The Effects of Centrifugation on Lung Volume as a Function of Differing Gas Compositions and Pressures," had had virtually no exposure to art and even less interest in it. He was not looking forward to his afternoon. "So an hour later," Wortz continued, "in walked Bob Irwin and Jim Turrell—and it was love at first sight. I don't think any of us could believe how well

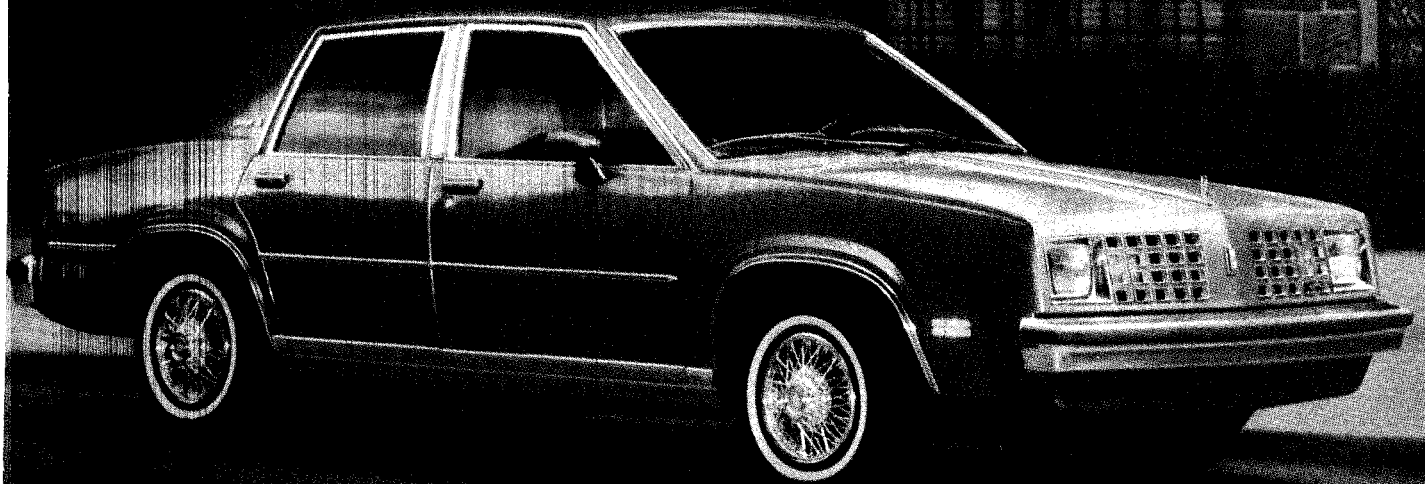
we got on. From there, one thing just led to another."

"The thing that fascinated me about Wortz," Irwin has said, "was that he could handle more information with less difficulty and less prejudice than anyone I'd ever met. I mean, I would be sitting in his office—which I started doing with increasing regularity—having this conversation about philosophic or aesthetic attitudes, and someone would come in . . . They did much of the physiological work for the lunar explorations—how much energy it took to walk up a twenty-degree grade wearing a space suit with a twenty-pound pack on your back in a certain gravitational situation. That kind of thing. Anyway, people would walk in and ask him about some very complicated mathematical formula or some other technical problem; he'd discuss it with them, make a decision on it, state it back to them in astoundingly simple terms, and then come right back to talking with me, without skipping a beat! And his attitude toward the most technical or the most sophisticated kinds of information, or toward the kinds of things I was deal-



All he expected a compact car to be was practical.

Then he saw the Olds Omega and realized he had been expecting too little.



Understandable, we think. Because the 1982 Omega is a lot more than you might expect a compact car to be. There's an economical 4-cylinder engine with new electronic fuel injection for better mileage estimates than last year. Front-wheel drive. MacPherson strut suspension. But **Oldsmobile Omega.** most of all, this compact has style, right down to the handsome new front end. And you can imagine the luxury inside. The room and comfort and smooth, quiet ride. So, if all you expected from a compact was economy, we think you've been expecting too little. **Even today, there's still room to do it with style.**

Oldsmobile

We've had one built for you.

Standard 4-Cyl. Engine

41 **26**

Hwy. Est. EPA Est. mpg

Use estimated mpg for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Some Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.

THE ITALIAN YOU WON'T FORGET.

M&R Vermouth Imported by Renfield Importers, Ltd., New York, NY Jewelry: Bulgari Furs: Maximilian

MARTINI & ROSSI ON THE ROCKS

Winning. Worldly. Well bred.





"O.K., Chief! Hang on to your socks!"

ing with, or toward the possibility of monsters in Loch Ness—he would handle them all with no variance, no prejudice. He would handle all of them equally. And I really found that fascinating."

As it turned out, the three men, each in his own way, were interested in essentially the same thing—man's perceptual sense of his environment. Apart from that, they had no special irons in the fire, no particular ambitions. Irwin has said, "We decided that all we wanted to find out was how two radically separate disciplines could interact, what could be the grounds. There was no way that I was going to find out everything Wortz knew the way he had—in other words, bit by bit, going to school, learning all the technical data. And there was really no need. The question was, is it possible for me to understand how and in what way he puts his questions and structures his information?"

At first, they met just for discussions; they toyed with the question of how they might eventually "make art" out of their deliberations, not so much with the intention of producing anything as with the aim of focussing their considerations. Turrell compiled thorough notes, and excerpts from them were subsequently published as part of an exhaustively detailed "Re-

port on the Art and Technology Program of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art: 1967-1971." Those notes, in some places, suggest many of the positions Irwin was to consolidate during the seventies. For example:

If we define art as part of the realm of experience, we can assume that after a viewer looks at a piece he "leaves" with the art, because the "art" has been experienced.

We are dealing with the limits of an experience—not for instance with the limits of painting. We have chosen that experience out of the realm of experience to be defined as "art," because having this label it is given special attention. Perhaps this is all "art" means—this Frame of Mind.

The object of art may be to seek the elimination of the necessity of it.

The works of previous artists have come from their own experiences or insights but haven't given the experience itself. They had set themselves up as a sort of interpreter to the layman. . . . Our interest is in a form where you realize that the media are just perception.

All art is experience, yet all experience is not art. The artist chooses from experience that which he defines out as art, possibly because it has not yet been experienced enough, or because it needs to be experienced more.

All art-world distinctions are meaningless.

From hours of conversation, Irwin, Turrell, and Wortz drifted into ex-

perimental projects. Irwin was eager to resume playing with the kind of echo-free chamber he'd seen at Rye Canyon. "An anechoic chamber is a totally sound-dampened, light-blackened room," he explains. "The one we ended up using, at U.C.L.A., was a particularly fine one; it was suspended within another soundproof room and isolated from any sounds being bounced through the earth—a jackhammer five miles away, or something. Nothing went into that space. And no light at all. We would go in there, one at a time, and sit in a chair in the middle. Then they'd shut out the lights and close the door and you'd just be there. You had no visual or audio input at all, other than what you might produce yourself. You might begin to have some retinal replay or hear your own body—hear the electrical energy of your brain, the beat of your heart, all that sort of thing. We got so that we could spend maybe six or eight hours in there at a time, each of us, testing the acuity of our powers of perception. There were all kinds of interesting things about being in there which we observed, but the most dramatic had to do with how the world appeared when you stepped out. After I'd sat in there for six hours, for instance, and then got up and walked back home down the same street I'd

Visit Volkswagen's and we'll plenty of rea



**Introducing two limited editions:
the Black Tie Rabbit and Pickup.
Save \$650.***



What's all the celebrating about?

Let's start with our new limited edition Black Tie Rabbit and Pickup.

We call them Black Tie Editions because with their elegant metallic paint and chic stripes, they look like they're dressed up for a big night on the town.

What's more, each comes with a pretty fancy list of optional features. Including a 5-speed transmission, a woodgrain dash panel, deluxe designer seats and oversize wheels with road-hugging 175/70 steel-belted radials and special trim rings and sport hubs.

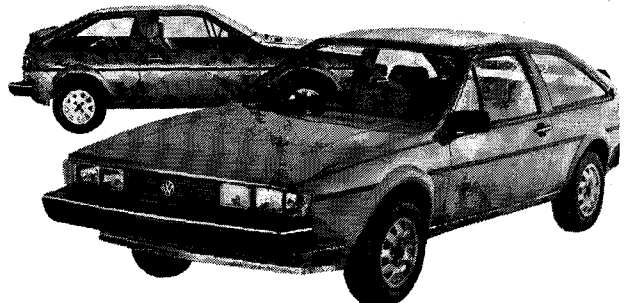
But the best feature of all is that if you buy a limited edition Rabbit or Pickup during our celebration, you'll save \$650.*

In addition, you'll get some terrific standard features not everyone gives you as standard equipment.

Like rack-and-pinion steering, front-wheel drive CIS fuel injection and MacPherson struts.

No wonder everybody's celebrating.

**Introducing Volkswagen's
new sports car, the 1982 Scirocco**



We'll also be unveiling our totally redesigned 1982 Scirocco. And this you've got to see.

From its lower, aerodynamically sleeker front end to its patented functional rear spoiler, this new Scirocco is a pure celebration of driving excitement.

*Based on manufacturer's suggested retail price of "Black Tie" package, compared to manufacturer's suggested retail prices of equipment included, priced separately.

Black Tie Celebration give you n to celebrate.

With a powerful 1.7-litre overhead cam engine. Continuous fuel injection. Exceptional interior room for sports car. And handling and performance that are exceptional in any context.

**Introducing
Volkswagen's big idea for the 80's,
the new Quantum.**



If all that's not reason enough to celebrate, then come take a look at our new Quantum. It's the roomiest, most luxurious Volkswagen we've ever made. A full-size five-passenger car that lets five full-size passengers stretch out. Yet, despite this, Quantum still gives you the agility,

EPA estimated 41 highway mpg and an estimated 28 mpg. (Use "estimated mpg" for comparisons. Your mileage varies with weather, speed and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)



performance and economy of a much smaller car.** Is that possible? It is when you combine painstaking aerodynamic design and advanced fuel injection with 4-wheel independent suspension and our patented "thinking rear axle." Which actually senses changes in the car's direction and adjusts itself automatically. For a smoother, more comfortable ride.

If you think all this sounds unbelievable, visit our celebration and test drive the Quantum for yourself. Then you'll know what unbelievable really is.

Now these are all good reasons why you should join in our Black Tie Celebration. But we haven't mentioned the most important one of all.

The best time to get a great deal on a Volkswagen is when your dealer is in a festive mood.



Black Tie Celebration

IF NOEL COWARD WERE IN LONDON TODAY, WHERE WOULD YOU FIND HIM?



To start with, Mr. Coward would be at THE SAVOY—he never stayed anywhere else.

He had his own suite of rooms overlooking London's finest view of the River Thames. The suite is still there, for our guests, as are the other 200 rooms in the Hotel, all individually decorated, appealing to different tastes.

If Noel Coward were downstairs, you might find him in the new River Restaurant or the American Bar, world famous since the creation of the Dry Martini.

What about the cost? Well, Mr. Coward would find THE SAVOY less expensive than a number of other luxury London hotels. But then, that wouldn't have been important. THE SAVOY was Noel Coward's London home.

Is it yours?

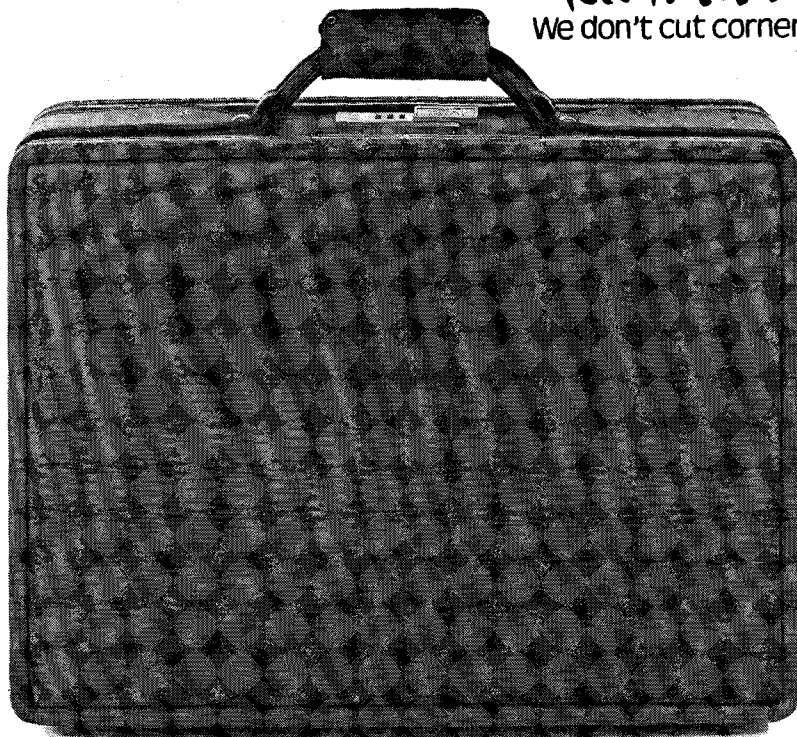
REVISIT

The Savoy
LONDON

HR *The Leading Hotels of the World*
For information and reservations
telephone Toll Free 800-223-1230,
or New York (212) 751-8915 (collect)

The best case we make for buying Hartmann
is simply the best case we make.

hartmann
We don't cut corners.



DuPont TEFLON®
soil & stain repeller

© 1980 Hartmann Luggage, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087

come in on, the trees were still trees, and the street was still a street, and the houses were still houses, but the world did not look the same—it was very, very noticeably altered.”

All three of the men experienced the same world shift—a phenomenon whose intensity so amazed them that they subsequently designed a battery of experimental tests and administered them to twenty-five volunteer subjects, almost all of whom testified to the same perceptions. “For a few hours after you came out,” Irwin insists, “you really did become more conscious—not just that leaves move but that everything has a kind of aura, that nothing is wholly static, that color itself emanates a kind of energy. You noted each individual leaf, each individual tree. You picked up things that you normally blocked out. I think what happens is that in our ordinary lives we move through the world with a strong expectation-fit ratio, which we use as much to block out information as to gather it in—and for good reason, most of the time. We block out information that is not critical to our activity. Otherwise, we might well become immobilized. But after a while, you know, you do that repeatedly, day after day after day, and the world begins to take on a fairly uniform look. So what the anechoic chamber was helping us to see was the extreme complexity and richness of our sense mechanism and how little of it we use most of the time. We edit it severely, so that in time we see only what we expect to see.”

The anechoic experience provoked other explorations. The trio concocted ganz fields, which Irwin describes as “visual fields in which there are no objects you can take hold of with your eye; that is, three hundred and sixty degrees of homogeneous color—in our case white—which suggests the sensation you might experience by sticking your head inside a giant, evenly lit Ping-Pong ball.” They monitored alpha waves, interrupted each other's sleep, practiced meditation. They reproduced an experiment they'd heard about in which they were able to confirm that Carlsberg Elephant Beer tastes best when drunk within the aural context of a particular tone (650 Hz.), and that varying the pitch only slightly either way significantly alters the flavor of the brew. Irwin, who was fascinated by the ability of the two eyes to integrate their separate perceptions, mastered a technique for separating their focus. “I can still do it any time I

Tradition like you've never seen it before.



You'll be the master of every situation in these beautifully tailored dress slacks by Thomson. The polyester/wool gabardine blend keeps you cool and comfortable. In subtle shades to harmonize perfectly with your best blazer. Classic fashion tailored with traditional quality. For the Thomson retailer nearest you, call toll free 1-800-241-7910. In Georgia call 1-404-595-2434. Thomson Company, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10104.

DIVISION OF SALANT CORP. ♦

Belle Meade Gabs by Thomson®



BALLY
OF SWITZERLAND

For style folder, write: Renzo Bally Inc., One Bally Place, New Rochelle, New York 10801

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

want," he claims. "It takes a few minutes' concentration, but I can just separate them—for example, having one eye register foreground and the other background."

Years later, Wortz speculated on Irwin's special interest in the sense-deprivation experiments. "As I gradually learned about his artistic history," he said, "I came to understand that Bob had been working with sense deprivation long before he entered that anechoic space. Really, that's what he must have been doing during those months when he spent hours on end holed up in his studio staring at two lines on a canvas. And that discipline brought him a very special kind of knowledge. I mean, Bob really understands a line. I don't understand a line, but I am firmly convinced that he does. He understands it deep in his nervous system. He understands it from his cortex right down his spinal column."

In August of 1969, when the three men had been working together for nine months, and were beginning to consider specific plans for translating their experiences into an installation at the museum show, Turrell suddenly dropped out of the collaboration. To this day, Irwin is baffled by the occurrence, and somewhat hurt. It is not unlike other cases in which younger artists have jumped abruptly and furiously free of his powerful gravitational field. Turrell has played down the significance of the project. "I don't know that anything really startling came out of the whole thing," he told the museum chroniclers. "I sometimes feel I've found some things out, but they don't apply to anyone else unless he came to them in the same way." Free of the project, Turrell went on to a highly original artistic career of his own.

Irwin is considerably less circumspect in his evaluation of the collaboration. "The biggest product of our Art and Technology thing is the effect we had on each other," he has said. "I radically changed Ed Wortz's life, and he radically changed mine."

There was no clear moment when the Art and Technology collaboration between Irwin and Wortz came to a conclusion—the two men just moved into other ventures together. In the fall of 1969, Wortz was asked by NASA to begin studying the concept of habitability as an adjunct to the planning of long-term manned-space-flight projects. He invited Irwin to participate, and the two decided to start out by convening a National Symposium

The Safari® shooting bush jacket.

The legend:

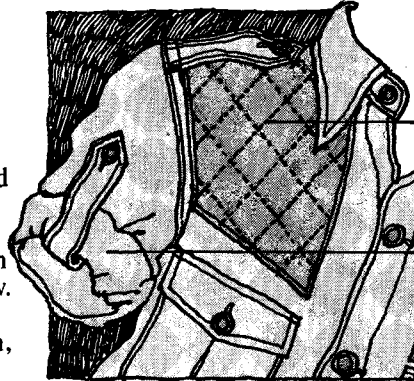
When adventurers Byrd & Roosevelt came to A&F for outfitting, their clothing was designed from A&F's Safari® Cloth. For 50 years, the Safari® Collection has continued to grow. Our faithfulness to authenticity of design, detail and fabric has enabled us to register, and maintain Safari® as an Abercrombie & Fitch trademark. Each piece in the Collection is uniquely detailed and constructed—allowing it to become a favorite wardrobe classic over the years. All achieve a purist standard of excellence by which others are merely compared. Our Safari® shooting bush jacket has been made exclusively for A&F since 1920. This jacket is found in our new Safari® Collection Catalog, available below.

The design:

Patch & flap inverted pleat top pockets.

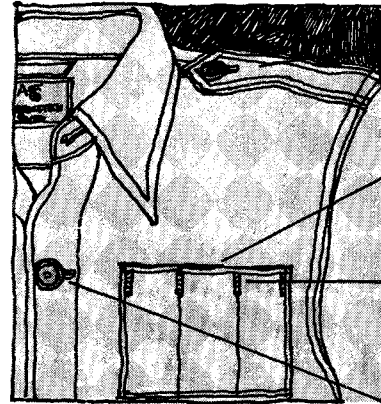
Bellowed patch & flap lower pockets for additional room.

Sueded finished 100% cotton cloth adds softness & suppleness.



Quilted suede recoil pad protects shoulder from firearm recoil.

Roll-up sleeve allows versatile comfort in cool mornings & evenings, or during warm afternoons.



Epaulets hold binocular or camera strap.

Cartridge pockets hold three 12 or 20 gauge shells.

Bar tacked & stitched at stress points for reinforcement.

Hand sewn buttons for extra strength.



Cloth woven with 340 threads per inch making fabric extremely durable & water resistant.

Sizes 38-44 Regular, 40-46 Long.

\$160.

A&F
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

The adventure goes on.

To order the Safari® bush jacket, or the Safari® Collection Catalog, write A&F, or phone toll-free. Add sales tax & \$2.95 delivery for each Safari® Shooting Bush Jacket, \$1.50 for each catalog. A&F/2302 Maxwell Lane/Dept. 20101/Houston, Texas 77023/800-231-9715.



PRESTIGE IS THE PALACE BY THE PALACE

Prestige begins at the Palace Hotel. It's the ideal base for your business trip.

A home from home where you're in charge. Our superbly trained staff is at your service.

Try us for service. Try us for our cuisine. We're the Palace Hotel, right by the Imperial Palace.



Palace Hotel TOKYO JAPAN

Masao Yoshihara: President & General Manager

1-1-1 Marunouchi, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo, Japan Tel: (03) 211-5211

Telex: 0222-2580 Palace J Cable: PALACEHOTEL TOKYO

Associate Member of CIGAHOTELS

Our Representatives: **UTELL INTERNATIONAL**/Call 800-223-9868 toll free (Continental U.S. only)

New York Tel: (212) 757-2981

LOEW'S REPRESENTATION INTERNATIONAL, INC./

Call U.S.A. toll free Wats



Member of Golden Tulip Hotels



We'd like to suggest a more attractive location in which to pick up your BMW.

Europe. Where you can slalom over winding Alpine roads. And blur the scenery along high-speed German autobahns.

A purely extravagant notion?

Hardly. Acquiring a BMW in Europe can save you as much as \$4,000. Enough to pay for your entire trip.

And since your local dealer arranges everything, your trip will not only seem expense-free but

carefree as well.

For more information, send this coupon to BMW of North America, Marketing Services Department, Montvale, New Jersey 07645.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

NYR 38



THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

BMW, MUNICH, GERMANY.

© 1981 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered trademarks of Bayerische Motoren Werke, A.G.

on Habitability—a gathering of psychologists, doctors, planners, architects, engineers, academics, and humanists who they felt could help explore this virgin territory. The symposium was held in May of 1970. Volume IV of the collected papers of the symposium includes a sequence of photographs that show a grungy, dilapidated back alley (the scene is beachfront Venice, California) and a bus pulling to a stop and disgorging a group of well-dressed professional types, who then wander down the alley and file through a hole that has been knocked into one of the walls (bricks and debris spill back into the alley). The professionals look incredulous.

"What happened was this," Wortz has explained. "First, we housed all the participants at the International Hotel, right by the airport, which had a fairly standard configuration. Then we bused everybody the first morning to this alley behind Market Street, off-loaded them, and they all had to meander down this alley, through a hole in the wall, and into this really pristine environment. That was Bob's studio at the time, and, as is typical of him he had spent weeks preparing it—without either financial remuneration or art-world recognition—simply because he'd got turned on by the idea. Anyway, that first day, as they entered, there were these big two-foot-diameter white tubes along the entire width of the other end of the room floor to ceiling. It was very elegant very pristine. The interior had various platforms and raised islands but no chairs. The fact that everyone had to sit on the floor or the platforms immediately moved the situation into a considerably more informal mode. Some of the participants read papers they had prepared, and that afternoon the gathering broke up into smaller groups. In the evening, we bused them back to the hotel. The next day, when they returned, all the tubes had been removed and in their place, across the entire width of the room, hung a thin translucent film, which allowed outside light and shadows to flow into the space. The third day, that film was gone, and the room simply opened right onto the street. So the people on the street—drunks and beach bums and young kids—just drifted right into the symposium. The afternoon sessions were held in about five different environments, designed for smaller groups. Bob designed one that was completely white and had no edges at

Tradition like you've never seen it before.



Rain or shine you'll dazzle everyone in these classics by Thomson. The pleated skirt is complemented by the delicate detailing of the tuxedo shirt. And the bright blazer tops off the look with just the right note of feminine sophistication. All available in a wide selection of fabrics and colors. Thomson. Tradition with a touch of tomorrow. For the Thomson retailer nearest you, call toll free 1-800-241-7910. In Georgia call 1-404-595-2434. Thomson Company, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10104, 1411 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018.

DIVISION OF SALANT CORP. ♦

The City Look by Thomson®

The life and death of a business deal.

To Wilson
 Date 3/4 Time 9:15
WHILE YOU WERE OUT
 M McGrath
 of _____
 Phone _____

TELEPHONED	☒	PLEASE CALL
CALLED TO SEE YOU		WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU		URGENT

 RETURNED YOUR CALL ☐
 Message Didn't you get my
memo from last week?
Smith ready to sell, today
Get finance figures!
 Operator _____

To McGrath
 Date 3/4 Time 12:00 PM
WHILE YOU WERE OUT
 M Wilson
 of _____
 Phone _____

TELEPHONED	☒	PLEASE CALL
CALLED TO SEE YOU		WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU		URGENT

 RETURNED YOUR CALL ☐
 Message Secretary at lunch.
Can't find figures.
Going through all
possible files.
 Operator _____

To Wilson
 Date 3/4 Time 12:30 PM
WHILE YOU WERE OUT
 M McGrath
 of _____
 Phone _____

TELEPHONED	☒	PLEASE CALL
CALLED TO SEE YOU		WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU		URGENT

 RETURNED YOUR CALL ☐
 Message Give me your own
best estimates ASAP!
 Operator _____

We know that half of all business phone calls never reach the intended party.

The average memo takes a full three days simply to go from one mailroom to another.

IBM office systems can help.

Our computers, word processors, printers and copiers form a system, office-wide or world-wide, that can manage the information you need to manage your business.

To: McGrath
 Date: 3/4 Time: 10:00 AM
WHILE YOU WERE OUT
 M. Wilson
 of _____
 Phone: _____

Area Code	Number	Extension
TELEPHONED	☒	PLEASE CALL
CALLED TO SEE YOU	☒	WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU	☐	URGENT
RETURNED YOUR CALL ☐		

 Message: What memo?
Which figures?
'81 on 1st quarter '82?
 Operator _____

To: Wilson
 Date: 3/4 Time: 11:05 AM
WHILE YOU WERE OUT
 M. McGrath
 of _____
 Phone: _____

Area Code	Number	Extension
TELEPHONED	☒	PLEASE CALL
CALLED TO SEE YOU	☐	WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU	☐	URGENT
RETURNED YOUR CALL ☐		

 Message: FISCAL '81.
HURRY!
COMPETITION HEATING UP!
 Operator _____

To: McGrath
 Date: 3/4 Time: 1:00 PM
WHILE YOU WERE OUT
 M. Wilson's Secretary
 of _____
 Phone: _____

Area Code	Number	Extension
TELEPHONED	☒	PLEASE CALL
CALLED TO SEE YOU	☒	WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU	☐	URGENT
RETURNED YOUR CALL ☐		

 Message: Mr. Wilson stepped away
from his desk.
Is there anything
I can do?
 Operator _____

To: Wilson
 Date: 3/4 Time: 1:25 PM
WHILE YOU WERE OUT
 M. McGrath
 of _____
 Phone: _____

Area Code	Number	Extension
TELEPHONED	☒	PLEASE CALL
CALLED TO SEE YOU	☐	WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU	☐	URGENT
RETURNED YOUR CALL ☐		

 Message: TOD LATE. LOST THE
DEAL.
DON'T BOTHER TO CALL
BACK.
 Operator _____

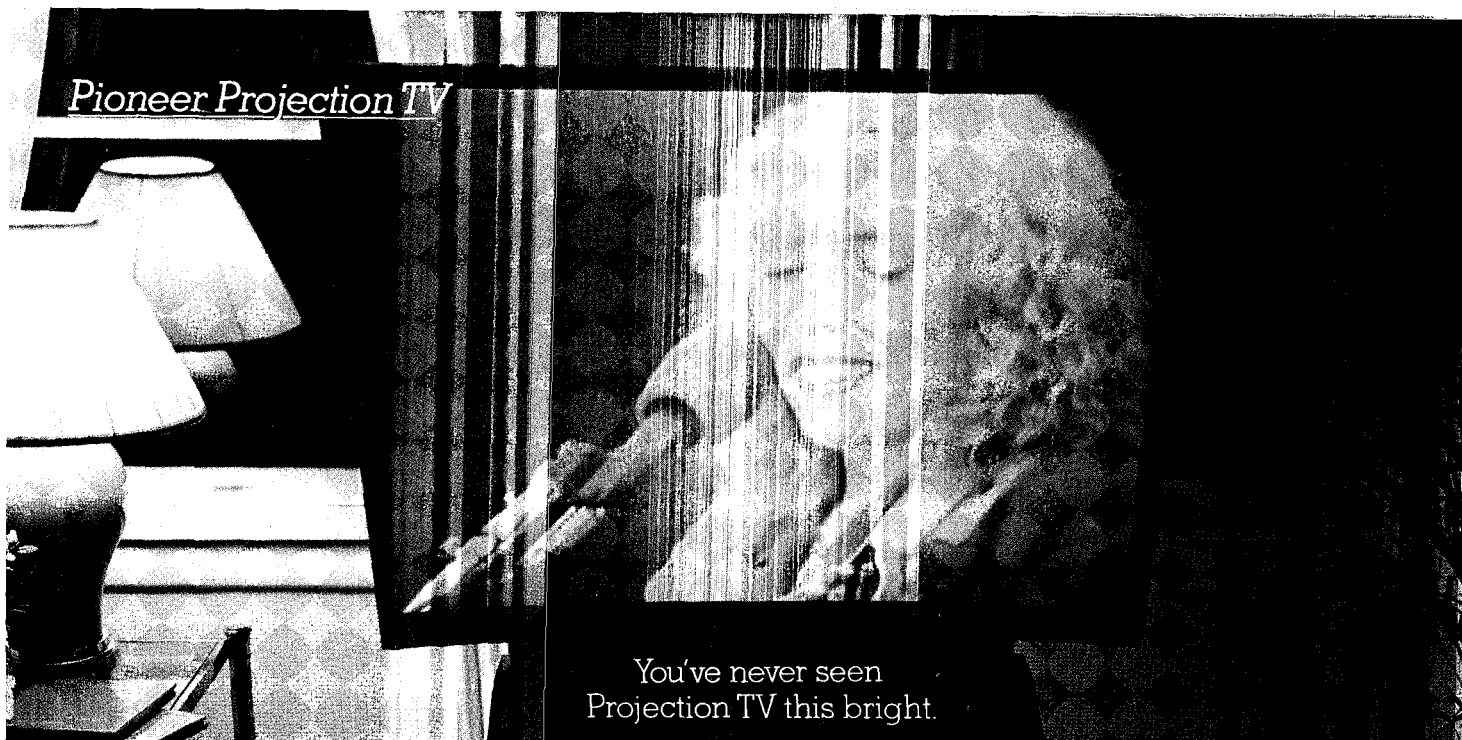
They can create, file and retrieve documents electronically. The IBM Audio Distribution System can even do the same for your voice; recording, storing and delivering phone messages. Using ordinary phone buttons, you indicate when you want the message delivered, where, and to whom.

No one knows better than we do where the office was, where it is now and where it will be in the future.

Where will you be?



Pioneer Projection TV



You've never seen
Projection TV this bright.



You can watch it in broad daylight.



You can see it from any angle.

THE END OF "WAIT 'TIL IT'S PERFECTED!"

Several years ago, projection TV came into being. An incredible idea. For the first time, TV had the drama of being at the movies. The size, the scale, the sheer impact made ordinary TV pale by comparison.

For all its excitement, however, early projection TV had its problems. For all of you who decided to wait, we're happy to say the waiting is over. The next generation of projection TV is here.

The Pioneer LS-501.

The Pioneer 50-inch Projection Television offers the brightest picture ever seen on a projection television. The picture is so bright and sharp you don't have to plunk yourself down directly in front of it. You can see it from any angle in the room.

The picture is so bright you don't even need

a darkened room. Watch Sunday afternoon football in the full light of Sunday afternoon.

In addition, Pioneer Projection TV isn't simply the most exciting way to watch TV. Hook it up to the Pioneer LaserDisc™ player, and it's the most exciting way to watch LaserDisc. (It even has its own built-in stereo speakers.) Or hook your VTR into it. You can even hook up your electronic games to it.

It's really quite simple. Once you experience Pioneer Projection TV, you're going to find it very hard to go back home to your old TV. And, frankly, we doubt that you will. For the Pioneer Video Showcase Dealer nearest you, call 800-621-5199*.

(In Illinois 800-972-5855)

 **PIONEER®**
The Best in Sight.

© 1982 Pioneer Video, Inc. All rights reserved.
© 1982 Pioneer Artists. All rights reserved.

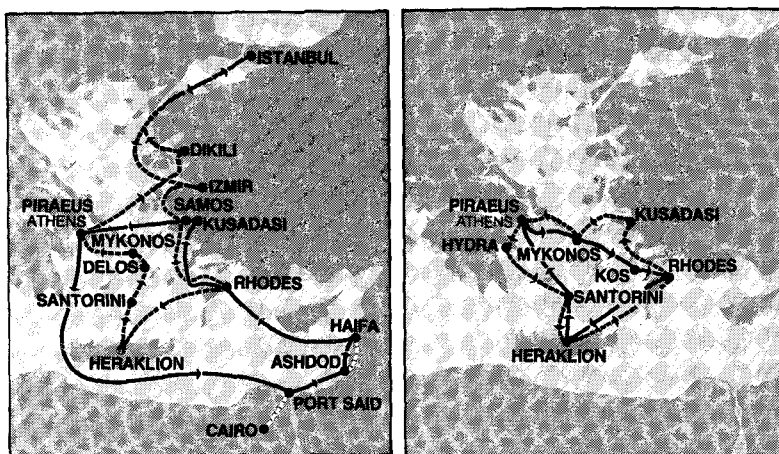
all. It was brilliantly lit, and it was very interesting, because when you were in there you *had* to pay attention to the other people. If you didn't—if you looked away from someone's face—you soon began to get nauseated. Larry Bell, another L.A. artist, who had once been one of Irwin's students and who shared an interest in light and perception, designed a space that was so oppressive that it was never used. People would just go in, turn around, and leave. It was basically a black room with one bare light bulb hanging in the middle. Larry made another room, whose walls were angled in such a way as to render the space extremely reverberant, so that people kept having to scoot their chairs closer and closer together in order to hear one another. So all these different rooms had very interesting effects on people's behavior, and the upshot of it all was that at the end of the conference we asked them what effect the environments had had on their behavior and they all said they hadn't noticed any. Which told us something about the 'experts' we were dealing with."

Had someone asked Irwin in 1965 how he viewed the relationship between his activity and that of a scientist, he might well have replied that he saw none whatsoever, or that he saw the two enterprises as diametrical opposites. By 1970, however, having spent a couple of years working with scientific researchers, he had developed a rich sense of the interpenetration of the two endeavors. "Take a chemist, for example," he said one afternoon recently. "He starts out with a hypothesis about what might be created if he combines a few chemicals, and he begins by simply doing trial and error. He tries two-thirds of this and one-third of that, and marks down the result: that doesn't work. He tries one-third of this plus one-third of that plus one-third of something else, and then he tries one-quarter and three-quarters, and he proceeds on that basis, a sort of yes-no trial and error. What the artist does is essentially the same. In other words, what you do when you start to do a painting is that you start out with a basic idea, a hypothesis of what you're setting out to do—a figurative painting, or nonfigurative, or whatever. Say you're going to paint a figurative painting of that model over there and the trees outside behind her and the oranges on the table. It's just a million yes-no decisions. You try something in the painting, you look at it, and you say, 'Nnn-no.' You sort of

Sun Line's Stella Solaris introduces the only 14-day grand cruises to The Greek Islands, Turkey, Egypt and Israel.

Offered in an all-inclusive 15-day air/sea vacation for Spring/Summer/Fall '82.

And we give you almost twice as many ports as other cruise lines do—with just as much time in each.



14-day Cruise Itinerary ——— 4-day Cruise Itinerary ———
7-day Cruise I Itinerary ——— 3-day Cruise Itinerary ———
7-day Cruise II Itinerary ———

And our 3, 4 and 7-day cruises cut down on the time but not the splendor!

Our 7-day cruises divide our 14-day cruises in half—but the luxury is just as great. In 7 days, we can take you to (I) The Greek Islands and Turkey or (II) The Greek Islands, Egypt, Turkey and Israel. Plus 4 and 3-day cruises to The Greek Islands and Turkey aboard the yachtlike Stella Oceanis and Stella Maris.

See your travel agent or call us at (800) 223-5760 or (212) 397-6400 or send for our '82 brochure. Luxury ships of Greek registry.

Sun Line



Anything else is a compromise.

Sun Line Cruises, One Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y., N.Y. 10020

Name _____

Address _____

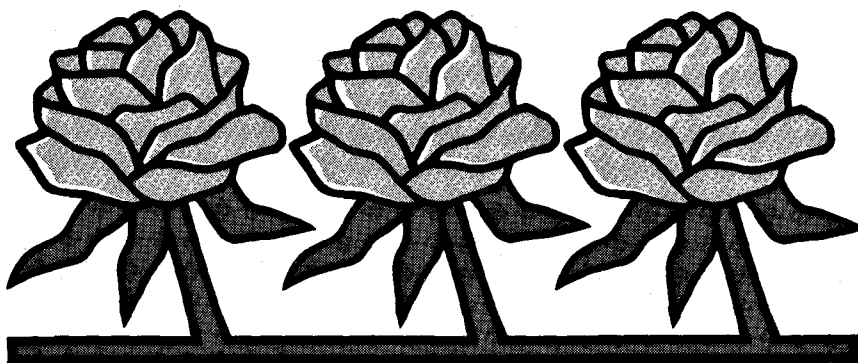
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My travel agent is _____

NY3882

GRANADA ROYALE HOMETELS

• A SUITE EXPERIENCE •



GRANADA
Welcome to
the Suite Life.™ **ROYALE**
HOMETELS®

Arizona, California, Colorado, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska and Texas
• For reservations or information call (800) 528-1445 •

a letter from *Kennedy Galleries*

Dear Collector:

What is an art collection? It is an investment in yourself and a reflection of yourself. An art collection is a point of view, it is excellence. It is enduring.

A great art collection is readily formed by the relationship between dealer and client. Book knowledge is fine but you need more: you need passion. We inform your passion. It becomes connoisseurship.

Kennedy Galleries has been forming great art collections for more than a century. We can help you with yours.

Lawrence A. Fleischman
Director

Kennedy Galleries

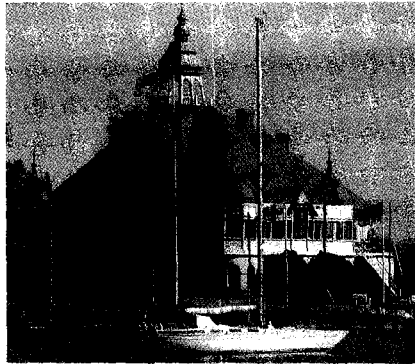
40 West 57th Street (5th Floor) New York 10019
212/541-9600 Monday-Friday 9:30-5:30

erase it, and you move it around a little bit, put in a new line—you go through a million weighings. It's the same thing—the only difference is the character of the product. Let's say at a particular point the scientist gets what he set out to get, he arrives at what he projected would happen if he mixed the particular right combination of chemicals in the right way. The same thing is true of the artist: when he finally gets the right combination, he stops—he knows he's finished."

Wortz once described Irwin as "not unlike those scientists who work in their little cubbyholes for years and years on experiments, and sometimes the experiments work, and sometimes they don't." And he added, "I remember one time when Bob had a piece of work that he was ready for me to see, and I went over. He had rented a funny kind of garage with a little slit door; you crawled through the door into this really ancient garage, and in the middle of it was this ultra-pristine wall. It was about four feet tall and two feet thick and went all the way across the space. He was talking to me about the size of the wall, the thickness, what worked with it, what didn't. There it was, months of work, and maybe three people saw it. A few days later, he demolished it. Then he built another one, and later he demolished that. I don't think he ever made one of those for display anywhere, and they were *so* beautiful. It took me a while to understand . . . I mean, here he was, an artist, and how could he *not* show his work? To understand that what he was doing was pure research."

To Irwin, the ways in which science and art differ are as revealing as their similarities. "Once the scientist is finished, you can look back over his notes and find the precise sequence of yes-no weighings which brought him to his solution—it's all quite logical," he has said. "The artist, on the other hand, keeps no such record—although historians would love it if he did. Rather, he literally paints over his errors. Six months later, when you ask him, 'Why did you stop there?' and he replies, 'Well, because it felt right,' his answer may not seem acceptable from a logical point of view—I mean, it seems as if he'd just chanced on the final version—but in fact it's quite reasonable. Given the basic fundamentals, he's tried just about every damn combination possible, every way possible, until he's finally arrived at what makes sense to him. The critical difference is

AND YOU THOUGHT IT WAS THE MIDNIGHT SUN AND REINDEER STEW THAT MADE US FINNS SO FAMOUS.



Surprise! One of Europe's most cosmopolitan adventures awaits you in Finland. Posh hotels. Daring architecture. Sublime dining. Including reindeer filets Madeira with creamed morels.

Now is the time to discover it all: thanks to America's vigorous dollar, Finland—always a smart buy—is a better vacation value than ever. A week in Helsinki at a first-class hotel, with hearty breakfasts, morning swims and sightseeing, costs just \$249 (based on double occupancy, plus airfare).

Get the whole story in our new, free 1982 Travelers' Guide to Finland. Thirty-two pages packed with tour plans, prices, sightseeing information, background briefs, what-to-do features, travel tips, full-color pictures and more. Send the coupon and savor it all.

Finnair
P.O. Box 32, Irvington, N.Y. 10533

Please rush my free copy of your new
32-page Travelers' Guide to Finland.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

NY 3-8-82



FINLAND NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE



Will it drive everyone back to the drawing board?



When we introduced the Honda Accord, we thought it was the perfect car for the time.

Others must have thought so, too. Because everyone has tried to improve on it. Finally somebody has improved on it. We have.

For 1982, Honda introduces the new Accord. Still simply a Honda, but also a newly styled car.

The new Accord is roomier inside and longer outside. It rides smoother and handles better. The gas mileage is better, too. With the 5-speed, a gallon of gas takes you an EPA estimated **30** miles, an estimated 41 miles highway.

Use 30 mpg for comparison. Your mileage may vary according to weather, speed or length

of trip. California figures will be a few miles per gallon lower. And you can expect actual highway mileage to be less.

You can also expect the total economy that has made Honda cars famous through the years.

And it still has Honda's proven front-wheel drive and transverse-mounted engine.

There's one more thing that hasn't changed. Honda quality. We continually go back to the drawing board. To stay ahead.

While others go back to catch up.

HONDA

We make it simple.

© 1981 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

that the scientist measures by means of an external logical process and makes his decision finally on whether it fits that process in terms of various external abstract measures, whereas the artist measures by means of his intuition, his feeling—in other words, he uses himself as the measure.”

FOR several years before the Art and Technology project claimed his attention, Irwin had been having less and less to show for his labors. From his origins as a robust young Abstract Expressionist during the late fifties, he had gradually pared back his painterly activities during the sixties, systematically dispensing, step by step, with the usual artistic requirements of image, line, frame, and focus; with the seventies, permanence and even signature were coming into question. Throughout this journey, Irwin had been beset by critics who lambasted it as a descending spiral into pure negation—and, indeed, the work certainly was at all times lean, austere, reticent, sometimes almost mute. From the work, you might expect to meet a stark, obsessively cerebral creator. The artist you do meet, however, is anything but dour. An infectiously jovial man in his early fifties, Irwin gives the impression of being considerably younger, perhaps because he has something of a baby face—more precisely, a baby head, for his head is strikingly large, with a high, broad forehead and soft, benevolent features, and is perched atop a relatively thin neck, which in turn opens out onto a solid, almost hefty frame. There is a touch of mischievous delight about him, even in his serious moods. His hair is thinning on top and graying to the sides, but his body is still in very good shape; he downs a fistful of vitamins every morning and jogs a ritual five miles in the afternoon.

One day, in the study of Irwin's home, in Westwood, I asked him if he had any notion what his obvious sense of well-being had grown out of, and he replied, without hesitation, “High school. Or, more generally, just the experience of growing up in Southwest Los Angeles, which was a fairly unusual experience—obviously turns out it must have been a very unusual experience, because it produced a fairly interesting, rich activity. All of us at Ferus in the fifties and sixties grew up with basically the same background. For example, conversation was running sarcasm—you never gave anybody a straight answer. You played

ALL-OVER CABLES FOR OUR COTTON CARDIGAN

A very pretty lightweight sweater for Summer wear, trimmed at the button-front placket with matching grosgrain ribbon. Cabled all around of soft cotton in natural, green or yellow. Small, medium, large, \$38.

To order, call toll-free 1-800-526-7542.
In New Jersey, 1-800-272-1035.



ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING

Furnishings for Men, Women & Boys

346 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

CERTAIN THINGS DISTINGUISH THE LEADING HOTELS OF THE WORLD

To those who know what these things are—and they cannot be captured adequately in a few words in an advertisement—may we suggest our 1982 Directory. It features one hundred and fifty deluxe hotels which are members of a rather select worldwide association called, with every justification—The Leading Hotels of the World.



The Leading Hotels of the World

For your copy of our informative 1982 directory please fill out the coupon and enclose \$1.

For reservations call your travel agent, corporate travel consultant or our toll free number.

U.S.A. & Puerto Rico
800-223-1230

New York State, Canada, Alaska and Hawaii

212-751-8915 Collect

HL *The Leading Hotels of the World*

770 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021-8192.

I am enclosing \$1 for my copy of the 1982 Directory of “The Leading Hotels of the World,” an 80 page color book for the demanding traveler.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

My Travel Agent is: _____

NY 3/8



**GRAHAM &
GUNN LTD.**

"The definitive natural
shoulder clothing"

Remarkably soft yet hardy
lightweight sport coat.
Perfectly cut, impeccably
tailored as only
Graham & Gunn can do.



Graham & Gunn sport coats suggested
retail prices from \$215 to \$395 at these and other fine stores:

F.R. TRIPLER, New York City • MAC HUGH, Ridgewood, Westwood, Murray Hill, Woodstock VT • ROOTS,
Summit, Red Bank, Morristown, Hackensack, Short Hills • RICHARD THOMAS, Hamden • A. VITULLO,
Utica • KOUNTZ & RIDER, Pittsburgh • PEER GORDON, LTD., Cleveland • HARDIE & CAUDLE, Chattanooga
• LEONARD COX & COMPANY, Lexington • CAPPER & CAPPER, Chicago & Detroit • OAK HALL, Memphis
• de JONGS, Evansville • MAC NEIL & PURNELL, Madison • SAXON SHOP, Nashville • JACK HENRY,
Kansas City • LITTLER, Seattle • VELASCO, Puerto Rico.

Graham & Gunn Ltd., 101 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, IL 60606.

© 1982 Hart Services

games all the time, and where that comes from I don't know. But, man, I can be in Michigan, or in Europe, or anywhere, and I can spot a Southern California person—West L.A. especially—a mile away. We start a conversation and it's like I've been talking to this person all my life, and I've never met him before! There was a whole freewheeling attitude about the world, very footloose, and everybody in Southwest Los Angeles had it. From the time you were fifteen, you were an independent operator, and the world was your oyster. Maybe you didn't have much, but the world was always on the upside. It was really a rich place to grow up."

For the past several years, one of Irwin's closest friends has been Joan Tewkesbury, the scenarist and director, whose credits include the screenplay for Robert Altman's "Nashville." Partly at her instigation, Irwin once wrote "The Green and the White," a screenplay about life at his school, Dorsey High, during the early forties (the school's colors lend the script its title). This wistful memoir teems with boisterous characters—Spider, Cannonball, Cat, Mole, Blinky, and so forth—but the protagonist, Eddie Black, "his hair in a pompadour with a slight ducktail," is Irwin himself. The screenplay's tone is raucous, but the incessant banter is simultaneously glib and heartfelt.

I asked Irwin if he'd take me on a drive around his old haunts, and he agreed to. As we were walking out to the car, he offered some further speculation on his L.A. youth: "I mean, people talk about growing up Jewish in Brooklyn, and they always dwell on the dark side. I hear all that, and I grant that it makes for good drama, makes for good writing, and makes for good intellects, in a sense. Well, apparently *this* made for good artists. Because we had nothing to do with all that—no dark side, none of that struggle. Everything was just a flow."

We climbed into Irwin's sleek silver 1973 Cadillac Coupe de Ville—one of the few luxuries he allows himself within an otherwise Spartan life style. In one fluid motion, he selected a cassette from a box on the floor, popped it into his tape deck (Benny Goodman filled the car's interior), slid back the sunroof, and eased out of the driveway. Soon we pulled out onto Wilshire and then quickly cloverleafed over to the San Diego Freeway, southbound, in the direction of the airport. We were heading toward one of those amor-

After 80 years in London,
CONNOISSEUR
*moves to America with Thomas Hoving
as the magazine's new
Editor-in-Chief*



Carved tripod
Northern Song Dynasty
Christie's New York

Today's Connoisseur Deserves a Great Magazine

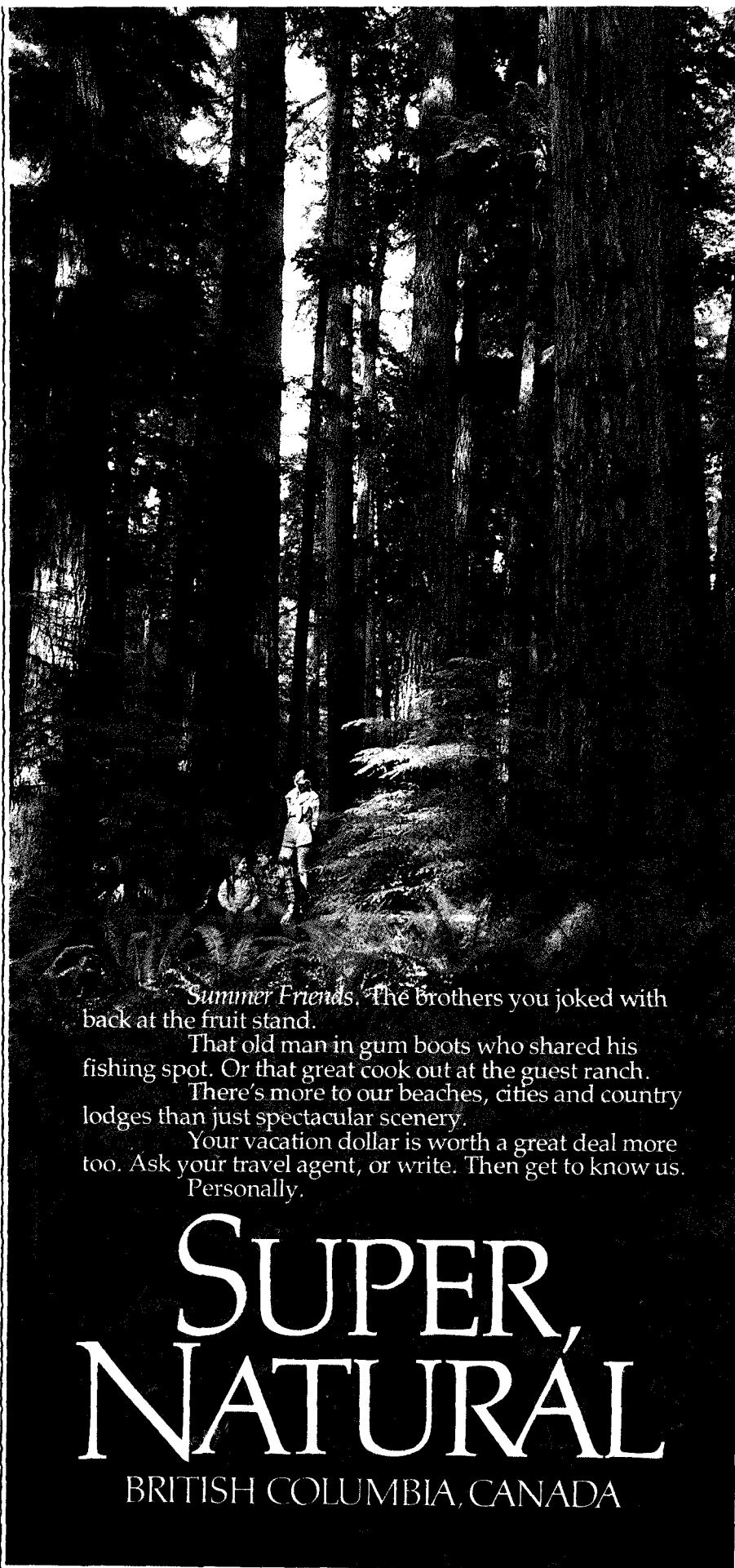
Pick up CONNOISSEUR at better newsstands or call (800) 247-5470.

In Iowa call (800) 532-1272.

A publication of Hearst Magazines a division of The Hearst Corporation. © 1982 The Hearst Corporation

phous, undifferentiated communities that make up the mid-Los Angeles sprawl: not really a suburb but not the central city, either; not really poor but by no means well endowed. Irwin spent his adolescence on the southeastern edge of Baldwin Hills, just north of Inglewood.

As we threaded in and out of traffic, the warm air swirling about us, I had been flicking through the box of cassettes on the floor in front of me: Stan Kenton, Artie Shaw, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Count Basie, Al Hibler, Erskine Hawkins. "That, of course, was a big part of those years," Irwin said. "The incredible music, and the dancing. In fact, dancing became an important part of my financial picture. At first, when I was thirteen or so, I had no sense of rhythm at all. But I taught myself to dance by using the doorknob in the living room as my partner, and I got to be a pretty good dancer—good enough so that I could contest-dance. For a period, I was entering a contest almost every night of the week. There was a whole circuit: Monday was the Jungle Club, in Inglewood; Tuesday was the Dollhouse, out in the Valley; Wednesday was in Compton; Thursday was in Torrance; Friday was in Huntington Park. You contest-danced with a partner, of course. So you always had one regular partner and a few maybe that you were building up. Because a good partner was crucial: she could make or break you. Interestingly, you usually weren't romantically involved with your dance partner. That was the thing about dancers, especially in terms of sex: got it all out dancing—that was their whole gig. It was just such a goddam pleasure. Everybody at the school I went to, Dorsey—everybody was really into dancing. We used to dance at lunchtime and then after school. The big step at the time was called the Lindy, which was kind of like the New Yorker, only smoother. The key movement was the shoulder twist, where the girl came directly at you and then you spun each other around and she went on out. When you got it going real smooth, you could get to the point where you were almost literally floating off the ground, acting as counterweights for each other. It was absolutely like flying—just a natural high. So at these contests there were maybe a half-dozen regular couples who made the circuit, and they'd alternate winning, depending on who the judges were. You'd come out one couple at a time. You'd be standing to the



Summer Friends. The brothers you joked with back at the fruit stand.

That old man in gum boots who shared his fishing spot. Or that great cook out at the guest ranch.

There's more to our beaches, cities and country lodges than just spectacular scenery.

Your vacation dollar is worth a great deal more too. Ask your travel agent, or write. Then get to know us. Personally.

SUPER, NATURAL

BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

Tourism British Columbia. Hon. Pat Jordan, Minister. Dept. 0500, 1117 Wharf St., Victoria, B.C., Canada V8W 2Z2.

Speak Softly



©American Express Company, 1982



This is the charge card that says more about you than anything you can buy with it.

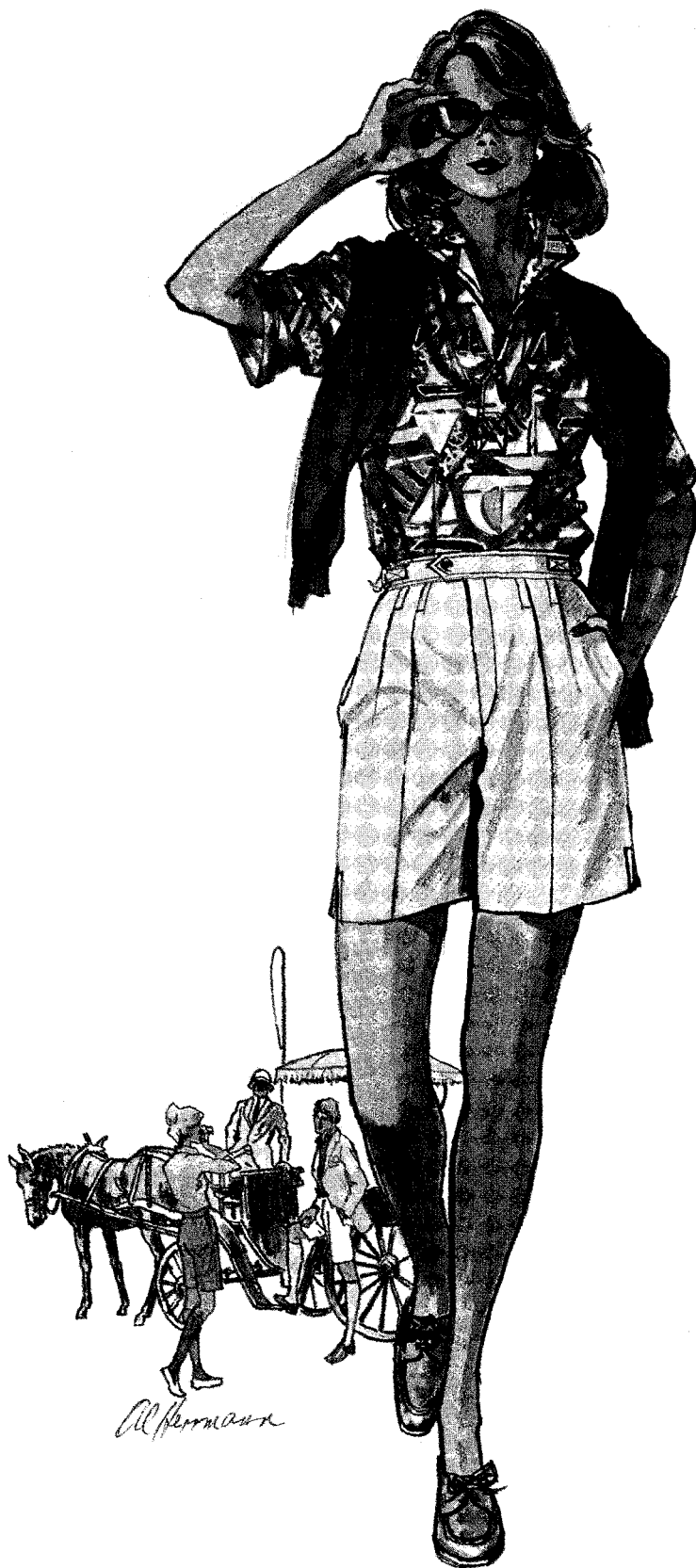
The Gold Card® from American Express. Acquiring it takes credentials.

To qualify for the Card and all its services, you have to be accepted by both American Express and a major bank.

Once accepted, you're part of a group whose finances and credit rating are among the top 5% of the nation. Those who like to speak softly. And carry a big stick.

In addition to your charge, travel, and financial services, you'll have a substantial independent line of bank credit, check-cashing privileges around the world, and access to a bank cash machine network in major cities around the country. For more information and an application, see your participating bank, savings institution, and places where the Card is welcomed. Or write American Express Company, Gold Card, American Express Plaza, N.Y., N.Y. 10004. 800-528-8000.

THE GOLD CARD®



Get a pulse on Spring in sportswear with vitality, spirit, and its own sense of adventure. In regular and petite sizes, at fine stores nationwide.

Send for "The J. G. Hook Woman," an informative brochure.

1410 Broadway • New York • 10018



side and they'd say, 'The next couple is Bob Irwin and Ginger Snap,' or whatever, and you'd take her and throw her in the air, and she'd come down, you'd come boogying out on the side, and then you'd start your routine. And you could make a lot of money doing that. At my peak, I was bringing in upward of a hundred a week."

In the meantime, we had left the freeway, negotiated a few low hills, and were now easing down toward the flatlands. We passed a skinny wedge of park—crabgrass, rest rooms, asphalt, a dried-out fountain—across the street from which loomed an old Art Deco movie house, now recast as a Jehovah's Witnesses Assembly Hall, the letters "W-A-T-C-H-T-O-W-E-R" streaming down the face of its ornate tower. "So this here's Leimert Park," Irwin said, "and it was kind of the center of our social life—this and the drive-ins. Here's the theatre I worked at for several years. Next door there was a little restaurant called Tip's, and I'd work there occasionally, too. That parking lot back there, which they shared, is where me and my buddies used to siphon gas out of unsuspecting vehicles. There was rationing in those days."

This was the first time I'd ever heard him mention the war. Irwin was thirteen at the time of Pearl Harbor, and had just graduated from high school as the war ended. I asked him where he had been on December 7, 1941.

"I don't know," he replied.

I asked him about the day the war ended.

"Haven't the slightest idea."

Hiroshima?

"Nope."

I asked if part of the reason he and his friends were having such a fiercely good time was that they believed they were soon going to be shuttled off to war.

"Oh, no." Irwin dismissed the speculation with a sweep of his hand. "Look. Look at it here. Look at how it is: calm, sunny, the palm trees. What is there to get all upset about?" He laughed. "This is reality. In other words, the war was not reality. The war wasn't here. The war was someplace else. So any ideas you had about the war were all things you manufactured in your head from newspapers and that. To me, this was reality—this was my reality right here."

We had swung out of a business district and were now cruising along a pleasant residential street on the way

ONLY ALITALIA CAN DELIVER THESE PACKAGES TO ITALY.

At Alitalia, the only tours we package go to Italy. Which means you'll get some of the best deals going—dining at our favorite restaurants; lodging at hotels we hand pick. All at some of the lowest tour prices around—thanks to the strength of the U.S. dollar.

What's more, when you arrive in Italy, you'll find the dollar buys over 20% more than it did last year.

So, if you want a package that really delivers, pick one up from Alitalia.

All tours include airfare, the finest hotel accommodations and the kind of quality you'd expect from Alitalia. Prices are based on double occupancy per person, from New York, effective April 1, 1982. Chicago departures are also available. For a shorter unescorted holiday in Italy, check Alitalia's Intermezzo packages.

CLASSIC ITALIAN

Venice, Florence, Rome. Which is Italy's greatest city? You'll have a hard time deciding, but plenty of time to make your decision.

15 DAYS/\$1299

Continental breakfast only.

ROME AND THE SUNNY SOUTH

Rome, Sorrento, Cosenza, Taormina, Agrigento, Palermo. To get the real flavor of our country, let us wine you and dine you on this tour.

14 DAYS/\$1434

GRAND ITALIAN

Stresa, Venice, Florence, Trevi, Sorrento, Rome. From the lakes to the Blue Grotto. What could be grander?

15 DAYS/\$1516

SPLENDORS OF ITALY

Como, Verona, Venice, Bologna, Florence, Rapallo, Stresa. From the Grand Canal to the Italian Riviera, we'll give you more than just a waterside view.

15 DAYS/\$1570

ITALY AND SICILY

Venice, Florence, Rome, Sorrento, Cosenza, Taormina, Agrigento, Palermo. We'll take you from tip to toe. When you've seen it all, you'll want to see more.

17 DAYS/\$1704

New York departure only.

ALITALIA TOUR DEPARTMENT NYL
666 Fifth Avenue New York, NY 10103

Please send me a copy of Alitalia's
Italy loves you tour brochure.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Alitalia

BROWNSTONE STUDIO

THE DRESSMAKER SWEATER

A jewel of a dolman-sleeved dressmaker sweater by Marisa Christina in a handloomed nubby knit with hand-crocheted lace framing the neckline. Delicate fans of pointelle tracery across the bodice and down the sleeves. For pants, for skirts; for day, for night. Washable acrylic/nylon. Peach or white. P(4), S(6-8), M(10-12), L(14-16), XL(18-20), \$64.00

Add \$1.10 per item shipping.
In N.Y. State add sales tax. Check, M.O., American Express, Diners Club, Visa/BankAmericard, MasterCard

"UPSTAIRS"

the Brownstone Boutique
342 Madison Ave., (43rd-44th Sts.)
New York, N.Y.

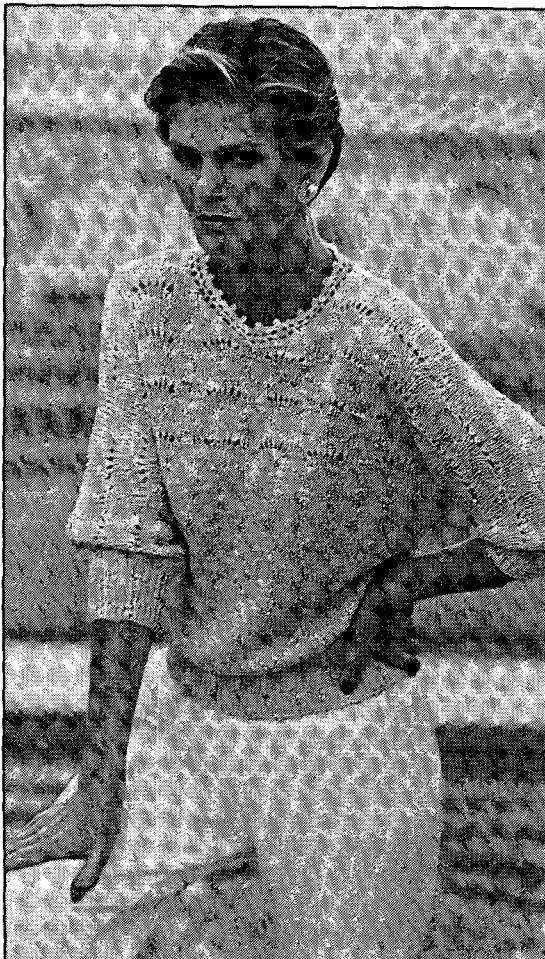
Write for our
FREE SPRING BROCHURE

Brownstone Studio, 1 East 43rd St.
Dept. N9, N.Y., N.Y. 10175

Or call 'Round-the-Clock
Toll-Free **800-221-2468**

In N.Y. State call Toll-Free
1-800-442-8422

In New York City call **883-1990**



toward Baldwin Hills. Irwin pointed to a house and said, "Right there is where one of my favorite girlfriends lived." He paused, and added, "She was the champion. World champion. I could hardly get her out of the car afterwards. She would be absolutely unable to walk. That was my introduction—she was my first major sexual experience. So what I got was this total fantasy of what it was like, because she would literally pass out cold right in the middle of it."

I asked how old they were.

"She'd be out like—bang! Sixteen. BANG! I mean, just out cold. No girl has ever passed out on me since, you know. I used to have to walk her—I'd park over in this alley and walk her up and down the block just to get her legs going so that she could walk into the house!"

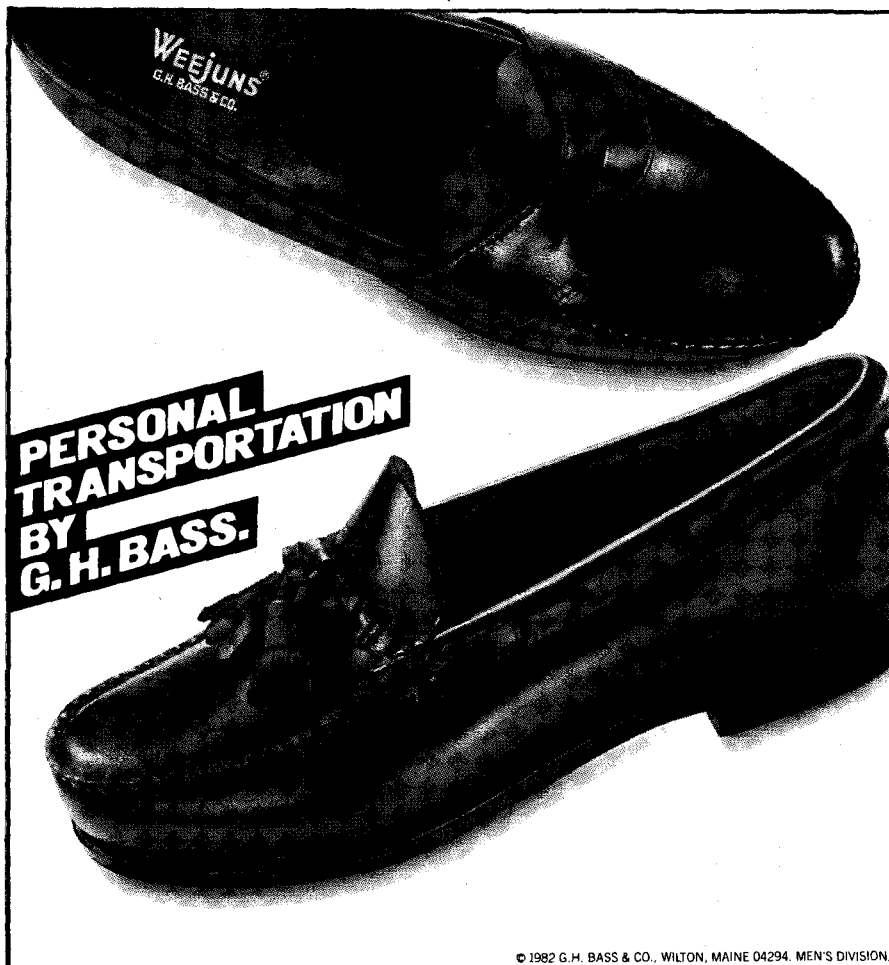
Was that where one generally made out, in cars?

"Sure. The car was the key, the pivotal item in the whole ballgame. Everything was wrapped around the car. The car was your home away from home. And you put months and months into getting it just right. Everything was thought out in terms of who you were, how you saw yourself, what your identity was."

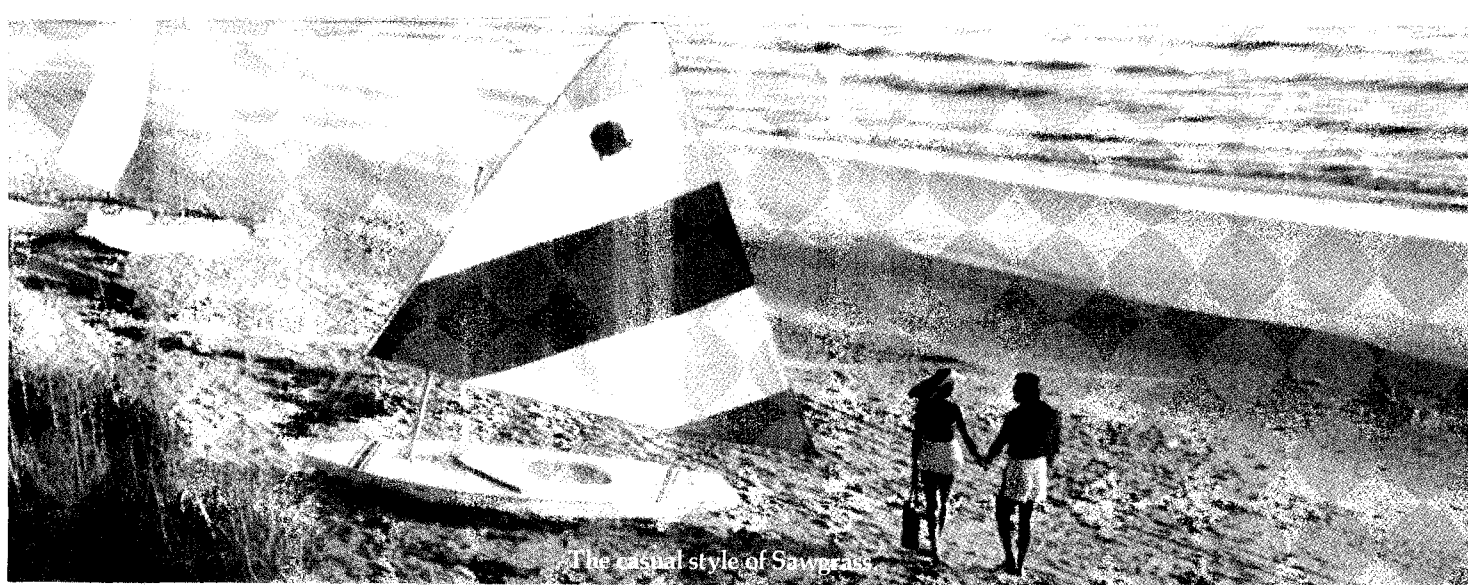
I asked him how cars expressed identity.

"Well, first of all, there were three, maybe four categories," he said. "One was like Go. You built the thing—like my buddies the Cat and the Mole, they built things that were just rat-assed, but, boy, they went like a son of a bitch. The body could be almost falling off, you'd be sitting in an egg crate, but everything was in the engine, and *that* was very sanitary. Then there was Go-and-Show, which was like a car that went real good but wasn't necessarily going to be in a class with what the Cat and the Mole could do, but it would look fine. It was a question of taking a car that was a classic model and then just doing the few right things with it to accentuate why it was a classic model—building it up to absolutely cherry condition. Then there was Show, and then there were the ones kind of like Chicano cars are now: lowered way down, everything exaggerated, blue lights under the fenders, angora socks on the window, seats that tilt back, all that sort of bad taste which has now achieved almost the level of a high style."

"Well, I was Category Two, Go-and-Show. Sort of a little bit of both. I



© 1982 G.H. BASS & CO., WILTON, MAINE 04294. MEN'S DIVISION.



The casual style of Sawgrass.



The serene style of Willow Springs.



The rustic style of Coto de Caza.



The comfortable style of Legends Vail.



The low key style of Longboat Key.

The luxurious style of Cocoplum.



The relaxed style of Boca West.



Arvida is out to put more style in your life.

At Arvida, we look at things a bit differently.

A home, to us, is not just bricks, mortar and parquet floors. It's a focal point to a total way of life, a life that's styled with grace and excitement.

A vacation, to us, is not just a hotel room or a villa, it's an experience. A certain ambiance, a feeling, a carefree existence.

The Arvida Corporation has crafted distinctive life styles in resorts and planned communities in

Atlanta, Jacksonville, Boca Raton, Fort Lauderdale, Miami, Sarasota and Southern California.

Arvida. We build more quality into our resorts and communities.

So you can enjoy more style in your life.

ARVIDA

Please send me more information on Arvida's life styles.

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

Arvida Corp., P.O. Box 100
Dept. 22, Boca Raton
Florida 33432

NY2

NORFOLK BY THE SEA



The love affair has lasted for 300 years, a romance between a fascinating old city and the silver sea that surrounds her. Together they've known the flash of cannon fire and the birth of nuclear sub. They've produced great seafood and Grand Opera. Azaleas at water's edge, and harbor cruises on a moonlit bay.

Join us this year for our 300th anniversary celebration. For a free 40-page Visitors Guide, call toll-free 1-800-368-3097 or write Norfolk Convention & Visitors Bureau, Monticello Arcade, Norfolk, Va. 23510.



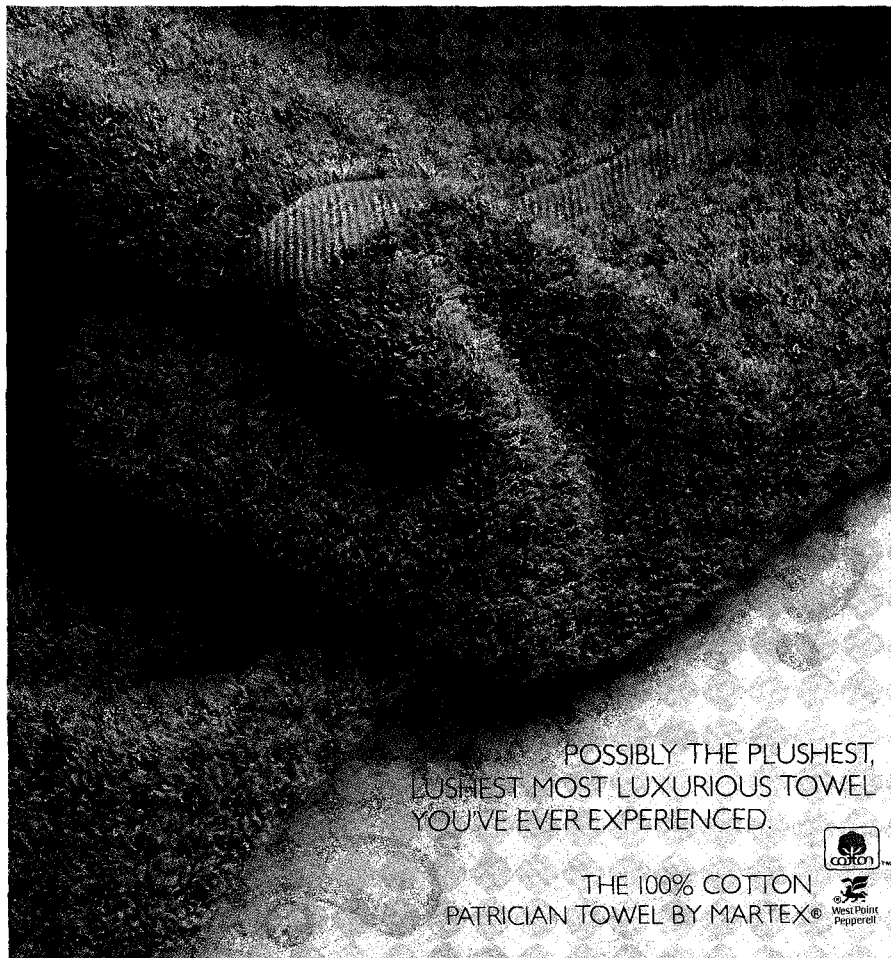
mean, the car had to be real good, because it had to have an edge on it. On the other hand, Go-and-Show had much more to do with its being an absolutely classic model, with everything set up just right. I had a very hard time getting one in that condition, because those cars cost a lot of money, but that was my ambition. I remember one car, I laid on twenty coats of ruby-red maroon across the dash before I got it good and cherry."

How many cars had he worked his way through as an adolescent?

"Oh, not that many; about half a dozen. A little '32 roadster, a '34 five-window coupe... The first car I wanted was a '32 B full-fendered roadster. It was Fred Gledhill's car, and he was selling it. I didn't have enough money, and that was the only time I ever asked my father for some money. I asked him for a hundred dollars, just as a loan, so I could make the down. And he wouldn't or couldn't lend it to me—I don't know which. That was the biggest disappointment of my life up to that point. It may be to this day the biggest disappointment—I don't think I've ever had a bigger one. I mean, we won the war and what have you."

We had circled back to Leimert Park and were now idling by the crabgrass. I asked Irwin whether his work on cars, more than any art classes he subsequently took, might be seen as the origin of his artistic vocation.

He concurred. "Of course. What's going on in such situations is precisely an aesthetic activity. A lot of art critics, especially New York *Artforum* types, have a lot of trouble seeing the validity of such a contention. I once had a run-in with one of them about this; this was years later, in the middle of the Ferus period—say, about 1963. This guy was out here, one of the head honchos, and he was upset because—What was it? Oh, yeah, because one of our artists, Billy Al Bengston, was racing motorcycles at the time. This critic just dismissed that out of hand as a superficial, suicidal self-indulgence. And I said, 'You can't do that.' We got going and ended up arguing about folk art. He was one of those Marxist critics who like to think they're deeply involved with the people, making great gestures and so forth, but they're hardly in the world at all. Anyway, he was talking about potmaking and weaving and everything, and my feeling was that that was all historical art, not folk art. As far as I'm concerned, a folk art is



POSSIBLY THE PLUSHEST,
LUSHEST MOST LUXURIOUS TOWEL
YOU'VE EVER EXPERIENCED

THE 100% COTTON
PATRICIAN TOWEL BY MARTEX®



If you're not sure what size sweater to order, ask for Sharon. She'll make sure you get the one that fits.



Sharon

Sharon supervises the 66 friendly, well-informed operators who answer the phone when you dial the toll-free Lands' End number: 800-356-4444

If Sharon doesn't answer the phone herself, the person who does will be able to tell you what you want to know—about size, fit, material, color, availability—whatever.

If you already have one of our catalogs, you might find it convenient to have it at hand when you call. If not, why

not ask for one. Or, if you prefer, mail the coupon below.

Remember, you can call us toll-free any hour of the day or night. One of us will answer. We certainly don't want you to talk to a machine.

LANDS' END

DIRECT MERCHANTS

of fine sweaters, deck wear, traditional dress clothing, and a multitude of other quality goods from around the world.



"Drifter" Cotton Sweaters.

Our idea: take a classic Shetland sweater, with crewneck and saddle shoulders, and knit it up in cool 100% cotton for warm weather. Not just any cotton, but a mercerized cotton unrivaled for its strength and clarity of color. Thus our Drifters were born, ready for sailing, beachcombing, adding a spot of color under your blazer. Available for men and women in seven vibrant hues: Yellow, Navy, Natural, Kelly, Pink, Red and Light Blue. A special Lands' End value at \$24, and just one in our collection of sunny new sweaters.



☐ Please send free 76-page catalog.

Lands' End Dept. G -05
Dodgeville, WI 53533

Send _____ Cotton Sweaters. \$24 ea. plus \$2.50 shpg. per order. ☐ Men's S (34-36), M (38-40), L (42-44), XL (46). ☐ Women's S (34), M (36-38), L (40-42). Sizes _____ Color _____

☐ Check enclosed ☐ American Express
☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Card No. _____

Expiration Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

Or call Toll-free:

800-356-4444

(Except Wisconsin call 608-935-2788)

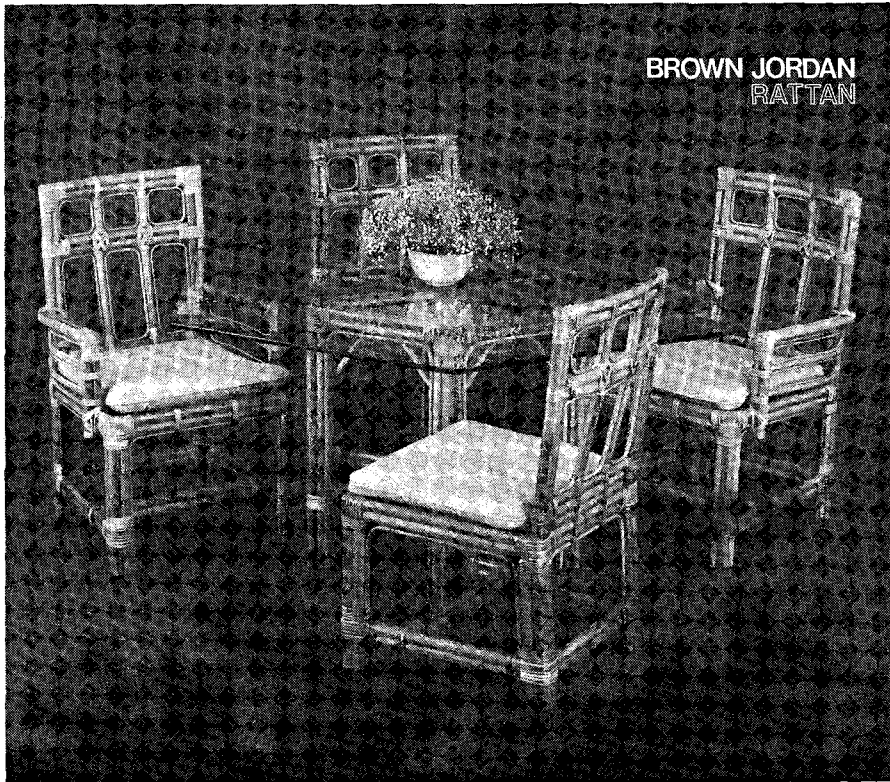
"...expectations..."

Larry Granville

"When I travel on business I expect surprises. You simply can't control everything. But I don't like any more surprises than necessary. At the Warwick, I am always in control . . . because it always meets my expectations. That's why it's my hotel in Philadelphia."



Your hotel in Philadelphia **THE Warwick** HOTEL
17th at Locust, Philadelphia, PA
215-735-6000/800-223-1900



BROWN JORDAN
RATTAN

Handcrafted elegance. Unmistakably Brown Jordan Rattan.

Two Worlds . . . The beauty of the original design.
The quality of hand-wrapped rattan. To be admired . . . and used. For years.

At leading stores and interior designers: Write for free brochure, or send \$4 for 68-page catalog and address of your nearest dealer. Brown Jordan Rattan, Dept. LX031, P.O. Box 5688, El Monte, CA 91734.

taking a utilitarian object, something you use every day, and giving it overlays of your own personality, what it is you feel and so forth. You enhance it with your life. And a folk art right now would more appropriately be in the area of something like a motorcycle. I mean, a motorcycle can be a lot more than just a machine that runs along; it can be a whole description of a personality and an aesthetic.

"Anyway, I looked in the paper, and I found an ad put in by a guy who was selling a hot rod and a motorcycle. And I took the critic out to this place. It was really fortunate, because it was exactly what I wanted. We arrived at this place in the Valley, in the middle of nowhere, and here's this kid. He's selling a hot rod and he's got another he's working on. He's selling a '32 coupe, and he's got a '29 roadster in the garage. The '32 he was getting rid of was an absolute cherry. But what was more interesting—and I was able to show it to the critic—was that here was this '29, absolutely dismantled, I mean completely apart, and the kid was making decisions about the frame, whether or not he was going to cad-plate certain bolts or was going to buff-grind them or was just going to leave them raw, as they were; and he was insulating and soundproofing the doors. All kinds of things that no one would ever know or see unless he was truly a sophisticate in the area. But, I mean, real aesthetic decisions, truly aesthetic decisions. Here was a fifteen-year-old kid who wouldn't know art from schmart, but you couldn't talk about a more truly aesthetic activity than what he was doing. How should it look? What was the relationship of its machinery to its social significance? I mean, all these things were being carefully weighed in terms of the aesthetics of how the thing should *look*. It was a perfect example.

"The critic simply denied it. Simply denied it: not important, unreal, untrue, doesn't happen, doesn't exist. See, he comes from a world, in New York, where automobiles are—what? Nothing. Right? I mean, no awareness, no sensitivity, no involvement. So he simply denied it: it doesn't exist. Like that: 'Not an issue.' Which we argued about a little on the way back over the Sepulveda Pass. I said, 'How can you deny it? You may not be interested, but how can you deny it? I mean, there it is, full-blown, right in front of you, and it's obviously a folk art!' Anyway, 'No, no.' So I finally just stopped the car and made him get out. I just flat

left him there by the road, man, and drove off. Said, 'See you later, Max.' " Irwin was by now laughing uproariously, relishing the memory of the incident. Calming himself, he continued, "And that's basically the last conversation we two have ever had."

Irwin sighed. "Well," he said, "I suppose all that's left to show you is the high school." He started up the car again, and we cruised through a flat business district for several blocks.

I remarked that, for all his tales of teen-age life that afternoon, the school itself had cropped up only rarely in his recollections.

"From the tenth grade on, I didn't even have a notebook," he said. "That shows how seriously I took school. If there was an assignment, I'd scribble it on some scrap of paper. School was essentially a place to go and meet. I went to school, and I went every day, because I was really having a good time—that's where all the action was."

We rounded a corner, and there was the school's sign. "DORSEY HIGH. REGISTRATION, SEPTEMBER 11—SEE YOU SOON!" Irwin was pointing: "Over there, past the main entrance, there's a large half circle, which is where we all danced during lunch and after school. And over here"—we sidled round toward the playing field, where squadrons of young men (most of them black) in green-and-white jerseys were friskily blocking and tackling each other in the late-afternoon sun—"this was the football field, scene of my many . . . whatever. I played end. We had a very good team, made the city finals. I was a good, solid participant, but hardly the star or anything."

I wondered how on earth Irwin had had time for all of this; it sounded as if he had lived eighteen adolescences rather than one.

"Well," he said, "we are talking about *three years* of high school"—as if that explained everything. He went on to describe how he'd been a floater. "I wasn't really a member of any particular clique—I floated around among several. There were the guys who were into cars, others who were into girls, others into dancing, others into gambling—I just drifted among them, partaking of everything."

I asked him about the gambling.

"Well, as you know, Hollywood Park race track is just a few miles back that way. We're about equidistant here between the race track and the art museum. And there was one group of

10:04 P.M.

STRATFORD UPON AVON. The first night of

Twelfth Night left nothing to be desired. Except, that is, for a snifter or two of Grand Marnier. Just as you like it. 'Tis indeed a dream on a midsummer night.

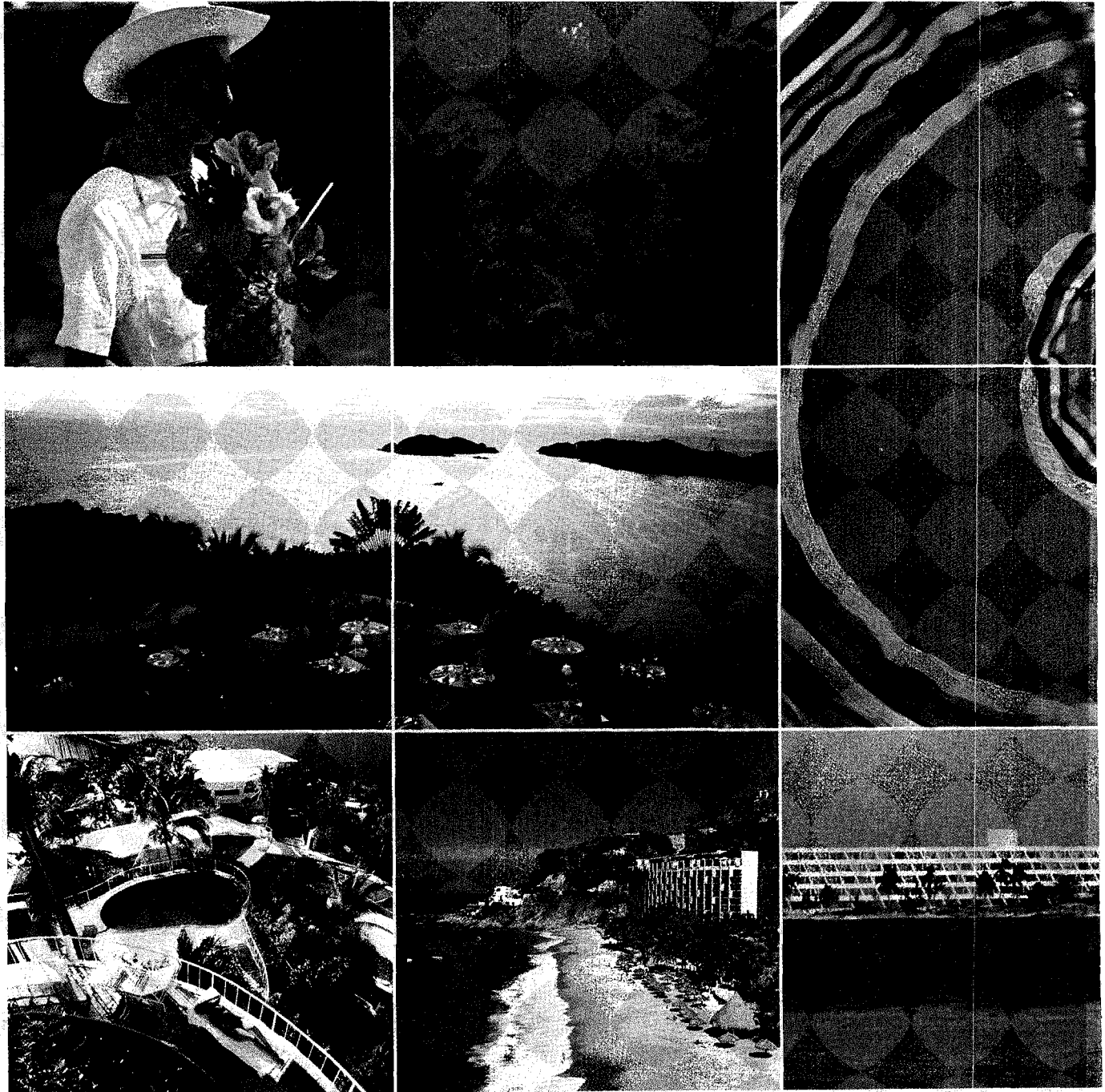


What time today
will you say
"Grand Marnier"?



Product of France. 80 proof © Carillon Importers, Ltd. New York, New York 10111

"MORE MEXIC



Acapulco Las Brisas from \$184.00*

There's no other place like it in the world. A village of pink and white casitas set on a hillside high above Acapulco Bay. Private (or shared) pools. Superb cuisine and spectacular views. Five tennis courts. And water sports at the only private beach club in Mexico.

Puerto Vallarta Camino Real from \$121.00*

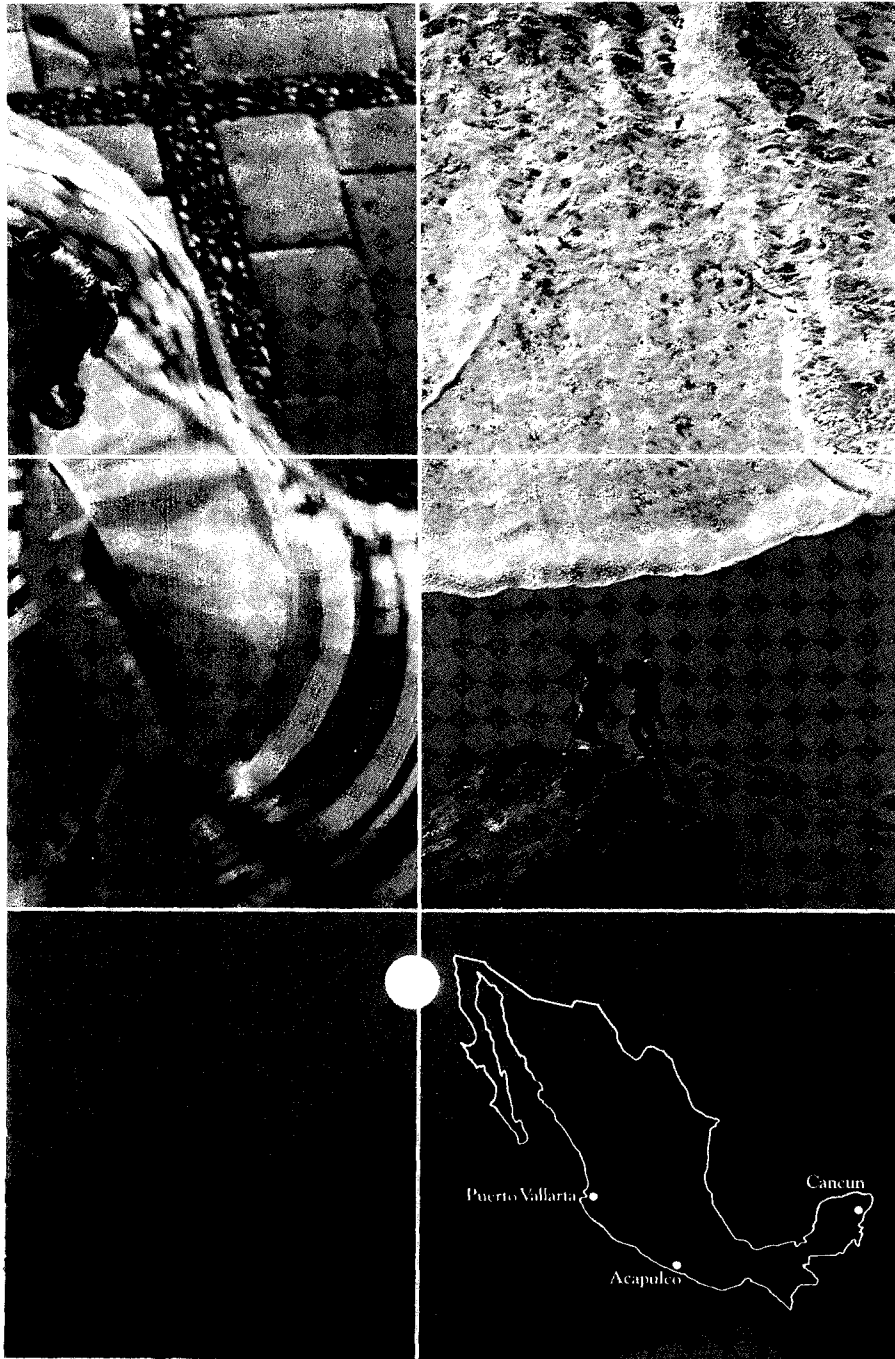
On its own secluded beach, it offers a commanding view of magnificent Banderas Bay from every room. Pools that include a swim-up bar. Indoor-outdoor dining at the lovely Azulejos restaurant. Dancing at the disco, La Jungla. And weekly Mexican fiestas and beach parties.

Cancun Camino Real from \$176.00*

Every room in this splendid resort enjoys a private lanai and a view of the Caribbean. The freshwater pool has a swim-up bar. Private saltwater lagoon. Two beaches. Four lighted tennis courts. And five bars and restaurants, including Azulejos and La Brisa.

***Prices and extras:** Rates quoted are per person, double occupancy, for three days, two nights. Effective 4/18/82 to 12/18/82. All include special extras like welcoming cocktails and others exclusive to each locale. Naturally, there are more expensive accommodations and different rates for different lengths of stay. Air fare is not included. 10% added value tax not included. Children 18 or under are free when sharing parents' room (room only).

FOR LESS."



If you travel in search of romance, adventure and luxury, these packages may well be the vacation values of the year. In a world filled with the ordinary, the overpriced, and the overcrowded, you can still find places where elegance and superb service are thriving. In Westin Hotels throughout Mexico.

Your vacation will be extraordinary, but not expensive. Especially when you compare the caliber of its accommodations, cuisine and service to those any place else.

Here is just a brief description of a few of these vacations. There are many more, all described in a full-color brochure, complete with rates, facts, figures, accommodations and airline information. It's all yours, just for the asking.

Call your travel agent or (800) 228-3000 toll-free. Or contact your airlines. But hurry. The soft breezes and endless skies of Mexico are waiting.



WESTIN HOTELS

BRANIFF
INTERNATIONAL

REPUBLIC
AIRLINES

Western Airlines

EASTERN

GREAT ARIZONA HOLIDAY

The Wigwam upholds a private country club atmosphere in the Phoenix sun. Attentive as a luxury liner, casual as a truly great resort. Imagine the rare choice of three championship golf courses, two by Robert Trent Jones. Eight courts in a total Tennis Centre. Miles of desert trails from our own riding stable. Luxuriate in secluded accommodations on a lush 900-acre oasis. Unwind as you enjoy swimming, dinner-dancing, an upbeat cocktail lounge and superior cuisine.

7 days/6 nights, \$532.50* includes your guest room with patio, all breakfasts and dinners, Phoenix Airport transfers and your choice of court time with private lessons, horseback riding, or unlimited golf.



Arizona's Country Club Resort

Litchfield Park (Phoenix), AZ 85340

(602) 935-3811

Clark Corbett, Manager

*Per person, double occupancy to April 18; April 18 to May 31, \$488.50. More or fewer nights available. Choose this popular package or full American plan rates from \$60.50 per person. Very special children's rates, too. Tax/fee represented.



Under the sun; Tropitone...probably the finest

Catalog three dollars

Tropitone Furniture Company, P.O. Box 3197, Sarasota, FL 33578—5 Marconi, Irvine, CA 92714

guys—they hung out over at this pool hall on Adams, and they were into dressing up, wearing suits and porkpie hats, the whole dude routine—who were heavily into gambling, and I hovered around them. Starting around tenth grade, we began going to the ninth race each day, because after the eighth race they just opened the gates and let you in free—otherwise, we couldn't have bought tickets, because we were still too young. But all day we'd be listening to the races, getting to know the horses, trying to pick 'em."

Did he make any money?

"Well, in the very beginning I wasn't making much—it was two-dollar bets. I didn't really begin to make money gambling until I turned professional, which was years later. No, I'd win sometimes, lose sometimes. I don't know whether in the long run I came out ahead or behind, because I didn't keep track. If I came out behind, it was not very far behind, because, for one thing, I could not afford to lose, and, for another, I never liked losing. I mean, losing is something I never took kindly to at all. It's funny. You know the theory about a gambler's really being in it for the losing? Well, that's something that never entered my psyche. Losing—forgetting the money—was just no fun. To me, losing was not interesting. So if I'm losing I don't play. I never gamble in Las Vegas. I mean, I love to shoot craps. It's a great game, one of the great gambling games of all time. But basically you can't win—you're playing against the house, and it's strictly percentages, strictly mathematics. You can be a better gambler, have a few winning streaks, but basically you can't beat mathematics. You *can* beat other people, by playing better than they do. So any game where it's man-on-man, me-against-you—that's my kind of gambling game."

During the late sixties, Irwin supplemented his meagre art income in part by teaching, but only for short periods. In those days, he claims, his principal source of income was playing the horses. Indeed, it might be said that, after his experiences with cars and his subsequent education at Ferus, horse racing, with its subtle interplay between logic and intuition, constituted the third most important element in the honing of Irwin's aesthetic sensibility.

The sun was low in the sky now, and we were lazily meandering toward it, back toward the freeway and Ir-



Seasons Change, Yet the Great Endure the Test of Time.



Inglenook Estate Bottled Wines. Napa Valley, California

Fine wines created with the care that set the standard one hundred years ago.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF YOU GET A SAAB IN EUROPE, IT COULD PAY FOR THE TRIP TO EUROPE.



*Radio not included in European delivery.

Save up to \$2,590 off the U.S. Port of Entry price on a 1982 Saab.*

Just buy your Saab in the U.S.A., take delivery in Europe, and, when you're ready to leave, Saab will ship your car to the States free from Gothenburg, Amsterdam, Bremerhaven or Antwerp. Or Saab can arrange transfer from 9 other European cities.

Saab will also pay ocean freight, marine insurance, customs duty, port clearance charges, even the cost of retrofitting the catalytic converter.

Contact your local Saab dealer or IDS, Saab-Scania, Saab Drive, Orange, CT 06477. Or call collect, (203) 795-5671.

SAAB

The most intelligent car ever built.

Where the well-dressed woman shops.



The Talbots Spring Catalog is filled with timeless sportswear, dresses, shoes and accessories. And every time you order, you'll enjoy friendly personalized service.

For a free subscription call toll-free 800-225-8200,

(in Mass. call 800-232-8181).

Or write The Talbots, Dept. BE, Hingham, MA 02043.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The Talbots
Call for the store nearest you.

win's home. Our conversation was drifting casually. Somehow, gambling led to birth control. I asked Irwin what kids in his circle did about it, whether they worried about pregnancy much.

"Well, we thought about it," Irwin said. "But not a hell of a lot. You did one thing or another. Sometimes you just kept your fingers crossed. It just depended what the occasion was, who you were with. Got very lucky, I guess. Just plain lucky. Joan sometimes talks about all the girls at her high school, how half of them got pregnant and had to get married even before they graduated. In my high school, I don't remember anybody having to get married. No abortions that I can remember. So, sure, it was a concern, but not one that stopped you. Everybody was just lucky, or something. We lived a charmed life."

BY way of preparing for two exhibitions of his disc paintings in New York in 1968, Irwin spent days neutralizing the showing spaces—one of them at the Jewish Museum, the other at the Pace Gallery. He meticulously cleared the floors and repainted the walls. He even compensated for the shadows cast by stray guardrails. This activity, which he had undertaken solely as a way of removing distractions from the viewing experience—something he had often done, without any trouble, in Los Angeles—was, however, perceived by New York critics as an abrasive gesture, just too fetishistic to be ignored, and, indeed, in itself a distraction to any calm viewing of the pieces. Instead of being angered by this response, Irwin was fascinated by it. He came to feel that such critics were right: an activity that meant one thing in Los Angeles could mean something altogether different in New York. Context was everything.

"What I was becoming critically involved with, there in the late sixties," Irwin explained to me one afternoon recently, "was that whole mental structure which allows one to focus on particular things rather than other things—why, for example, one focuses on objects rather than light. Under what conditions, I started wondering, do we operate with art as a confined element in the world—in other words, how do we consider an object or a painting as an isolated event in this world, surrounded by the world but somehow not totally or directly attached to it, actually somehow

superior to it? The art world is highly invested in the idea that you can take an object and set it in a room, and the interrelationships will be so strong and so meaningful that all the kinds of change that take place in the object as a result of its being in a new environment will not critically affect the object. If that is the given assumption, then the object can be moved from one environment to another without being critically altered, which then gives rise to the illusion that it can be moved from culture to culture, that it has the ability to transcend its cultural specificity, which in turn gives rise to the ultimate illusion: that the object can transcend time. Because what is being claimed is that there exist certain objects isolated and meaningful enough to be transcendent, that they have the power to go on and on—that they are, as it were, timeless. Well, one of the things that I was becoming involved with at that point in playing artist was the growing suspicion that this breaking down of the edge, the idea of the painting's moving into its environment—and there were many of us who were exploring that terrain—that this was putting the whole heightened rationale of the art object in doubt. There is simply no real separation line—only an intellectual one—between the object and its time-environment. They are completely interlocking: nothing can exist in the world independent of all the other things in the world. To me, the whole history of contemporary art starts out as a highly informed and highly sophisticated pictorial activity. But by the time I arrived on the scene, as a post-Abstract Expressionist, there was at least the possibility of looking at the world as a kind of continuum rather than as a collection of broken-up and isolated events.”

This idea dominated Irwin's activity between 1968 and 1970. It was an implicit presence when, in early October of 1970, Irwin opened his Venice studio space for a showing of his “Skylight-Column” installation, one of his acrylic-column experiments. And then, later that month, it rose to the fore when Irwin travelled across the country to the Museum of Modern Art, where he made the first of two gestures that, taken together, would constitute the decisive break of his mid-career.

In 1970, most of the curators at the Museum of Modern Art were involved in researching and compiling large-scale historical retrospectives,

Check Into Another Century.

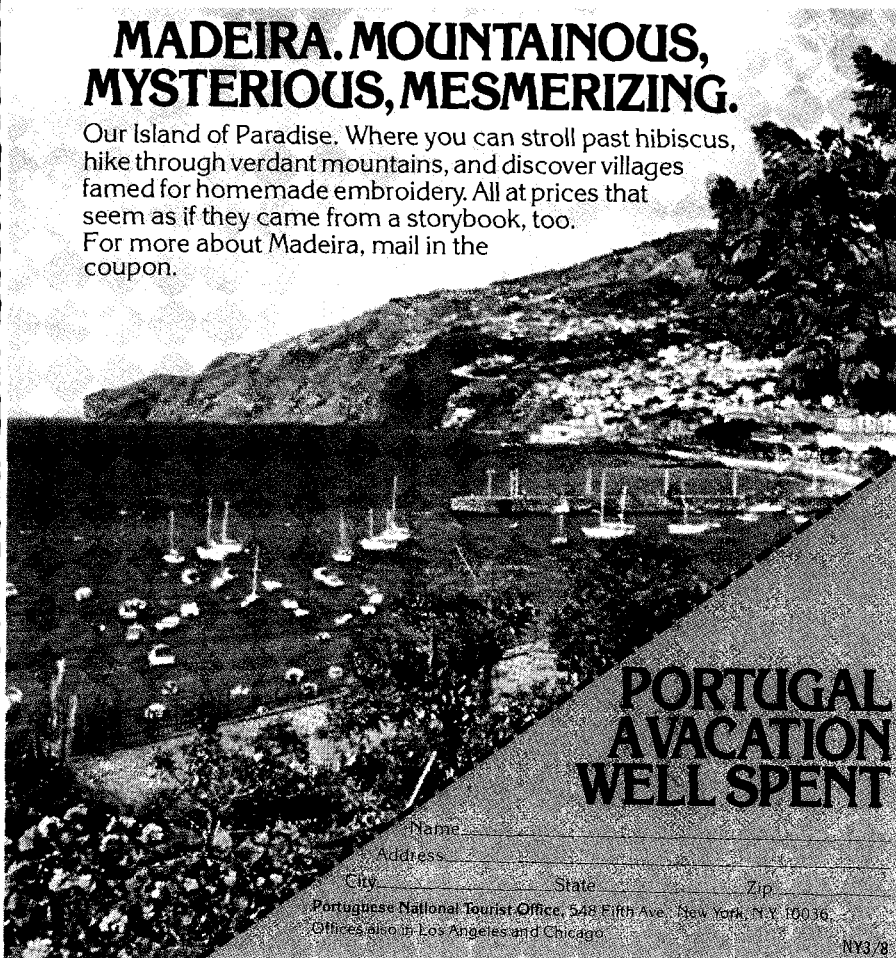


The Biltmore

The only 4-Star hotel in downtown Los Angeles. Call (213) 624-1011 in Los Angeles. Elsewhere in California, call (800) 252-0175. Rest of Continental U.S.A., call (800) 421-0156.

MADEIRA. MOUNTAINOUS, MYSTERIOUS, MESMERIZING.

Our Island of Paradise. Where you can stroll past hibiscus, hike through verdant mountains, and discover villages famed for homemade embroidery. All at prices that seem as if they came from a storybook, too. For more about Madeira, mail in the coupon.



PORTUGAL A VACATION WELL SPENT

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Portuguese National Tourist Office, 540 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036
Offices also in Los Angeles and Chicago

NY3/8

BEACH & RACQUET CLUB



It's not whether you win or lose, it's where you play the game.

Here on our island hideaway you'll find a complete Tennis Center with stadium, pro shop and 17 Har-Tru courts. So you can refine your style in a style that's truly refined. You'll have all the amenities of a luxury resort: a beautiful barefoot beach, golf, and fine dining.

You'll stay in a luxurious private villa, and have the time to improve your game and your frame of mind. Call 1-800-845-8880 (in S. C. call 1-800-922-5650). Or contact your travel agent.

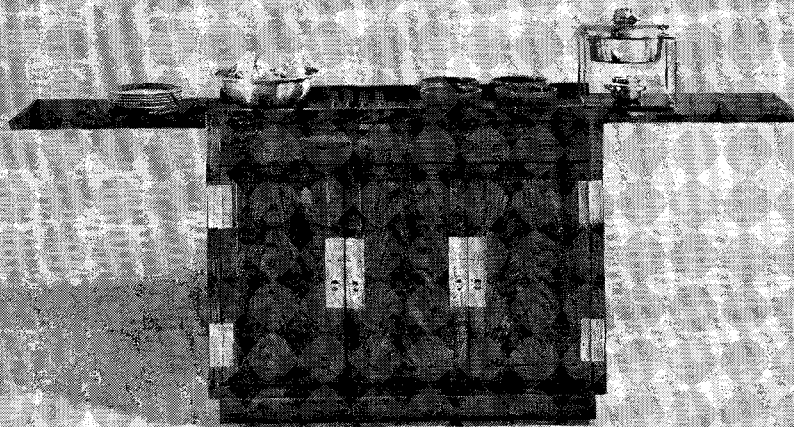


P.O. Box Y
Isle of Palms, SC 29451
Just 12 miles from historic Charleston

The site of a Tennis Legends Classic May 27-30.

Henredon. For those who value excellence.

Characteristic of Henredon's exacting standards of craftsmanship is this mobile server from the Scene One collection. Masterfully engineered and executed, the top opens to expose a durable black laminate surface. For other Scene One designs for living, dining and bedroom, we invite you to write for the complete catalog. Please enclose \$3.00. Henredon, Dept. N32, Morganton, NC 28655.



but one young curator, Jennifer Licht, was trying a more adventuresome approach. She noticed that a small room on the museum's third floor, off to the side from the Brancusis, was going to be empty for several months, and she sought museum approval for an installation by the controversial Robert Irwin. It was not readily forthcoming. She did, however, get confirmation that the room was going to remain empty. And so, more or less on her own initiative, she invited Irwin to perform a transformation of the space.

"In other words, the museum had not actually asked me to do it, nor had it appropriated any funds," Irwin explained to me in his Westwood study late one afternoon. "It did not pay me to come to New York, and when I got there, there was no money to pay painters, electricians, carpenters, and so forth—so there was to be little assistance of that kind. In fact, it was worse than that: the painters, electricians, and carpenters were themselves not going to let me touch the room—you know, infringement on union prerogatives; it was their thing—so I had to arrange with them privately, on the side, before they'd let me do it. Furthermore, I wasn't allowed to do certain things during museum hours. So what happened was that I began staying there late, along with my buddy Jack Brogan, who had been a technical consultant on several of my earlier projects. We spent about a week there, trying out all sorts of different solutions."

There were no two ways about it: the room was an ugly room. It was jammed into one corner on the third floor, wrapped squat and L-shaped around a concealed fire staircase that protruded from one corner. Access was possible only from one side, through a narrow floor-to-ceiling passage at the base of the L. As Irwin recalls the space, the walls were "fat"—the kind of walls you'd find in a basement, bowed as if by too much weight. "So that was all kind of interesting," Irwin said, "because there was no way that room was ever going to be beautiful. Its basic properties were just too clumsy."

Irwin arrived in New York with the intention of reproducing one of his conventional bag of tricks—columns, low walls, whatever—based on his earlier Venice explorations. But none of them seemed to fit, or, at any rate, they couldn't simply be stencilled onto the new conditions. The awkwardness of the room itself forced him toward

the next phase of his endeavor: each installation from then on would have to arise out of the unique configurations presented by each new site. "Instead of my overlaying my ideas onto that space, that space overlaid itself onto me," Irwin told me.

Irwin spent several nights just sitting there taking in the situation. Then he cleaned the walls, repaired the floor. He tried this and that, put things up and took them down. Finally, he made his decision. It consisted of three principal moves. The room's ceiling was bisected by two banks of recessed fluorescent lights. "Actually, they had once been part of a set of skylights that ran the entire length of the museum, passing right over the various walls. They were about two feet wide and four feet deep, with an old-fashioned egg-crate-like filter at the bottom, about two inches thick. The museum people had long since stopped using them as skylights, so the egg crates were all dirty, and inside there were these fluorescent fixtures that ran the entire length of the museum. Well, I cleaned the skylights and then took two colors of light—a warm and a cool, a pinkish and a greenish white. I mean, if you had seen either by itself it would have just seemed white, the way this bulb over here seems white, even though it's decidedly yellow. Anyway, there were eight fluorescent tubes altogether in the two banks, and I interspersed them, warm-cool-warm-cool. And when you put them side by side like that the pink one made the green look green, and vice versa. It was very strong—almost too strong, too romantic in a way—and yet a lot of people didn't see it at all. The egg-crate filter tended to diffuse the light through the room into very subtle checkerboards of warm and cool, but these, in turn, naturally blended, and it was almost as if the room had a rainbow in it. That was the decisive gesture; everything else merely complemented it."

The most awkward element in the room had been the far wall, the longest and most squat, opposite the entrance. Irwin addressed its presence by stretching a single strand of piano wire, taut, at eye level, parallel to and about a foot in front of the wall. He and Brogan devised a way of having the wire seem to pierce the walls on either side. "Then we painted the first six inches or so of the wire white at each end," Irwin told me, "so that, even walking within a foot of it, you could not see the wire going into the

Arzberg

Arzberg "White." For over fifty years, this award-winning design combining beauty and function has remained one of the most popular dinnerware patterns in the world. Available at fine stores everywhere.



GERMANY

Hutschenreuther Corp., 100 Shaw Rd., North Branford, CT 06471 (203) 484-0424

Illustrated brochure
available upon request

EXPLORATION CRUISES

FOUR NEW CRUISE ITINERARIES FOR 1982; EACH ONE A UNIQUE AND MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE!

■ **Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers.** From \$399. Depart San Francisco, 3 nights. All-new itinerary! Follow the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers along the historic Sternwheeler Route through scenic Delta Country to Stockton and Sacramento. Relax aboard ship, visit museums, vineyards, quaint villages and cosmopolitan San Francisco.

■ **Majestic Alaska.** From \$1197. Depart Ketchikan, 7 nights. This extraordinary cruise originates within Alaska, so more days are spent in the spectacular Inside Passage. Aboard the new MAJESTIC ALASKA EXPLORER, you'll visit more ports and scenic areas than any other ship during a full week's cruise.

■ **Canadian and Pacific Northwest.** From \$646. Depart Seattle, 4 or 5 nights. Cruise aboard the PACIFIC NORTHWEST EXPLORER to visit spectacular Princess Louisa Inlet, Canada's Gulf Islands, Victoria and Vancouver B.C., and Washington State's beautiful San Juan Islands.

■ **Columbia and Snake Rivers.** From \$1197. Depart Portland, Oregon, 7 nights. Follow the trail of Lewis and Clark, inland to Lewiston, Idaho and Hell's Canyon. Cruise 900 miles of the Columbia, Willamette and Snake Rivers, through the nation's most extensive lock and dam system, aboard the new GREAT RIVERS EXPLORER.

**MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY —
PLAN EARLY FOR BEST
SELECTION OF CABIN AND
DEPARTURE DATE!**

Please send me the following free Brochures:

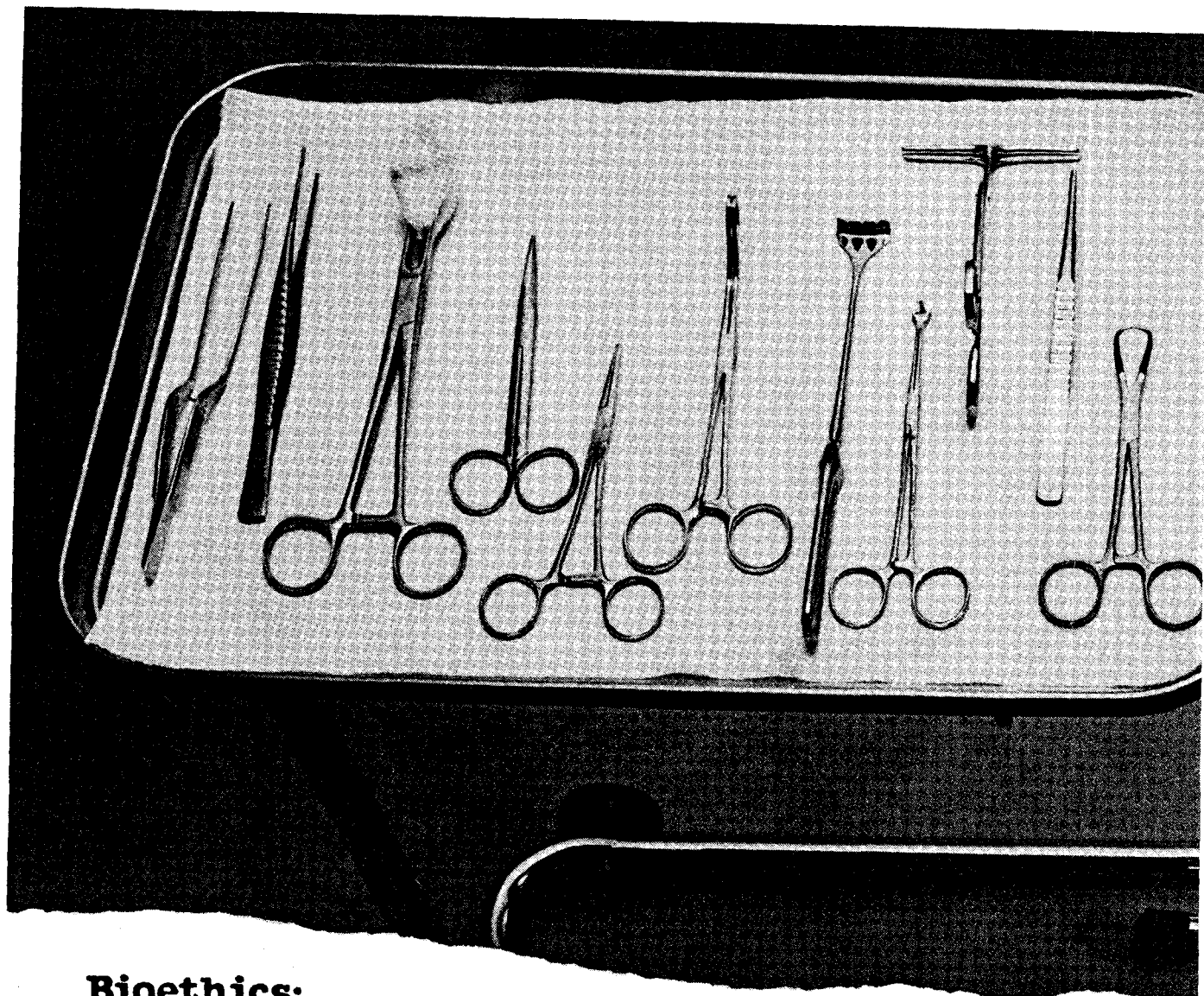
- ☐ Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers
☐ Canadian and Pacific Northwest
☐ Majestic Alaska
☐ Columbia and Snake Rivers



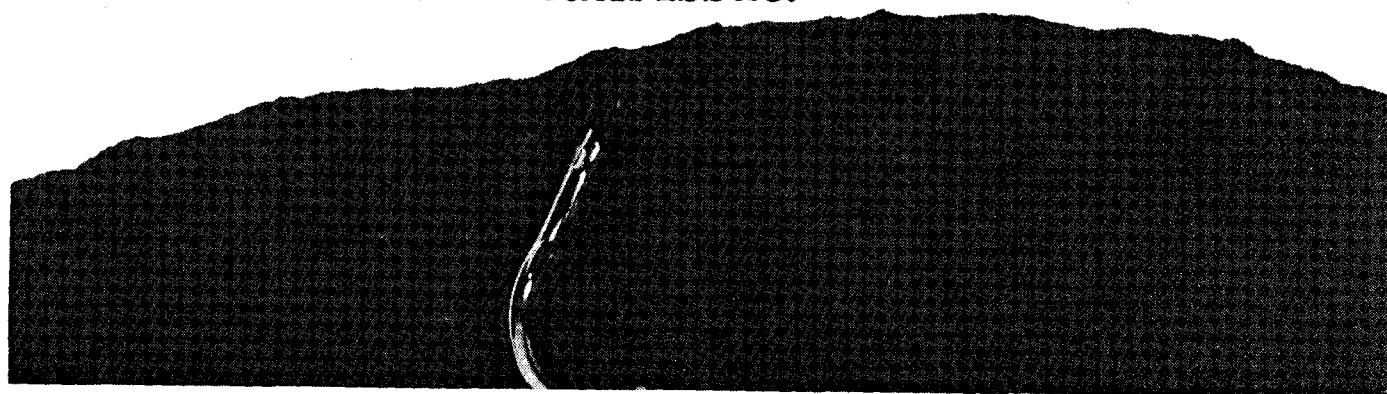
EXPLORATION CRUISE LINES™

1500 Metropolitan Park Bldg., Dept. NY-CC4
Olive Way at Boren Avenue, Seattle, WA 98101

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
A Division of Alaska Tour and Marketing Services, Inc.



Bioethics:
Our competition did a short article
on a life and death issue.
We did a life and death issue.

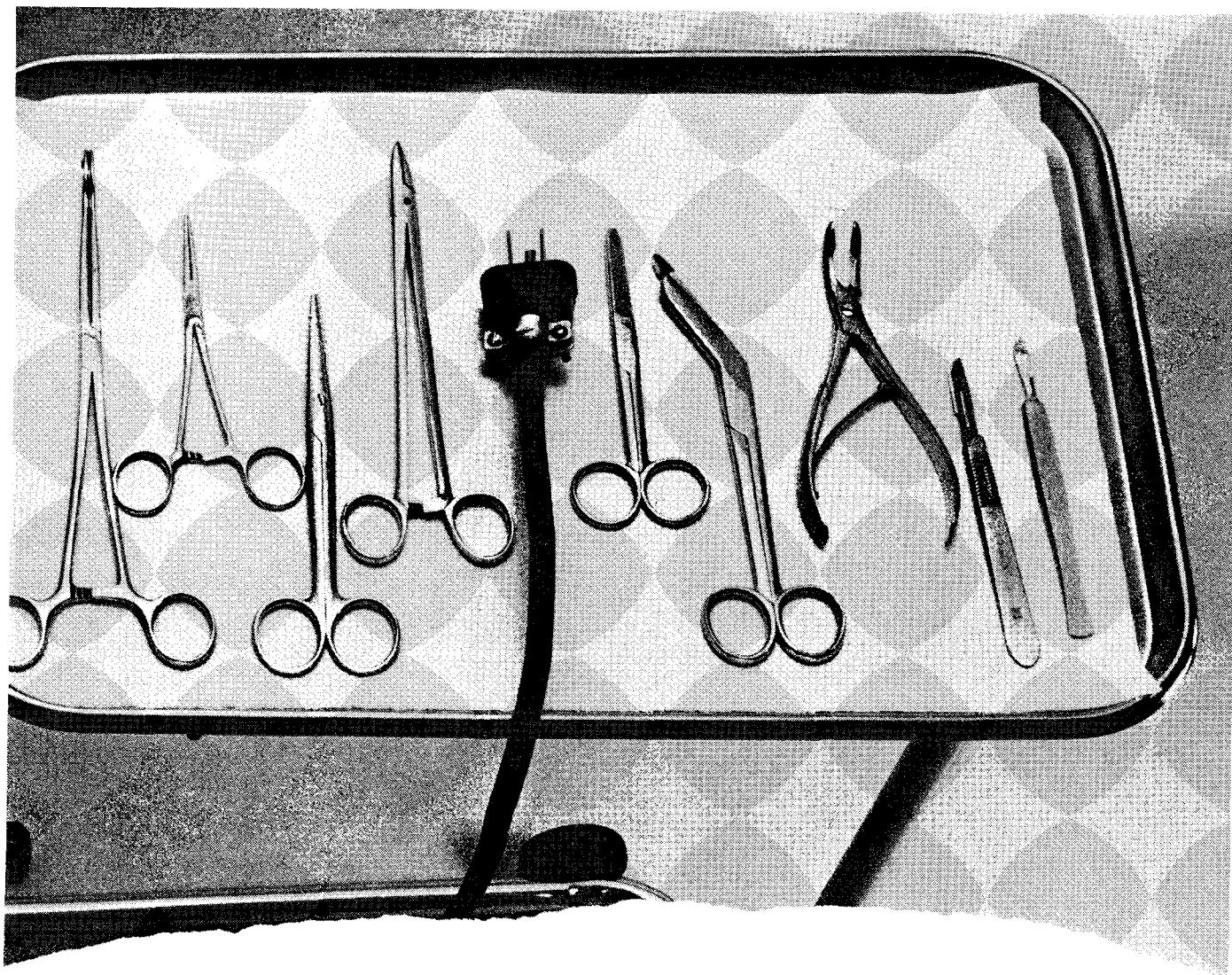


It is a question so complex, it warranted nothing less than the cover of Newsweek.

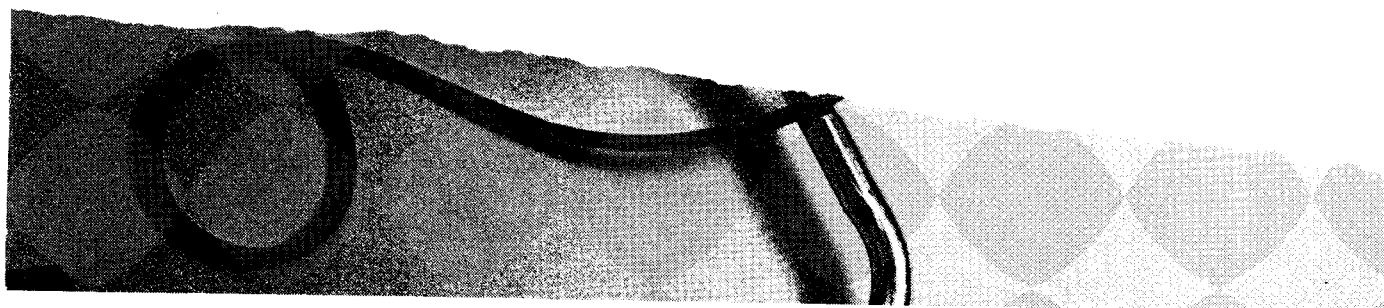
In an era when machines can prolong life far beyond the time ordained by God or nature, who decides whether the life is *worth* prolonging?

The subject was bioethics. The story was "When Doctors Play God."

And the magazine was Newsweek.



**We don't fit the mold.
We break it.**



Newsweek®

LOOMTOGS

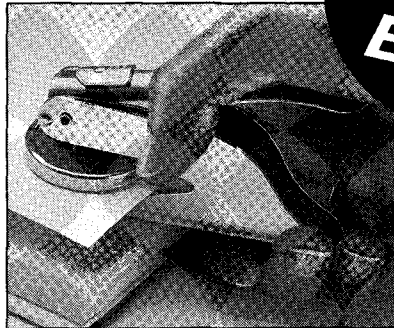


At fine stores everywhere or write
Loomtogs, 48 W 38th St. New York 10018

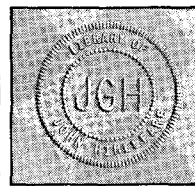
Class Action!

THE TRUE MARK OF A BOOK LOVER!

Personalize your books and impress your friends with this sturdy embosser, just like those used in libraries. The 1½" diameter seal clearly embosses "Library of (your full name)" and three initials. Book embossers make great gifts, too, for almost any age and any occasion. Not recommended for rare books or first editions. Satisfaction is fully guaranteed.



**JUST
\$12.95
EACH**



Send me _____ book embossers, #A9037L, at 12.95 each, plus 1.50 shipping and handling. Add 5% tax if delivered in Texas. Spell the full name this way: _____

Three initials: _____
1st name _____ 2nd name _____ Last name _____

To order additional embossers, on a separate sheet of paper specify BOTH full name and three initials for each ordered.

☐ Check or money order enclosed.

☐ Charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express

Account #

Expiration date _____ Signature _____
(required if using credit card)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE/ZIP _____

Allow six weeks for delivery. Satisfaction is guaranteed.

Mail to: Grand Finale, Box 340257, Dept. # MB120

Farmers Branch, Texas 75234.



wall. And I daubed a little bit of white at various other places as well, so that the wire seemed to come and go. You had this visual element that you couldn't really hold in focus, no matter how hard you tried. It was just too slight. And yet, at the same time, you couldn't ever really look at the back wall, either, because your eye was always getting caught up by this line. Your eye became suspended. And if you hadn't had the subtle colorations to orient yourself by—and they were very metastable—then it would have been hard to tell where the wall was: it could have been two, four, ten, fifteen feet back. Your ability to focus on it and hold it in place had been destroyed."

Finally, Irwin took a swath of white scrim—a sheer, translucent fabric—and stretched it horizontally about four feet down from the ceiling in an even plane halfway across the room. One bank of lights shimmered behind it, the other was exposed. As one entered the space, one was thus confronted with two distinct volumes of light (four feet above, and eight feet below). "That scrim, like the wire, tended to affect the space as a kind of defocussing element," Irwin has explained. "It's very hard to focus on that material—it sets up an ambiguity that makes everything do one of two things: become either ambiguous or razor-sharp by comparison. Like where a corner is will be very hard and extra clear. But where there's just surface will be very ambiguous. So everything in that installation conspired to skew your expectations, to raise some and lower others, so that your perceptual mechanism became tilted, and you perceived the room as you otherwise might not have. And that was all that was there. There was nothing else besides that."

There was not even any attribution. The museum—which had never been entirely enthusiastic about the project but, now that it was up, was going to do its best to standardize the phenomenon—put up a label, almost by force of habit, and Irwin had a friend at Pace go over to take it down. "I wanted to set it up as an opportunity that the spectator would have to deal with," Irwin told me. "In other words, you had to decide whether the room was there. Well, you knew the room was there, but you had to decide whether what was there was intended—whether or not it was finished, you know—before you even got to the question of whether or not it was art. You had to deal with the simplest

questions. Which I felt was rather nice, because not only didn't we label it but we didn't explain it in any way."

Ironically, the more knowledgeable one was, it seemed, the less chance one had of "getting it." Irwin said later, "A very naïve audience could simply walk in—people who had no criteria for determining whether it was art or not—and they could just like it or not, but they would immediately know what was going on and respond to it, one way or another. Whereas the more knowledgeable person—with his or her expectations about what it was supposed to be, and about what art was and should be—tended to have a great deal of trouble with it."

Irwin had an opportunity to experience this peculiar phenomenon the very day he opened the room. "I was standing there that afternoon," he recalls, "and next to me were my friends, the people who were on my side, who were rooting for me in the situation—people like Jenny Licht and Arnold Glimcher, the head of the Pace Gallery. They were seeing it for the first time, and they were kind of quiet. There was that nice awkward silence that's in the air when people don't quite know what to say or do. They were standing first on one foot and then on the other. I still had the area closed off with a divider, but it was slightly ajar, and this black kid, about fifteen years old, peered around the corner and immediately said, 'Yeah, wow, man, O.K., all right. Hey, baby, this is all right.' He just came in the room and spun around—sort of walked around in a circle, revolving as he went—just sort of really reacting and responding to it. And then he asked me if I'd done it, and I said yeah, and he said, 'That's just fine, man, that's all right, O.K.' And then he said thanks and walked out, leaving, as I say, my friends there, a little bewildered as to what the hell to do. In all fairness, as the days went by they really warmed to the piece."

Irwin, however, didn't wait around. He left the next day, returning to Los Angeles. And then something very interesting happened: nothing. "It was kind of amazing," Irwin told me. "There was no response at all. It was up there for three and a half months. There was no official announcement made of it, but, more curiously, no one even wrote about it, which is very interesting, considering that this was right in the middle of an art milieu where if you just sneeze it gets

Don't just say Bermuda.



Say Princess.

The Southampton Princess. A complete world of tennis and golf, pools and private beaches, renowned restaurants and top name entertainment, superb shopping and impeccable service. It's Bermuda's premier

resort hotel. A world of luxury on an island of charm.

Southampton Princess.

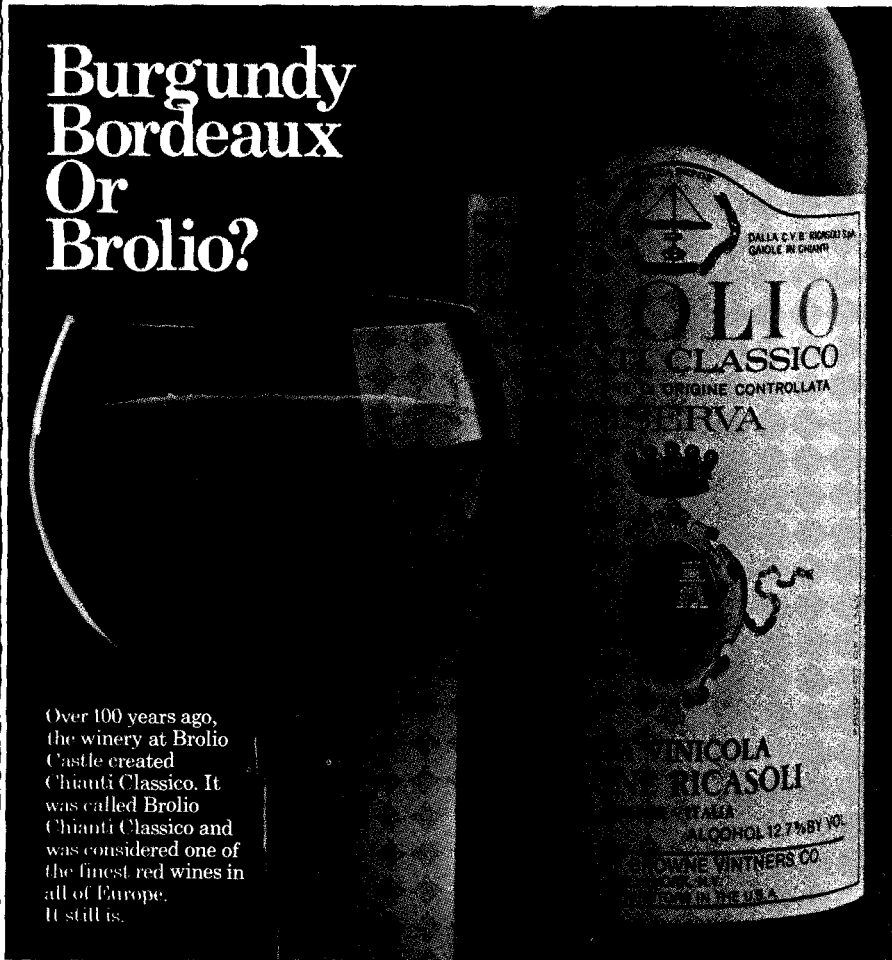
Bermuda

For reservations or information, see your travel agent or call 800-223-1818; New York State 800-442-8418; New York City 212-582-8100.

Princess Hotels International ACAPULCO: Acapulco Princess, Pierre Marques; BAHAMAS: Bahamas Princess, Princess Tower; BERMUDA: The Princess, Southampton Princess; SAN FRANCISCO: Sir Francis Drake

Burgundy Bordeaux Or Brolio?

Over 100 years ago, the winery at Brolio Castle created Chianti Classico. It was called Brolio Chianti Classico and was considered one of the finest red wines in all of Europe. It still is.



HILTON INTERNATIONAL NAIROBI

It's something to write home about. A circular tower rising high above the center of the city, where you discover the arts, the rhythms, the foods of Africa and revel in the sunshine by a secluded pool. And for game viewing, our Taita Hills and Salt Lick Lodges. For Nairobi at its best, call your travel agent or Hilton Reservation Service.



WHERE THE WORLD IS AT HOMESM

Sheri: \$52 Available in Black, Sandpiper or White.

Fresh from Selby.



In the New York-New Jersey area call Selby Fifth Avenue (212) 725-0100 for a free catalogue. Outside this area call (513) 527-7610 for the store nearest you. Prices shown are manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Actual prices may vary from dealer to dealer.

selby

recorded, dissected, and analyzed. Things like that are picked up automatically when you do something at the Museum of Modern Art. I mean, I know that a great number of people saw it. You just have to assume they did. Whether they *saw* it, I don't know. But they were there—they went through it. And yet no one wrote a single word about it, which I found very interesting and, in a funny way, kind of flattering, because it really was not intended to lend itself to being dissected and analyzed. So, in effect, they responded without knowing they responded. But still, I got a funny feeling at one point—a doubt whether I had done that piece at all. I had got no response, and the question of identity became very real."

The "Skylight-Column" installation was still up in Irwin's Venice studio the week he returned from New York, but he found that it didn't make sense anymore. Something was wrong. For over a decade, he had been following a trajectory straight through, each question opening out onto the next—the lines to the dots, the dots to the discs, the discs to the columns—but after the Modern Art piece there occurred a fundamental transformation. He had been following the questions through; now he was about to follow them straight out.

"It had been a long journey," Irwin told me. "Starting out from my more or less formal approach as a painter, I had now arrived at a point where, in a sense, I had dismantled the whole thing: image, line, frame, focus, transcendability. I'd been dismantling the art endeavor, but in the process I'd dismantled myself. My questions had now become way in excess of any answers that I had, or even any possibility of answers. And it seemed to me that if I continued doing what I was doing I was simply never going to get answers to my questions. I would simply do those things, maybe do them better, or I'd extend them, maybe make them richer. So I really had a decision to make at that point, and it was a fairly radical one in my life. See, I felt that if each day I got up and went down the street, basically the same street, and went into that studio, which was a room of a particular scale and size, and so on and so forth, and if I took with me all my expertise—and that's something you can't help doing in a situation like that, bring the things you've learned to be good at (and I'd learned a lot of techniques)—I would essentially continue to do the

same thing. And I didn't know exactly how to resolve that. But what I did was the simplest kind of thing—which was not an answer but I think fairly reasonable, given the dilemma—and that was to get rid of those habits and practices altogether. I cut the knot. I got rid of the studio, sold all the things I owned—all the equipment, all my stuff—and, without knowing what I was going to do with myself or how I was going to spend my time, I simply stopped being an artist in those senses. I just closed my studio and quit."

—LAWRENCE WESCHLER

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

Parliament yesterday heard an allegation that the Western United Front, led by Independent Member Ratu Osea Gavidi, was using "voodooism" to attract support in the Western division.

The Minister of State for Information, Mr Solomone Momoivalu, made the allegation when the House resumed debate yesterday afternoon on the Budget.

Mr Momoivalu said there was a new breed of leadership "looming" in the West in the form of the Western United Front—and he wanted to "issue a warning to the unwary".

"It seems voodoo is being employed, and I would say with some success", he said.

The Tui Nadi an Alliance backbencher, Ratu Napolioni Dawai, interjected, "What's it got to do with you?"

National Federation Party member, Mr Vijay Parmanandam, raised a point of order saying there was an allegation of voodooism against a political party and since Mr Momoivalu was "only guessing" he could be misleading the House.

WUF leader Ratu Osea, who arrived late, said he wanted Mr Momoivalu to repeat what he had said earlier.

Continuing his address before Ratu Osea's arrival, Mr Momoivalu said the "voodooism" reminded him of "tactics" used by the Fijian Nationalist Party in the Yasawas before the April 1977 general elections.

He said the party "purportedly tried to invite the snake gods of the Yasawas to bless their party" and who they thought their future Prime Minister would be.

—Fiji Times.

And Reagan thinks *he* has problems.

Last fall, Kathleen Calderon, Saxe's Latin teacher, who has always had a knack for keeping her beleaguered field of study interesting, suggested that her students write letters to prominent figures from captains of industry to Pope John Paul II, asking if they thought the study of Latin still had value. Sixty-five replies have been received, many with ringing affirmations of the eternal relevance of the mother tongue of Virgil, Cicero and Homer.—Edward B. Fiske in the Times.

Et tu, Homer?

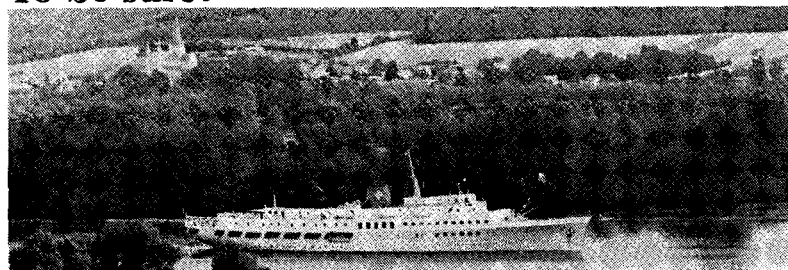


For "berry" special occasions, a pleated pinafore with strawberry appliqués over a pale pink dress with matching hat. Infant sizes 12-24 months, about \$28; 2-4T, \$33; 4-6x, \$38.

Nannette
because they'll never be this age again

At fine stores everywhere, or write: Nannette Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 19124

To be sure!



The exceptional Argonaut sails upstream on the Seine through Normandy.

Built as the world's largest private yacht, she carries a crew and staff almost as numerous as her passengers. Their unfailingly cheerful service and a warm atmosphere of relaxed informality have endeared her voyages to hundreds who return each year to enjoy a manner of travel which cannot be duplicated.

Argonaut voyages continue the second century of special Raymond & Whitcomb travel in 1982

Great Waterways of Western Europe

May 30-June 13 • July 18-August 2 • September 3-15

Wend through Normandy, Brittany and the Aquitaine of France on the scenic Seine, Loire and Gironde rivers. Cruise in the bays of Brest and Biscay. Call at northern Spain and Portugal. Step ashore in your preferred season to visit famed chateaux and vineyards, castles and gardens, small fishing ports and tranquil villages. Each day with congenial company and expert guidance promises good times, fresh insights, and special arrangements. \$3450 to \$3985 per person, double, New York to New York.

For reservations
and information,
call, write or visit



RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
400 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 759-3960

MTS Argonaut, registered in Greece.

"First in Travel Since 1879"

THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

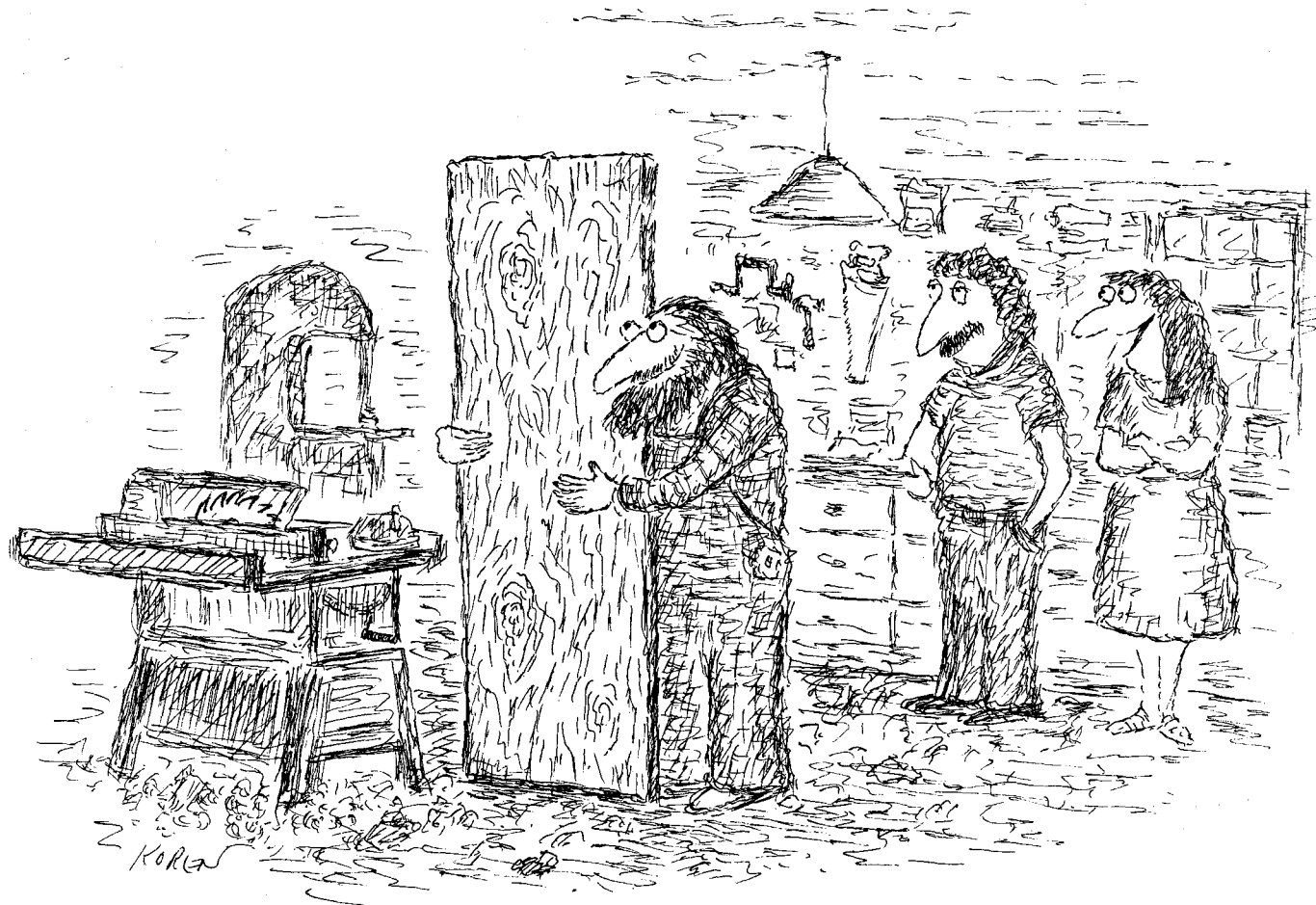
LYDIE BREEZE," John Guare's comedy at the American Place, is set in the house of a family named Hickman on a beach on Nantucket in September, 1895, but many of the events that determine its action have taken place in the past or are taking place offstage and offshore, where William Randolph Hearst's yacht, with an important senator aboard, lies at anchor. Actually, the play is brimming over with events, surprises, implications, misunderstandings, and jokes (sight and sound). The Hickmans are a father and two daughters—Lydie, a young girl who spends much of the evening in dark glasses, her eyes having been temporarily injured by flying glass when something or other exploded in town, and her older sister, Gussie, now employed as the senator's secretary and living aboard the yacht. The mother of the family (the Lydie Breeze of the title) committed suicide some time ago; the father did time in prison after killing

his best friend, who he suspects was the wife's lover. Also present are the slightly crazy housekeeper for the family, one Beaty, who was seduced many years before by, she thinks, the senator; the son of the murdered man, who has been appearing as Frankenstein's monster in the London theatre (and more or less continues the performance on Nantucket); and—as the Spirit of Health in the pageant—a handsome young naturalist, engaged in banding birds on the island.

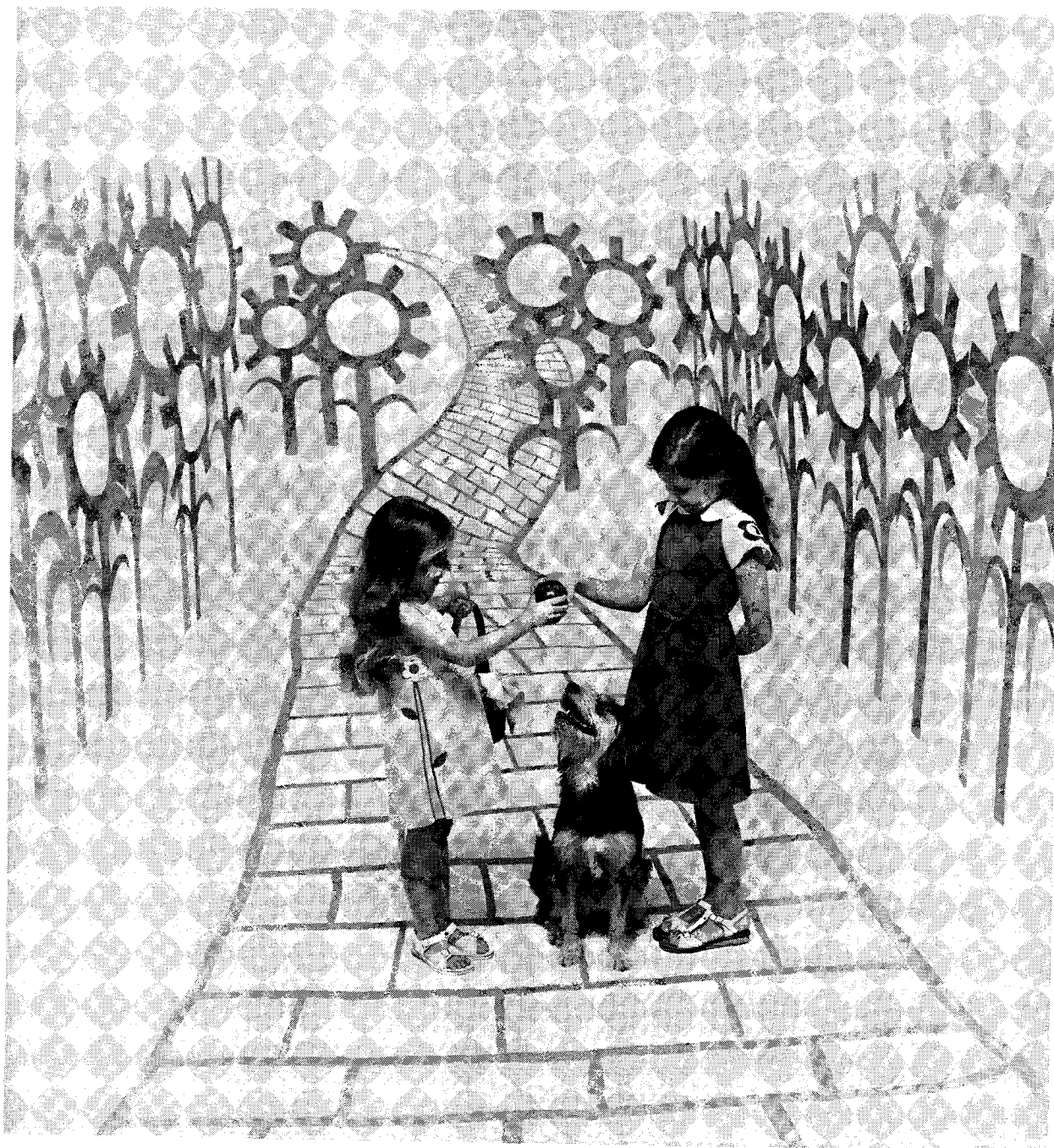
Mr. Hearst and the senator, offshore, are planning a war with Spain, because it is time for America to assume her rightful role in the world. The twentieth century is about to begin. The comic, melodramatic plot depends on what must be one of the damndest cases of mistaken identity in all drama, with Beaty and the spooky actor lurking about, and the delivery to the senator of a sheaf of papers that puts an end to his career as Hearst's protégé, and, incidentally, to

Gussie's job. Among the many elements I haven't mentioned are hereditary syphilis and a double suicide, reminiscences of a commune to which the father, the late mother, the senator, and the murdered man once belonged, and discussions of a variety of matters.

Much of the first act is mystifying, even confusing—perhaps necessarily so, what with all the situations that have to be set up and all the information that has to be delivered—but in the second act everything is made clear and is resolved so satisfactorily that the lyrical ending seems entirely justified. Many of Mr. Guare's political and philosophical notions are interesting enough, I suppose, but they are no match for his theatrical inventiveness and the shocks he administers along the way. He is one of the boldest dramatists around, and one of the funniest. The performances, under Louis Malle's direction, are, by and large, good. Josef Sommer is splendid as the troubled, haunted father, whiskey bottle in hand, his past always intruding on the present; Roberta Maxwell is as unsettling as she is meant to be as nutty Beaty; Madeleine Potter is ex-



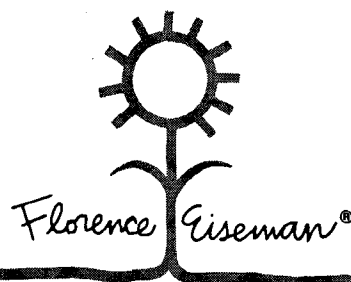
"Hugh understands wood."



"Toto, I've a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore."—Dorothy
(from The Wizard of Oz, by L. Frank Baum)

From the Florence Eiseman Spring Collection.
 Available at Sakowitz-Texas; Flora Ottimer, Ft. Lauderdale;
 Pattee Anne Shop, Salem; Marge McNearney, Tulsa;
 Youthland, Ohio; and other fine stores.

A beautiful 16 x 20 poster of the above thought and illustration is available
 for \$1.00 from Florence Eiseman, 301 N. Water St., Milwaukee, WI 53202.



DID YOU EVER HEAR OF ANYONE WHO DIDN'T HAVE A GREAT TIME IN DENMARK?

DENMARK Everyone loves Denmark, because there's so much to love!

Start with the Danes. They're warm and friendly and they speak English!

CASTLES If you're a born sight-seer, Denmark is a sight to see. Although the country is small, it's dotted with several hundred of the most beautiful castles and manors in the world. Some go back to the days of the Vikings! To honor this cultural treasure, 1982 has been named "Castle Year." See Kronborg Castle, where Hamlet's ghost still lurks, as well as 164 other castles that will be open to the public.

THEATER If you enjoy the theater, the opera or the ballet, you'll see the most celebrated Scandinavian, American and European works performed by the leading troupes from all over the world.

DINING The food is fabulous. It's definitely a country to eat your way through. You won't recognize the Danish pastry. It's guaranteed to spoil you.

SHOPPING Shopping is a joy. The uncommon is commonplace in Denmark. Crystal, glass, fur, porcelain, silver, furniture, knitwear, pipes and antiques are Danish specialties. You'll also find internationally famous shops and articles.

Ready to leave? Call your travel agent for information about package tours. Or, write to The Danish Tourist Board, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10019, 212-582-2802 or P.O. Box 3240, Los Angeles, CA 90028, 213-906-0646.

The more you know, the more you'll want to go. Why shouldn't you be one of the people who has a great time in Denmark!

actly right as Gussie—part adventurer, part New Woman of the dawning twentieth century; and Cynthia Nixon and Robert Joy are delightful as young Lydie and young naturalist. Scenery, lighting, and costumes, all admirable, are by John Wulp, Jennifer Tipton, and Willa Kim, respectively.

SYBILLE PEARSON's "Sally and Marsha," which will run at the Manhattan Theatre Club through March 28th, is a humorous play about a pair of housewives—a country mouse and a city mouse—in adjoining apartments on the upper West Side. Sally has recently arrived here from South Dakota; she is gentle and timid and every inch the devoted company wife to her husband, a salesman for a soap firm. Marsha, a neurotic, cynical, wise-cracking New Yorker, is impatient with *her* husband, a doctor doing his residency, and is terrified and resentful of her mother. The two women appear to be complete opposites, and the play tells the story of their friendship, as it grows ever closer, step by step, from one unlikely meeting to the next, and, of course, by implication, the story of their unseen husbands. "Sally and Marsha," which I first saw as a charming staged reading at the O'Neill Playwrights' Conference at Waterford, Connecticut, has now been directed with far too broad a hand, and what has been sacrificed is all subtlety and delicacy of feeling; much of the play is very funny, but it is not a farce, and the characters are written with as much sympathy as humor. Even so, Bernadette Peters, slightly tongue in cheek but always legitimate, is enchanting as Sally. Christine Baranski delivers her one-liners to the required effect. The appropriately messy set—Sally's apartment, with her children's toys scattered around—was designed by Stuart Wurtzel.

THE Roundabout, at its Stage One, has given a respectable production of Harold Pinter's masterly "The Caretaker," a play that demands brilliance in execution. There is no brilliance here—no mystery or tension—and Pinter's dazzling comic soliloquies don't come to much, either. Daniel Gerroll and Anthony Heald are the two working-class brothers, and F. Murray Abraham is the treacherous old derelict whom they shelter, tease, torment, and eventually throw out. All are good actors, but the performance as a whole doesn't work.

—EDITH OLIVER

Praxis makes perfect



© 1981 Olivetti Corporation

Pamper yourself. With the world's first *electronic* portable typewriter. The Olivetti Praxis. It makes writing your memoirs memorable.



Praxis corrects mistakes automatically. And types in five foreign languages. Très chic, n'est-ce pas?

olivetti Praxis

For more information contact your local Olivetti dealer or write: "Olivetti Praxis," Dept. NY-3/8, 155 White Plains Road, Tarrytown, New York 10591

U.S. JOURNAL: CRAWFORD COUNTY, KANSAS

FRIED-CHICKEN WAR

I SUPPOSE I romanticized the fried-chicken war of Crawford County a bit. When it comes to fried chicken, I often get carried away. Word of a dispute between Chicken Annie's and Chicken Mary's, two regionally renowned fried-chicken emporiums in southeast Kansas, had reached me in New York, where fried-chicken deprivation can cause someone who was raised in the Midwest to go feverish with poultry nostalgia. In that condition, I took it for granted that the hostilities in Crawford County—hostilities that broke out when Chicken Annie's tried to have the county road that runs in front of both establishments named Chicken Annie's Road—would engage fried-chicken devotees from several counties in fearsome debate, characterized by completely bogus historical references and sneering remarks about the opposition's tendency to serve dried-out white meat. In my own home town of Kansas City, after all, a peripatetic fried-chicken cook called Chicken Betty, who became well known some years after I had resigned myself to an Eastern life lacking in wishbones, inspired such fierce loyalty that droves of chicken eaters slavishly followed her from restaurant to restaurant, the way rich ladies might flock after a temperamental but brilliant hairdresser. On a trip home several years ago, I caught up

with Chicken Betty at a place called R.C.'s, in an annexed patch of the county still called Martin City, and from that experience I know that a movement to name a road after her would find me strongly opposed: Whatever was named after Chicken Betty would have to be much more important than a road. Her fried chicken livers alone would merit a turnpike, and they're just a side dish. I would suggest that the airport be named after her—it now labors under the unfortunate and rather fanciful name of Kansas City International—if I weren't about to mount a campaign to have it named after Arthur Bryant, the city's premier barbecue man.

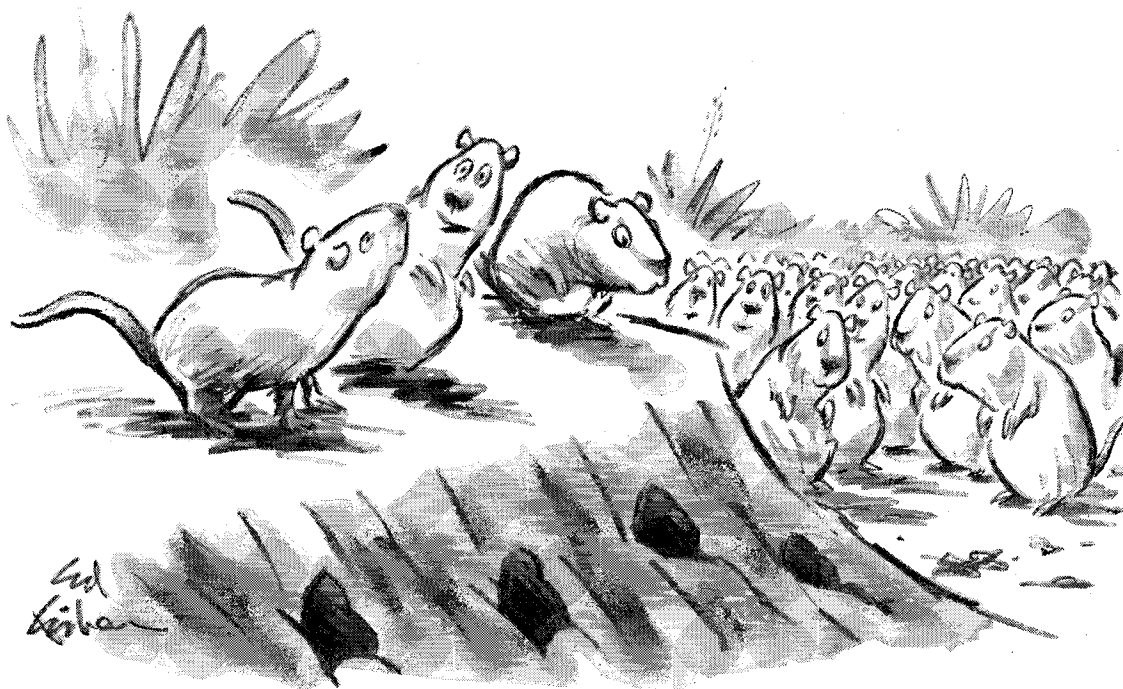
I realize that southeast Kansas is not the sort of place that strikes absolutely everybody as a dramatic setting. Kansas in general is not prime territory for a truly venomous conflict; folks try to get along. A lot of Crawford County looks like the peaceful Kansas where Dorothy and Aunt Em and Uncle Henry lived so contentedly before the cyclone hit, but the eastern part of the county, where Chicken Annie's and Chicken Mary's dispense their fried chicken, does have some of the elements that make for Old World Drama. The settlement that set the tone for life in the southeast corner of Kansas—the section jammed in next to Missouri and Oklahoma, not far

from Arkansas—was not a mid-nineteenth-century settlement of Ohio farmers looking for homestead land but an early-twentieth-century settlement of Europeans looking for work in the coal mines. A lot of people in eastern Crawford County are children or grandchildren of people who came to Kansas straight from Sicily or Austria or Bohemia. The area acquired a reputation for tumultuous politics and reliable home brew. It is still sometimes called the Little Balkans.

Anne Pichler, who became known as Chicken Annie through her skill in that most American of specialties, was born in a small village not far from Budapest. She began selling fried chicken—cooked in her own kitchen, in a big iron skillet—because her husband got hurt in the mines and she had three children to raise. That was in 1934, in a place half a dozen miles north of Pittsburg, Kansas, called Thirteen Camp—the coal camp next to the No. 13 mine of the Western Coal Company. Working through the Depression, in a poor corner of Kansas where most of the deep mines were already played out, Anne Pichler gradually made a name for herself—although she resisted the name Chicken Annie for a while, because she thought it sounded “kind of raw.” Her house, a couple of hundred yards back from the county road whose name is

now in dispute, sprouted a room here and a room there as it became a fried-chicken restaurant that drew people from all over the area. Her chickendinner included three pieces of chicken, German potato salad, coleslaw with garlic dressing, pickled peppers, tomatoes, and bread. It cost seventy-five cents.

Then, in 1943, Mary Zerngast, whose husband had also had to give up work in the mines, opened a restaurant right where customers turned off the county road to get to Chicken Annie's. She served chicken dinners, including German potato salad. Mary Zerngast died a couple of years



"We're waiting for the New Gopher of the Eighties to emerge."

INTRODUCING THE LINCOLN COMMITMENT.

SO FAR-REACHING, NO OTHER CAR MAKER CAN TOUCH IT.

We're so confident in the way our cars are built, we back them with the most extensive quality commitment in the industry. Read about our new program. It's dedicated to achieving absolute owner satisfaction.

A 3-YEAR/36,000-MILE WARRANTY ON LINCOLN TOWN CAR, MARK VI, AND CONTINENTAL.

This limited warranty isn't limited to the conventional 12 months/12,000 miles. Lincoln Commitment coverage goes on for another 24 months or 24,000 miles, whichever comes first, on certain components and systems.* During the extended warranty period, you pay only the first \$50 per eligible repair visit. (Your Dealer has complete details.) This extra dimension provides coverage for a total of 3 years or 36,000 miles, whichever comes first.

Your Lincoln Commitment warranty even provides a special transportation allowance of \$20 per day (not to exceed 5 days or \$100) should your Lincoln need to be kept overnight at your Dealer's.

Further, should a breakdown occur on the road due to failure of a covered component, you receive a \$25 towing allowance.

CHECKS, MORE CHECKS, AND RECHECKS.

We've implemented some of the strongest quality audits of incoming materials and supplier-built components. And we've increased the number of inspections during

assembly. These disciplines help assure a higher level of quality.

Another level of inspection begins at your Lincoln Dealer's. His factory-trained technicians inspect every new Lincoln Town Car, Mark VI and Continental and perform any final adjustments or alignments necessary.

Then every single car is road tested.

After all these checks, there's the checkout. This is your personal introduction to your new Lincoln's systems, controls, requirements and limitations.

CONTINUING COMMUNICATIONS AND A TOLL-FREE NUMBER.

In our opinion, your opinion is crucial. So to help us hear you, we've set up a feedback program. It includes a prepaid return mail opportunity to voice your thoughts about your purchase. It also provides us with an opportunity to keep you informed of updates on new product developments and Dealer services.

Should, for any reason, a problem arise, your first and most important resource is your Lincoln Dealer. However, if your Dealer is unable to resolve it to your total satisfaction, simply call our Luxury Car Coordinator's Office, toll-free. This assures you of priority handling of a special concern or problem.

CONTINENTAL'S \$2,000 INTRODUCTORY OFFER.

We invite you to discover the finest riding Continental ever built. With the gentle persuasion of a \$2000 cash bonus.** You may apply it to your down payment or get a check from Lincoln-Mercury.

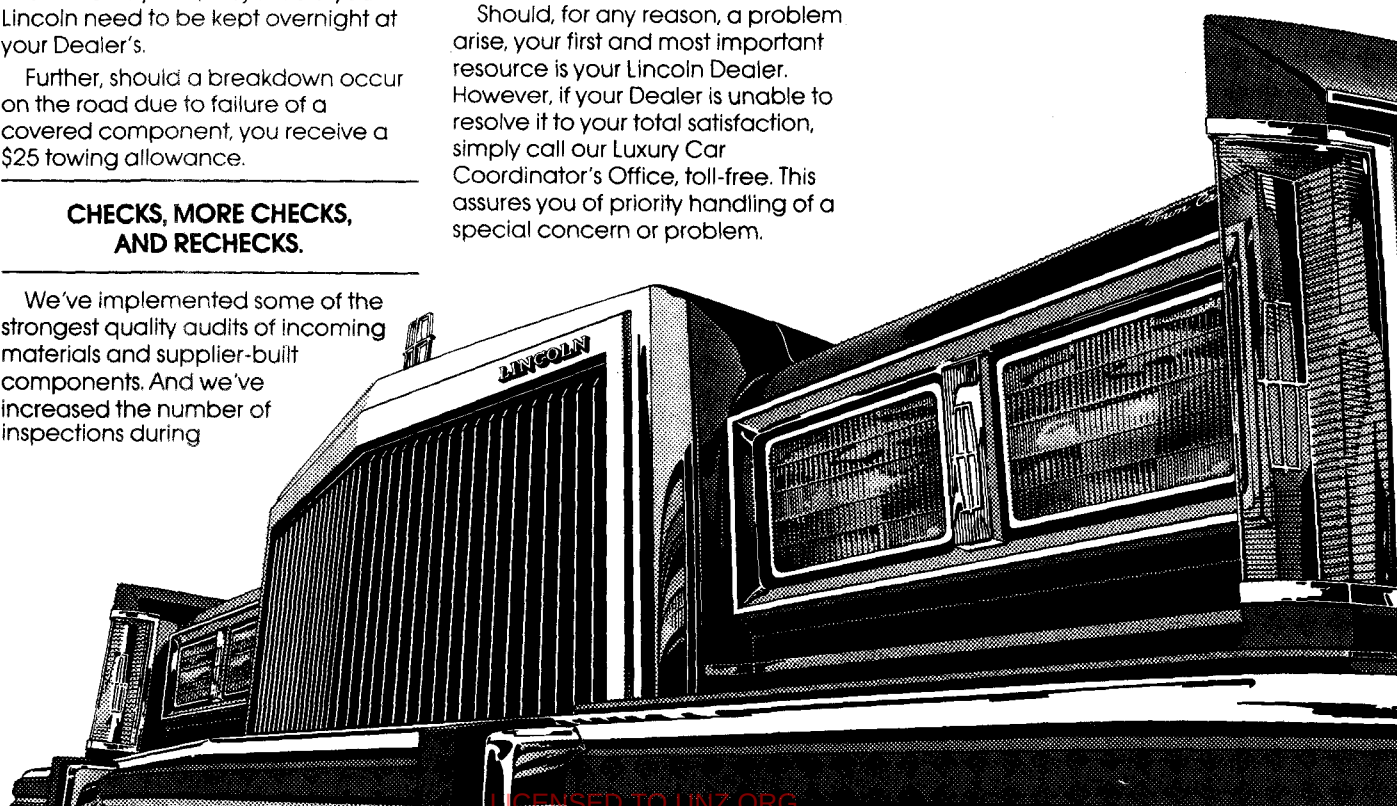
The Lincoln Commitment. A total commitment. In writing. And in cash.

*Coverage excludes tires, accidents or abuse.

**Cash bonus limited to one per customer.

Dealer participation may affect customer cost. Amount lower in Texas and Louisiana. Offer applies to vehicles delivered now through April 3 from your participating Lincoln-Mercury Dealer.

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



In 1935, General MacArthur asked us for a suite that would "approximate the elegance and comfort of Malacañang Palace."

We gave him rooms #570, #571, #572, and #573.

The gracious living and Grand Hotel traditions you thought were long gone, have never left The Manila Hotel.

66 years of its colorful history have been recaptured and gracefully blended with timeless traditions of Philippine graciousness and all the conveniences of modern technology.

A magnificent, columned marble-and-wood lobby and a butler on every floor just like the Grand Hotels of 1890. A complete sports/health

complex, Businessman's Center, portable telephones and all the latest comforts just like the Grand Hotels of the year 2000.

For \$650 a day you can even get the suite (and attention) General MacArthur got back in 1935.

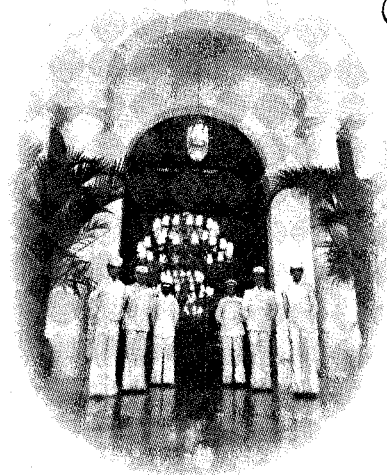
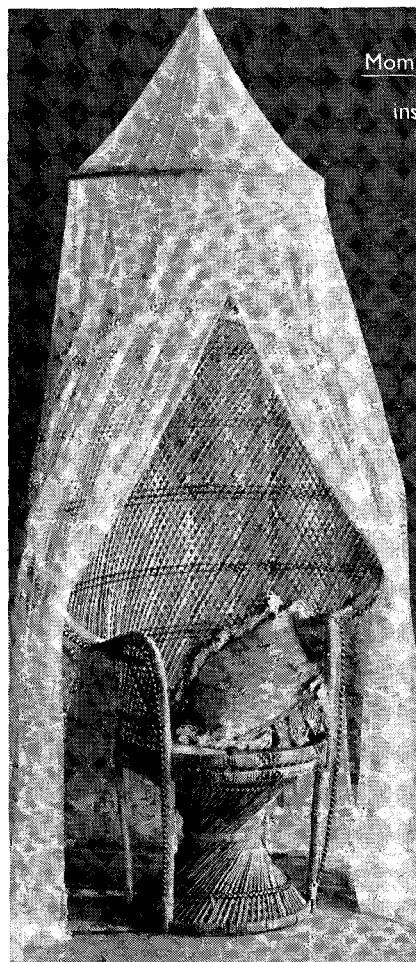
In fact, even if you're not a national hero, we'll always treat you like one.

For reservations, please consult your travel agent or nearest Philippine Airlines sales office.

The Manila Hotel
Philippines

There are perhaps a dozen incredible places you must see in the Orient.

One of them is a hotel.

Mombasa™ mosquito net... long appreciated in the tropics, it's our favorite way to create instant ambiance—no matter what the climate! It's an extravagant expanse of sheer nylon to drape sumptuously over a bed, a loveseat, a pile of pillows... see how it sets off our proud peacock chair! With \$20 savings, it's such an intriguing way to discover the New Spiegel! Add \$2.50 shpg/hdlg. Regularly \$69.95.

N70VV3049T \$49

The New Spiegel

Order now and we'll send you our latest catalog. Call toll free and charge to your major credit card: 800-523-3090 (PA: 800-562-6930). Ask for our mosquito net #N70VV3049T. Or send check or money order to P.O. Box 7019, Chicago, IL 60680. Remember to add sales tax in CA, PA, IL. Offer not good outside USA; expires 7/31/82.

ago, but Anne Pichler is still alive—a bouncy, friendly woman in her eighties—and though she says "I don't want to hold grudges to anyone," she leaves no doubt about which family might be the object of any grudges she permitted herself. "They used to come and eat all the time, and then all of a sudden they went ahead and built on the county road right at the corner, blocking the way," she told me the day I got to Crawford County. "They got me a little upset." A feud! A European feud! By Kansas standards, an ancient European feud! I was not unmindful of what happened some years ago in the other Balkans because of a feud that did not even concern fried chicken: the First World War.

LOUIS LIPOGLAV had his eye on the county road for a long time. Lipoglav, Anne Pichler's son-in-law, is the proprietor of Chicken Annie's, now that Mrs. Pichler herself is retired. He considers Chicken Mary's an imitator, whose customers must consist to a great extent of confused people who think they're at Chicken Annie's. The restaurants are only a few hundred yards apart, and, except for a dozen houses scattered around, they are all that's left of the settlements that used to be along the unnamed county road—the coal camp that was sometimes known simply as Thirteen, and a small town called Yale. Customers of Chicken Annie's and Chicken Mary's—as many as twelve hundred people at each place on a pleasant Saturday evening in the summer—drive in from somewhere else, and for years the two restaurants have obviously jockeyed for display position, like basketball players trying to stay between an opponent and the basket. Chicken Mary's is still between Chicken Annie's and Highway 69, used by customers approaching from Pittsburg and Fort Scott and Coffeyville and Parsons, but on a building owned by Louis Lipoglav right across the street from Chicken Mary's parking lot there is painted a huge arrow and the words "Chicken Annie's— $\frac{1}{2}$ block." I figure that over the years, on some of those dark Balkan nights, signs for one place or the other may have blown over even when there wasn't much wind. "Oh, there was conflicts," Chicken Annie's daughter told me. "There was lots of conflicts."

Louis Lipoglav has thought of the county road as Chicken Annie's Road for some time. His billboard directing travellers from Highway 69 refers to it

Few investments generate higher interest.

A Steinway piano is built to be appreciated.

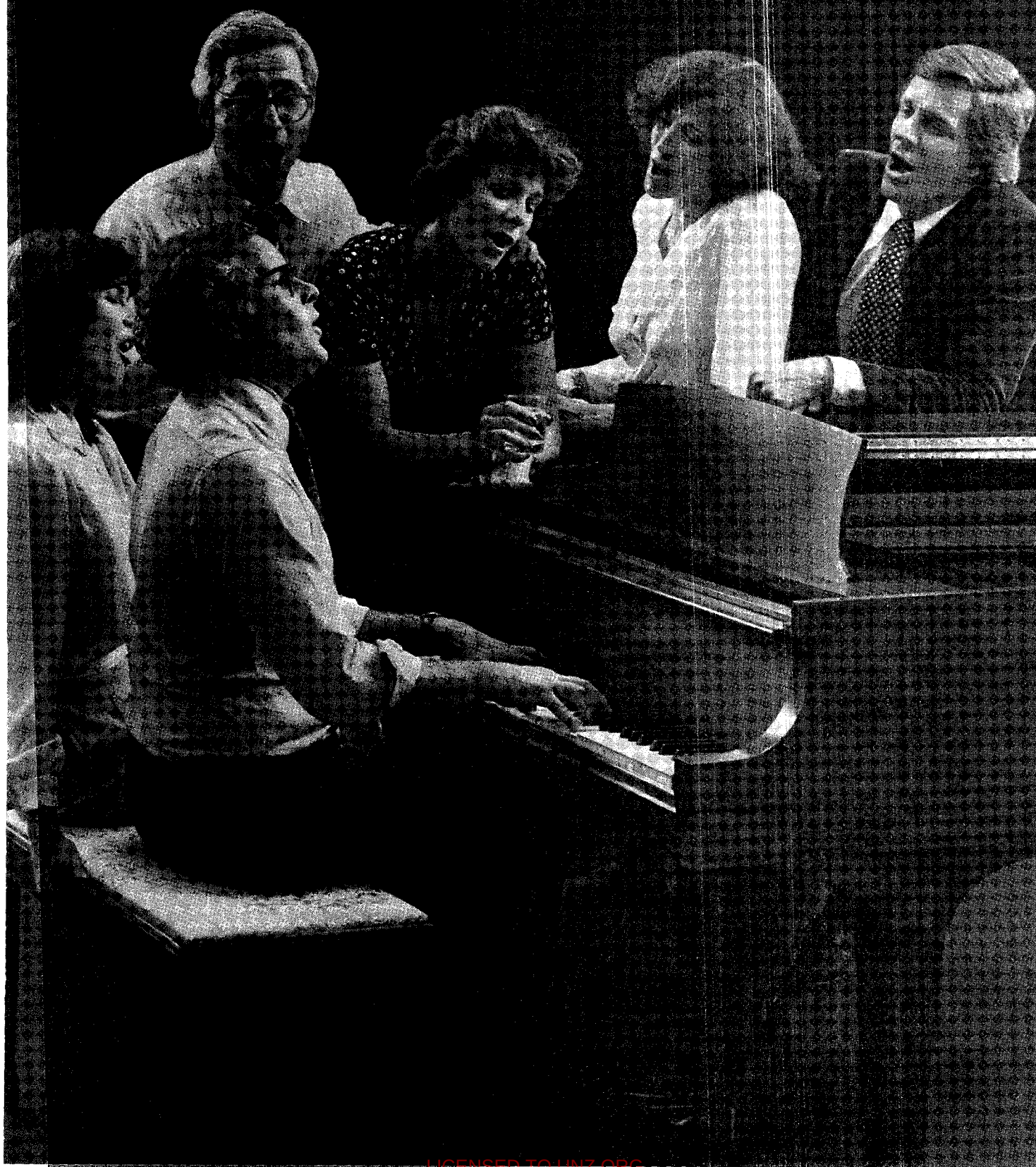
The responsiveness of its touch, the fullness of its sound, and the subtlety of its tonal range have earned the Steinway a rich reputation wherever the beauty of music is valued.

And because a Steinway® is built to last for generations, it has long been valued as a piano whose worth is not likely to diminish with time.

Indeed, old Steinways have often sold for more than they initially cost.

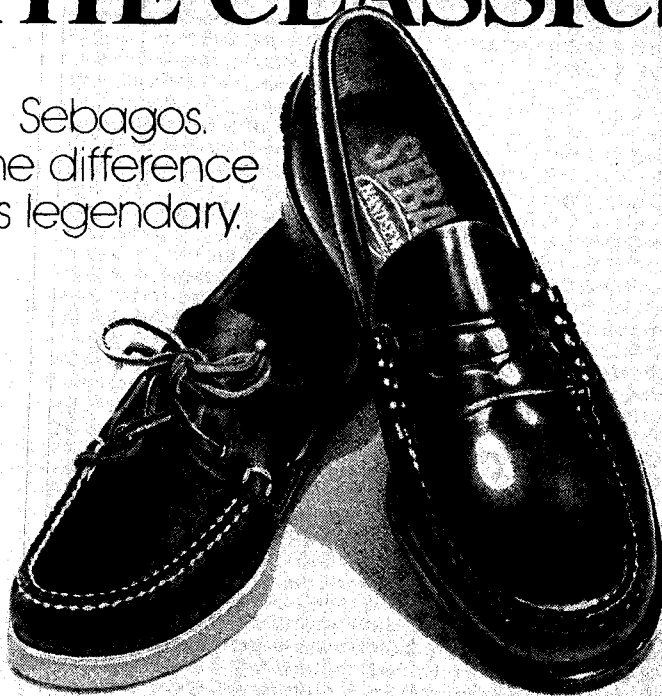
Which is one form of appreciation just about everyone can appreciate.

If all this heightens your interest in the enduring value of a Steinway, you can find out more by writing to one: John H. Steinway, Dept. 65, 109 W. 57th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.



THE CLASSICS

Sebagos.
The difference
is legendary.



Pure comfort for all seasons: the Beefroll Moc and the Dockslides. Both carefully handsewn only in Maine by skilled Sebago craftsmen. Genuine moccasin construction. Available at fine stores and chandleries throughout the world, or write to Sebago, Dept. 10-82, Westbrook, ME 04092.

SEBAGO



Portrait of Gwen, 1981, oil on canvas, 30x40 inches

Who Will Paint Your Portrait?

We represent today's leading portrait painters and sculptors. Visit our exhibition gallery and commission the artist of your choice or send \$2 for our color brochure to Dept. A

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA

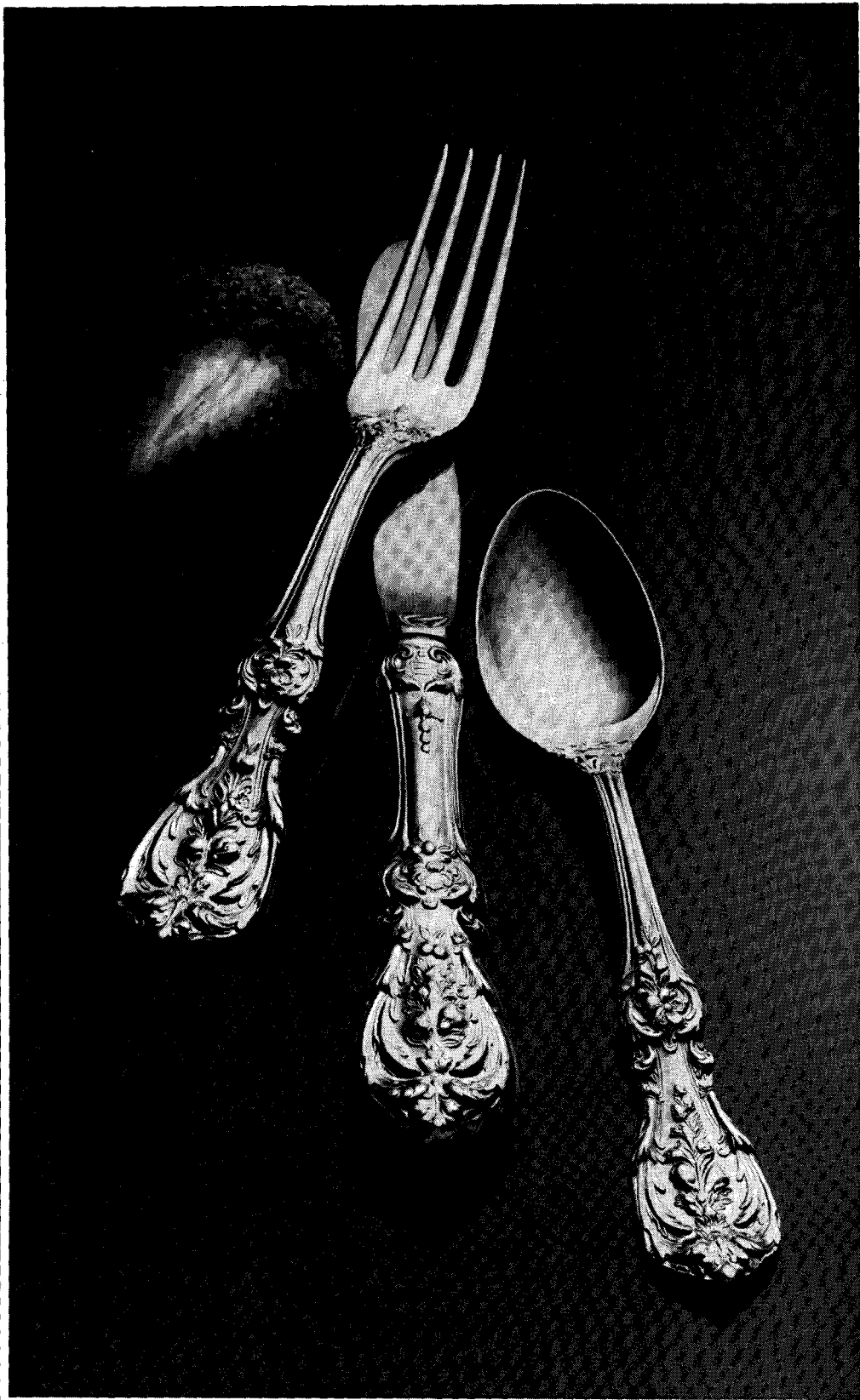
41 East 57th Street, 7 fl.
New York 10022 (212) 758-2852
Gallery Hours: Mondays-Fridays 10am to 5pm

by that name. A couple of years ago, without the matter's having gone before the county commission, an official county sign identified the road as Chicken Annie's Road for a couple of days—under circumstances about which both the Pichler-Lipoglavs and the Zerngasts are vague. Louis Lipoglav says, "Someone with the county put it up." Elizabeth Zerngast, Chicken Mary's daughter-in-law, says, "Someone tore it down." After a decent interval, Lipoglav suggested that the county commission honor Anne Pichler by naming the road Chicken Annie's Road. The measure was introduced by Joe Saia, who has been on the commission since 1939, and whose experience in such matters extends to having had an entire overpass named after him. Elizabeth Zerngast complained that the name would advertise Lipoglav's restaurant rather than honor Mrs. Pichler, the commission tabled the matter, the local papers reported the outbreak of the chicken war, and I, deciding that authentic combat coverage demanded my presence on the scene, flew from the East to Crawford County, chickens dancing on pan-fried drumsticks in my head.

"WE have never fought, really," Elizabeth Zerngast told me, as I sat in Chicken Mary's that afternoon. "It's more kind of like little digs all the time. Like good competitors. Competition kind of keeps you on your toes." Like Chicken Annie's, Chicken Mary's is in a modern building that includes among its decorations what seem to be items brought along from the homier settings of the past—ceramic chickens, for instance, and faded pictures of forebears, and the sort of brightly colored family photographs that are taken by downtown portrait photographers for weddings and graduations. Even though she objected to naming the road in a way that would advertise her competitor and thought that Louis Lipoglav shouldn't be calling it Chicken Annie's Road even on his own billboard, Elizabeth Zerngast told me, she had no objection at all to naming it Anne Pichler Road. "I know Anne Pichler and I like her," Mrs. Zerngast said.

"You do?" It occurred to me that the Pichler-Lipoglavs had also assured me that they had nothing personal against the Zerngasts, even as they mentioned some incidents that would try folks with less forgiving natures. Kansas people tend to let bygones be

F R A N C I S • F I R S T



I N • S T E R L I N G • S I L V E R

REED & BARTON

THE • CLASSIC • AMERICAN • SILVER

FOR A STORE IN YOUR AREA WRITE DEPT. NYF REED & BARTON, TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02780 © 1982 REED & BARTON

Sue Spent 4 Hours Making Her Gâteau Aux Marrons Et Chocolat. And Not One Second Polishing The Silver She Served It On.

When Sue gives a party, she spends her energy on the food and her guests—not polishing her silver. She stores it with 3M Silver Protector Strips, so it's ready to use anytime—without polishing. 3M Silver Protector Strips actually *prevent* tarnish by absorbing tarnish-causing chemicals in the air. So if you put your clean, polished silver away after tonight's party, with 3M Silver Protector Strips, it will still be shiny and tarnish-free for your next get-together tomorrow, next week, or up to six months from now! And because you'll stop polishing with abrasive cleaners, your silver will keep its heirloom quality years longer. As effective for copper and brass as it is for silver. Order yours today!

3M Hears You...

DMS/3M, P.O. Box 959, Hicksville, NY 11802
Or, call toll-free: 1-800-328-1449
(Minn. residents call collect: 1-612-733-7483)

Phone for credit card orders only.

2 pkgs. of 12 Silver Protector Strips, only \$ 8.95
(price includes shipping & handling) 25056

Add applicable state sales taxes
(all states except: AK, DE, MT, OR, NH)

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery
Offer good only in U.S.A.

TOTAL \$

☐ My check, money order enclosed
(Make payable to 3M)

Charge my: ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

☐ American Express Mo. _____ Yr. _____
Expiration Date

Charge Card Number

Signature

Print Name

Address

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you're not satisfied for any reason, return your Silver
Protector Strips to the above address for replacement or a
full refund.

165

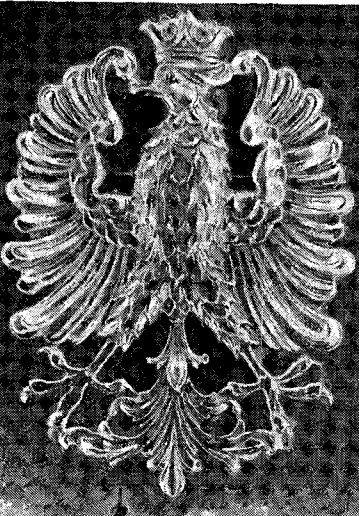
3M Center
St. Paul, MN
55144

3M

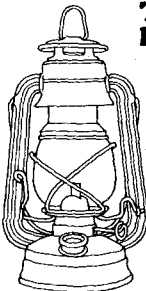
bygones, but that's not an attitude I associate with small villages near Budapest. Could it be that the sun and the wind of rural Kansas caused European characteristics to evaporate faster than they might in a crowded Northeastern city? I had noticed that the only restaurant in Frontenac, a heavily Italian town just north of Pittsburg, specialized in steak and—what else?—fried chicken. Was it possible that I was witnessing the de-Balkanizing of Crawford County?

The feud *had* existed, though, and within it there was one incident that seemed to me fraught with possibilities of romance: About twenty years ago, while they were high-school students helping out during the summer in competing restaurants at Thirteen Camp, Chicken Annie's grandson and Chicken Mary's granddaughter had met and fallen in love, and later married. Could it have been a fried-chicken version of Romeo and Juliet? Apparently not. "I know it's hard to believe," Anthony Pichler, Chicken Annie's grandson, told me, "but nothing was ever said." Even now, both families seem pleased by the match—and pleased that Anthony and his wife, Donna, run a fried-chicken restaurant just south of Pittsburg. There was fried chicken at the wedding. "I prepared it, and they cooked it over at Chicken Annie's," Elizabeth Zerngast told me. "We had a real shindig." There was no swordplay. I suspect that Aunt Em and Uncle Henry and Dorothy were there. Maybe even Toto.

BUT where were the loyalists? I had assumed that the Crawford County fried-chicken war would include dramatic skirmishes between the Chicken Annie fancy and those who attended at Chicken Mary's. In Kansas City, where Arthur Bryant has an estimable rival in class barbecuing named Ollie Gates, I would take it for granted that a move to have the airport named after Bryant would face some resistance from hard-core Gatesites. Could it be that there were no such loyalties in southeast Kansas? When I telephoned a serious eater I know in Fort Scott named Tom Eblen—a man who spent some years in Kansas City, most of them at Arthur Bryant's—he offered to meet me in Crawford County at either fried-chicken restaurant. This from a Bryantist who would no more suggest meeting at Gates's than he would suggest skipping lunch. If Eblen wasn't a loyal-



Cini Polish Eagle
PIN or PENDANT Sterling Silver . . \$22.50
Gold price available on request
GUGLIELMO CINI, INC. 867 SOUTH COAST HIGHWAY
LAGUNA BEACH, CA 92651
PHONE (714) 494-1440



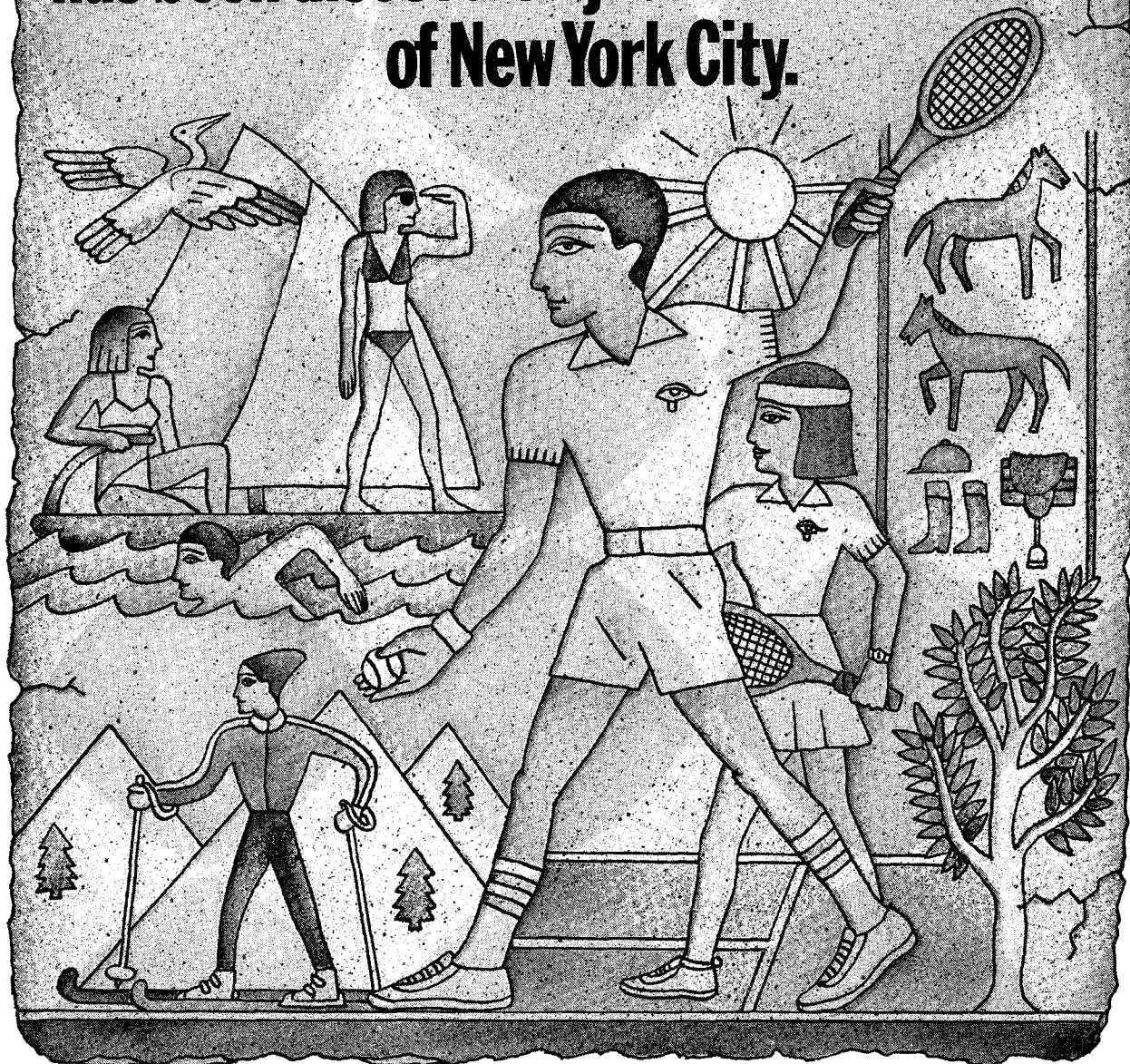
The original brass hurricane lamp
The authentic Dietz lamp that lit American history since the 1840's is now available in a 12" high solid brass special edition.
Those who opened America's frontiers relied on the Dietz lantern for their very survival. You'll enjoy the same hurricane-proven dependability in this lamp for your study, office or den. And, because your lantern will be permanently registered in our headquarters, it will add special value to your collection of cherished Americana.
Mail your check or money order for \$79.00 (add 7% for NY State delivery) to: R. E. Dietz Co., 225 Wilkinson St., Syracuse, NY 13205. MasterCard/VISA orders accepted by phone (1-315-424-7432).
We'll pay all shipping charges.

DIETZ



Petit St. Vincent Resort
The Grenadines St. Vincent, West Indies
SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL!
Tranquil . . . Secluded . . . Protected Privately owned out-island, crystal clear waters, superb white beaches. 22 widely separated luxurious villas, full hotel services, continental cuisine. Sailing, snorkeling, scuba, tennis. Serene relaxation. Simply beautiful! Open Nov. - Aug.
See your Travel Agent.
HRI or Robert Reid Associates, Reprs. New York
PSV U.S. Office, Box 12506, Dept. 1
Cincinnati, Ohio 45212 • (513) 242-1333
Member-The Leading Hotels of the World

An advanced form of civilization has been discovered just two hours north of New York City.



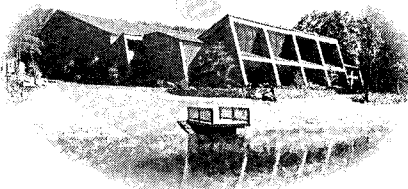
On the rim of a clear, blue lake in the lush foothills of the Connecticut Berkshires, a small community of individuals lives a highly evolved style of life.

They are artists. They are writers. They are professionals from many of the most interesting walks of life. People who are building exciting careers. Or retiring to begin new challenges.

And they call this place Lakeridge. A private community of uniquely designed townhouses on 235 secluded acres in one of historic Litchfield County's most beautiful locales. A place of year-round amenities and natural fascinations. Of idyllic calm and repose.

A very civilized rate.

12½% annual percentage rate fixed-rate mortgages *with no points* are available to qualified applicants. So it's no surprise that just a few of these award winning homes remain for sale.



The Lakeridge West Lodge.

Photographs cannot capture the setting, nor words really describe the ambiance at Lakeridge. It must be experienced personally. It's simple to arrange. Call for an appointment toll-free 800-243-5374. Or in Connecticut, call collect 482-3591.

The Civilized Amenities include: Indoor and outdoor tennis courts, riding stables and trails, indoor and outdoor swimming pools, two private ski slopes with chair-lift and lodge, two activities centers with health spa, whirlpool bath and sauna.

Fishing and sailing. Softball, shuffleboard and basketball.

Prices start at \$120,000.

Lakeridge

Take Hutchinson River Parkway, North to I-684 to Exit 9. East on I-84 to Exit 29. North on Rt. 8 to Exit 46. Follow signs to Lakeridge in Torrington. Offering in the Lakeridge Association, Inc. can be made only by Offering Plan.

**To start receiving
Horchow catalogues,**



**you don't have to send
smoke signals**



or cast a spell

Just fill out the coupon below. Send it and 3.00, and we'll send you a series of our catalogues starting next month. Mail to: The Horchow Collection, Box 340257, Dept. NB009, Dallas, Texas 75234.

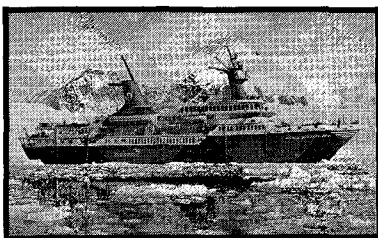
Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

HORCHOW

CRUISE TO THE WORLD'S HIDDEN CORNERS.



Join discerning travelers on an unforgettable
WORLD DISCOVERER Voyage.

The Amazon • Antarctica • New Guinea •
Indonesia • Singapore/Burma/India/
Sri Lanka/Seychelles • Arabia •
Iceland/Greenland • North & West Africa

14 to 76 Days. From \$2,920 to \$32,000.

Society Expeditions

Dept. NY3 723 Broadway East, Seattle, WA 98102

I'd like to explore the remote cruising opportunities of
Society Expeditions, detailed in your 36 page cruise
catalog.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

PHONE () _____

YOUR TRAVEL AGENT _____

The MS WORLD DISCOVERER is registered in Singapore.

ist, I figured, there couldn't be many loyalists.

As it turns out, some people eat only at Chicken Annie's or only at Chicken Mary's, but most people seem to patronize the two almost interchangeably. Even Commissioner Joe Saia, who is particular enough about food to turn out his own Sicilian salami, goes to both places, although he tends to speak of Annie's chicken as the standard he uses in rating the chicken he eats around the country at political conventions. ("Colonel Sanders can't hold a light to it, and I've eaten a lot of the Colonel's, because he was a Democrat.") I think I know the reason for the eerie tolerance people in the area show on the subject of fried chicken: although both Chicken Annie and Chicken Mary started out pan-frying chicken in huge iron skillets, they eventually turned to deep fryers. "People tell me it ain't the same," Chicken Annie says, but nobody can pan-fry chicken fast enough to feed twelve hundred people a night. The Crawford County restaurants depend on volume; the cost of a complete chicken dinner for four is still only ten dollars and fifty cents. Chicken Annie's and Chicken Mary's do a good job of deep-frying chicken—they avoid the characteristic franchise batter that Chicken Betty has occasionally compared to a plaster cast—but a fried-chicken cook with a deep fryer is a sculptor working with mittens. I understand the practical, unromantic realities of running a large restaurant in a rural area that is not terribly prosperous, but the chickens that had danced in my head were dancing on pan-fried drumsticks. I decided that I might as well drop in on my home town, as long as I was so close. Although Chicken Betty is semiretired, I had heard that she still presides over the restaurant at the Metro Auto Auction, in Lee's Summit, on Tuesdays. The next day was Tuesday.

THE Metro Auto Auction is strictly to the trade. It attracts dealers from all over the Midwest who want to beef up their used-car inventory. Wholesalers collect used cars from dealers, clean them up, and take them to Metro—"same as you buy a skinny cow, feed it out, and take it to slaughter," one dealer told me. The place does have the look of a cattle auction. On three lanes, distinguished according to the age of the cars being sold, newly washed sedans and sports coupés and vans pull up in front of the

EVERY ROOM IS A SUITE

All accommodations are luxury suites.

A world class hotel on glistening
Biscayne Bay and fashionable
Brickell Avenue. Superb amenities.

Jr. Suite from \$92. 1 Bedroom Suite
from \$112 thru April 12, 1982.

**THE FOUR
AMBASSADORS
HOTEL**

Ambassador Square
801 South Bayshore Drive, Miami, Florida 33131
Telephone (305) 377-1966 • TELEX 51-9351
Nationwide TOLL FREE (800) 327-5708
or see your travel agent

Mobil ★ ★ ★ ★

Velour Terry Robe for Beach, Bedroom or Bath

Dry up, warm up, unwind, in
this lush, luxurious velour terry
robe of 88% cotton, 12% poly-
ester. Kimono cut for comfort
and fashion. One size fits all.

For women,
in indigo blue, plum or white.

Calf length, \$48.

Full length, \$52.

For men,
in camel, indigo blue or white.

Calf length, \$52.

Add \$2.75 for shipping.

Write for catalog.

Check, AE, MC, VISA.

Acct. No. and expiration
date, please.

Park Circle

Dept. M, 141 Commercial Ave., Palisades Park, N.J. 07650



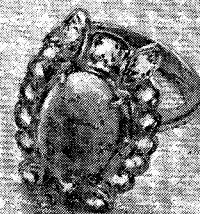
MAURICE

Restaurant de France

At the Hotel Parker Meriden, 118 West 57th Street.
LUNCH AND DINNER, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY
DINNER ONLY, SATURDAY AND SUNDAY
Prix Fixe Theatre Dinner before 7 pm and after 10 pm. \$25.
CALL 245-7788 FOR RESERVATIONS.

**"If goodness is
its own reward,
why not a little something
for being naughty?"**

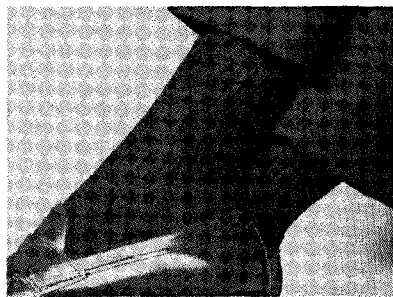
Lauren Bacall



The very special loveliness of turquoise is seen to perfect advantage
enhanced by sapphires and diamonds, set in 18 karat gold.
The necklace, \$24,000. The dramatic 18 karat gold turquoise and diamond ring, \$4,000.

Fortunoff, the source

681 Fifth Ave. at 54th Street, New York City. (212) 758-6660.
Out of New York State call toll free (800) 223-2326.
Westbury, L.I.: 1300 Old Country Road, Paramus, N.J.:
Paramus Park Mall. We honor the American Express Card.



Pure Pima Cotton Lisle Hosiery
Individually Sized, 6 Pairs \$33

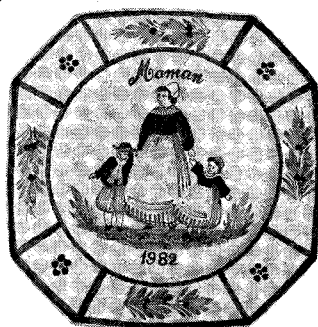
Our finest, pure pima cotton lisle hosiery in the classic 2x2 rib knit, over-the-calf length. Exceptionally soft and absorbent. 2% nylon at toe and heel for extra resilience. Machine washable. Brown, navy, black, tan, white or grey. Individually sized: 10, 10½, 11, 11½, 12, 13, 14. Also anklet, 6 prs., \$30.

☐ Please send catalogue.

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robt. Kirk, Ltd. A1C082
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Over-calf (75017A): Size _____ Col. _____ Qty. _____
Anklet (75044A): Size _____ Col. _____ Qty. _____
☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card # _____ Expir. _____

Add \$2 ship., hdlg.; Cal. delivery add sales tax
Name _____

Address _____ Zip _____



9 inches \$45 ppd.

First Edition Quimper
Mother's Day Plate

Imported from France this first edition hand-painted collectors' plate is destined to become a classic. Available in mistral (light blue). Edition limited to 4998 worldwide. Satisfaction guaranteed. **\$45 ppd.** Gift boxed. Send check or charge to ☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa ☐ American Express. MD res. add 5% sales tax.

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Eastern Shore Trading Co.

Polks Rd., Princess Anne, MD 21853
(301) 651-0600

auctioneer. While the auctioneer spews out his baffling chant—baffling, at least, to anyone not in the trade—the buyers stand around the car being sold, occasionally peering under the hood or circling warily to observe the paint job or glancing in at the upholstery, until the auctioneer finally says “Sold to Gary” or “Sold to Max.” When the buyers and sellers get hungry, they wander off the selling floor into what seems like a little coffee shop—a tiny place with a cafeteria line and no sign—and there whatever sins they may have committed on the used-car lot since the previous Tuesday are wondrously forgiven. Without even leaving the building, they are in the presence of Chicken Betty Lucas—the First Lady of Fried Chicken, whose recipes have been gathered for the *New York Times* by Mimi Sheraton, and who in a just world would have a bridge (major Missouri River crossing) named after her. There, on the stove, are her iron skillet. Using the restraint one learns in the East, I managed to wait until eleven o'clock to have lunch.

The chickens dancing in my head had in fact been chickens cooked by Chicken Betty—juicy chickens with a light, peppery batter. Once I had reassured myself on that point, I had a chat with Chicken Betty—a cheerful, red-haired woman who still has the no-nonsense manner of someone who spent a good deal of her life as a waitress. As a waitress or a cook or a cashier or a bookkeeper, she moved when she felt the need to (“Life’s too short to work where you’re unhappy”)—trailing, toward the end of her career, throngs of chicken eaters in her wake. These days—semiretired and with a Pacemaker helping her heart—she has someone else actually behind the iron skillet, but there is no doubt about whose standards are in force. Not long ago, the Metro Auto Auction asked Chicken Betty to do twenty-four hundred pieces of chicken for the celebration of its first anniversary in Lee’s Summit. “My chef said, ‘I guess with that many we’ll have to drop them in a French-fryer,’” Chicken Betty told me. “And I said, ‘No, we won’t.’”

It occurred to me that Chicken Betty, with her purist attachment to the iron skillet, has not ended up with an empire. The little coffee shop at the Metro Auto Auction is really the only restaurant she has ever run rather than worked in since she became renowned—although she owned a bar many years

**ONLY THREE
HOTELS IN
AMERICA
HAVE BEEN
SELECTED BY
BOTH THE
LEADING HOTELS
OF THE WORLD
AND PREFERRED
HOTELS.**

WE'RE ONE.

**THE
COLONNADE.**
BOSTON'S EUROPEAN
GRAND HOTEL.



For instant reservations,
call 800-223-1230 or 800-323-7500.

**Fine
Ladies' shoes
for small
sizes only
4-6½**

Giordano's

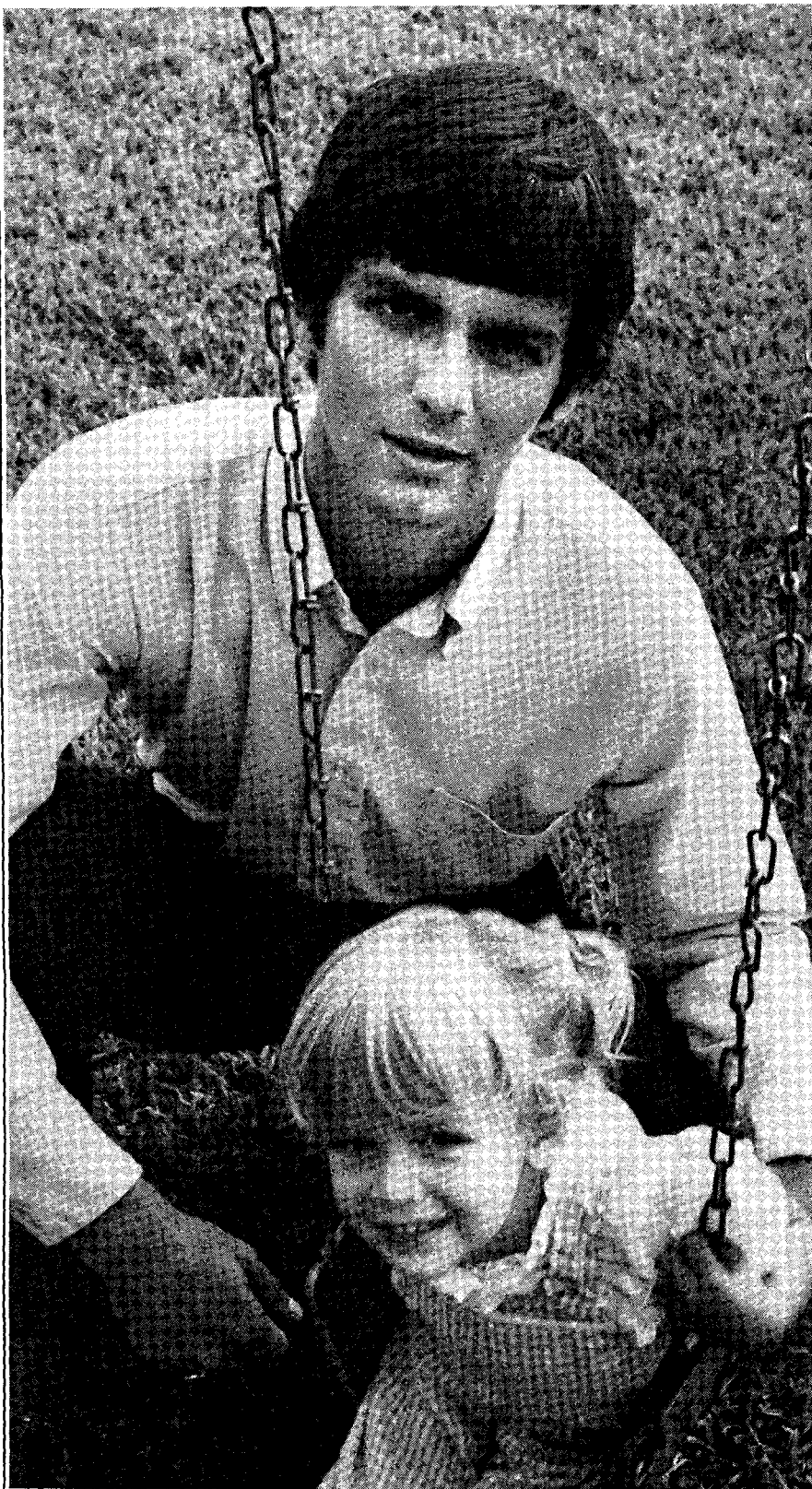
1118 First Avenue (at 61st Street)
New York, N.Y. 10021 / (212) 688-7195

**"THERE'S NO QUESTION
AS TO THE YEARS
NO. 1 HOTEL: L'ERMITAGE"**
Los Angeles Times



L'ERMITAGE
hôtel de grande classe
Beverly Hills, California

**"I'm a chemical industry engineer
in charge of my plant's air quality.
We breathe that air. You can be sure
I keep it clean."**



Tom Neal, Process Control Coordinator for a major chemical company, with his daughter Kimberly in their backyard.

"My plant is just a couple of miles from my home, and it's a real success story.

"It was designed from the ground up to control pollution. My job is to see that it does what it's supposed to do. And there are 10,000 other people like me throughout the chemical industry—specialists whose main job is protecting the environment.

"The manufacturing process I supervise has elaborate controls that, first of all, minimize waste products. Then we have a flare system to convert potential hydrocarbon emissions back to their basic components of carbon dioxide and water—the ingredients in soda pop.

"So the air around here is really clean.

"And that's how we planned it. We've invested millions in pollution control, just as other companies in the chemical industry have done. In fact, the total comes to over \$8 billion.

"It's paying off, too. At one company I know, electrostatic precipitators help reduce fly ash emissions by nearly 100%. That's the kind of success that helps us all breathe a little easier."

For a booklet that tells how we're protecting people and the environment, write Chemical Manufacturers Association, Dept. MW-203, Box 363, Beltsville, MD 20705.

**America's
Chemical Industry**

The member companies of
the Chemical Manufacturers Association

WEAR THE MOST POPULAR SHIRT OF THE TROPICS!



ONLY \$15⁹⁵ each/2 for \$30

Enjoy this authentic fashion from the Islands! Comfortable, first quality, easy care! 65% polyester, 35% cotton. Machine wash & dry. Shipped directly to you from the Virgin Islands. S, M, L, XL in canary yellow, Caribbean blue, island tan, tropic white, mist green.

SIZE	COLOR	QUANTITY	PRICE

Please add \$1 to your order to help defray postage & handling **\$1.00**

Send to: **Total** _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Enclosed: Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Card ☐

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature: _____

Asra Inc. / Mail Order Dept.
P.O. Box 3321, St. Thomas U.S.V.I. 00801

VERACRUZ THIS SUMMER. CANADA'S ST. LAWRENCE NOVA SCOTIA & NEW ENGLAND STARTING JUNE 11, 1982. EVERY FRIDAY FROM EITHER NEW YORK OR MONTREAL

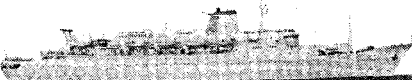
7 DAY ONE WAY CRUISES
\$795 PER PERSON
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY
PLUS PORT TAX
FROM **\$795** RETURN VIA
AMTRAK \$35

NORTHBOUND ITINERARY:
NEW YORK • NEW BEDFORD • CAPE COD CANAL •
SYDNEY N.S. • BONAVENTURE ISLAND • SAGUENAY
FJORD • QUEBEC • MONTREAL
SOUTHBOUND ITINERARY
MONTREAL • QUEBEC • SAGUENAY FJORD •
HALIFAX N.S. • FALL RIVER MASS. • NEW YORK.

Write for Brochure: **BAHAMA CRUISE LINE**
61 BROADWAY N.Y., N.Y. 10006

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____ NY

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL:
N.Y. CITY (212) 480-0177 NATIONAL (800) 221-2830
PANAMA REGISTRY



BAHAMA CRUISE LINE

ago, and for a while she and her husband ran a tavern called Eddie's Lounge. The years at Eddie's Lounge did not give Chicken Betty a taste for management: she often got fed up with the help—particularly with slovenly waitresses—and with her husband, who “mostly sat on the end bar stool.” Betty Lucas grew up on a farm sort of like the one Aunt Em and Uncle Henry ran—it was in Nebraska rather than Kansas—and she has strong notions about doing any job right. “We are talking here about the last of the great pan-fryers,” I figured I would tell the bridge-naming sub-committee of the City Council. “The empire builders in our midst are not interviewed respectfully by Mimi Sheraton.”

I asked Chicken Betty whether she would do anything different if she had it to do all over again.

“If I was doing this all over?” Chicken Betty said, taking out her towel to wipe away a mark I couldn't see on the table. She smiled. “If I was doing this all over,” she said, “I would have franchised.”

—CALVIN TRILLIN

MR. GOIZUETA, MEET MR. DRUCKER

My senior partner was in his 70s, from an old banking family—300 years old—where marriages were dynastic affairs. The old man always said to me: “Mr. Drucker, you are starting out with the financial figures. That's wrong: One ends with them. You are talking of a marriage. One doesn't marry a girl without a dowry. But one first investigates her ancestors. First comes the ancestry. Then comes the girl. Finally, the dowry. The only thing that's negotiable is the dowry. Neither the ancestry nor the girl is negotiable. They have to be right.” And that is the way one looks at an acquisition.—*Peter Drucker quoted in Forbes, January 18, 1982.*

Mr. Goizueta didn't address the substance of that issue but offered a metaphorical response typical of the 50-year-old chief executive officer. “An acquisition is like a marriage,” he said. “You look at the bride, and you like her. She's beautiful. She comes from a good family. You think you're going to be happy with her, so the last thing you talk about is the dowry.” —*Roberto Goizueta quoted in the Wall Street Journal, January 20, 1982.*

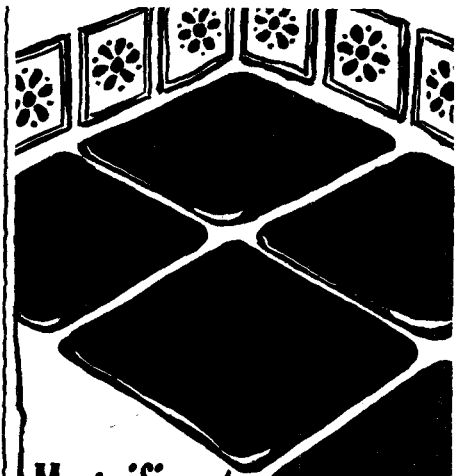
17:35 OMNI

“The New Frontier”

Peter Ustinov discusses a computerized TV system that can be controlled in the home. Also: conclusion of birth underwater in Russia; and immorality through diet and exercise is explored.

—*TV-Guide, published for viewers of the American Forces Network in Germany.*

What's wrong with the old route?

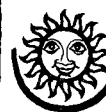


Magnificent Mexican Tile!

Stylish, south-of-the-border elegance for every room in your home. Over 200 colors and patterns of hand-painted Talavera tile and 8 rich colors of Monterrey tile in stock for immediate shipment!

Send \$1.00 for our color literature.

222 Galisteo St., Santa Fe,
NM 87501 505-983-5563



Artesanos
Imports Co.

The Mexican marketplace in Santa Fe!

*San Francisco's
Best Kept
Secret*

*An elegant Victorian
lodging establishment
offering service and
comfort in the relaxed
manner of a country
inn. Superb Union
Square location.
Continental breakfast
served. From \$42-\$75.*

The Andrews Hotel
624 Post Street • San Francisco, CA 94109
(415) 563-6877 • (800) 227-4742
In California (800) 622-0557
Operated by the Andrews Family

THE RAINBOW ROOM
ABOVE ALL

65 floors atop Rockefeller Center. Dine, dance and romance amid elegant art deco surroundings and spectacular views of the city. Pre-theatre a la carte and after theatre menus.

The Rainbow Room 30 Rockefeller Plaza.
New York City. Res: 757-9090

And at The Rainbow Grill, “KICKS II” a daring, delightful French cabaret revue produced by Peter Jackson.

"I stay here because of Jacques, and Teleplan."



What makes this my favorite hotel when I'm overseas?

Jacques, for one reason. Knowing he cares about the people he cooks for is as important to me as the meal he serves. And when I see the *Teleplan* sign, I also know this hotel cares enough about me as a guest to make sure that I can make an international call at a reasonable charge.

That means no unreasonable surcharge fee. And that's pretty important.

Because many hotels without *Teleplan* often charge \$50 or more for a \$20 phone call. That's why the Bell System, working together with leading hotels, initiated *Teleplan*.

Who has *Teleplan*? The hotels are listed on the right.

The next time you take a trip, stay where they care. You'll find a great hotel with your very own Jacques. And you'll find a hotel with *Teleplan*.



The fair-cost way to call home.

THESE LEADING HOTELS ARE TELEPLAN HOTELS

GOLDEN TULIP HOTELS HOLLAND

HILTON INTERNATIONAL
Worldwide

LEDRA HOTEL
Nicosia, Cyprus

THE LYGON ARMS
Broadway, Worcestershire
England

MARRIOTT HOTELS
TRUSTHOUSE FORTE
United Kingdom

HOTEL ASSOCIATIONS OF:
Ireland, Israel,
Portugal



Bell System

Want to know more? Call our International Information Service, toll free: 1 800 874-4000
In Florida, call 1 800 342-0400

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Carry Your Own Matches

EIGHTY thousand years ago, on broad primeval plains, Naoh (Everett McGill), the bravest warrior of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, and two fellow-warriors, Amoukar (Ron Perlman) and Gaw (Nameer El-Kadi), are sent out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back to the Ulam. The science fantasy "Quest for Fire" is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001;" it's a heavy dose of Desmond (Naked Ape) Morris in 70-millimetre, with blaring Dawn of Consciousness music, and as Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. "The Stone Age is this ancient country from which we have all been exiled," the screenwriter, Gérard Brach, has explained. "However, its memory remains in the collective unconscious, in the unconscious of each of us, regardless of race, creed, philosophy or social position. 'Quest for Fire' transcends languages and nationalities and speaks to the deepest human experience." It sounds like the ground plan for the U.N.

I'm sure that the film was no end of trouble to make, and that the mucky, scraggly landscapes (of the non-tourist areas of Africa, Scotland, and Canada where it was shot) couldn't have been much fun to work in. But if it weren't for the grisly closeups of confrontations between apelike men and beasts and between ape-men and ape-men, with the music working up a frenzy, the picture might be taken for a put-on. (If it were double-billed with the comedian Carl Gottlieb's "Caveman," its overblown solemnity might backfire.) Only one pleasant thing happens to the three Ulam on their travels: they encounter Ika (Rae Dawn Chong), of the highly developed mud-people tribe, the Ivaka. When

they first see the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika, who wears nothing but body paint, she has been captured by cannibals and is strung up like a deer carcass next to another slender young girl, whose arm has already been chewed off. Rescued by Naoh, Ika scampers after him and his pals, and stays close to them for protection, screaming shrilly at Amoukar's attempt to jump her from behind, but accepting Naoh. When she runs away to her own village, he follows, and discovers that the Ivaka, who have pottery and the beginnings of a culture, know how to *make* fire. Later, Ika goes with him to the Ulam encampment and shows the Ulam the secret. It's woman the fire-bringer in this very eighties movie—Promethea. Ika brings the Ulam fire like a dowry. She also teaches Naoh the missionary position, and they experience mutually satisfying sex; soon after, he pats her pretty little swollen tummy and, smiling, looks up at the moon—having presumably figured out the menstrual cycle.

It's almost impossible to guess what the tone of much of this ape-man love story (based on a French novel, by J. H. Rosny, Sr.) is intended to be. Are we meant to laugh at the gaminess? At the men's werewolf fore-

heads? (Thick hair sprouts about an inch above their eyebrows.) The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, seems to be willing for us to laugh but not sure about how to tell us when. He must be aware that Amoukar has been made to look like George Lucas's Chewbacca, and that Amoukar and the foolish Gaw are often like a team of baggy-pants comics without the pants. But probably Annaud doesn't mean for us to laugh at the credentials of the people involved—Anthony Burgess, who "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris, who "created" the "body language and gestures." Surely Anthony Burgess wasn't on the level when he came up with words like "wa wa" and "aga vau"? The cannibals are the Kzamm, and the Neanderthal plunderers with thick body hair, like gorillas, are called the Wagabou. The whole thing suggests one of those issues of *National Geographic* that kids used to pore over to see what furry people looked like naked. But the director seems to have aspirations that go beyond the Kubrick prologue and "Star Wars" to something—well, higher.

It's that higher something which appears to be behind the gore and gruesomeness—the wolves and bears attacking and devouring, the ape-men hitting each other with clubs and bones. The picture keeps shoving torn flesh at us, continually demonstrating the bloody violence of our beginnings.

The composer, Philippe Sarde, has really let himself go in the Stravinsky and Wagner department, and the soundtrack provides a mixture of a heavenly choir and electronic grunts and howls. The dubious "Naked Ape" theory of man's innate violence is implicit in this way of showing human development, and it probably accounts for the film's featuring the spear-carrying Ulam, in their rough animal skins, as our ancestors. This is a new wrinkle in racism: the picture concentrates on the Ulam, who are *potentially* Caucasian. The implication of the title—that Naoh's quest represents the begin-

MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER



C. Barsootti

EUROPE AND THE QE2: DON'T MISS THE MAGIC.

This year, 5 million people will go to Europe; 40,000 will do it well. Join them, while you still can, on the magnificent ship that columnist Russell Lynes describes as "part palace, part playground": the one-and-only Queen Elizabeth 2.

The last of a royal line, the QE2 is not only the most civilized way to travel between New York and Europe, where the dollar seems to buy you more every day. It is "indisputably the greatest ship in the world," according to Michael Kenyon, *Gourmet Magazine*.

You don't just sail it. You live it.

With sophisticated restaurants, international performers, lively bars and a big-league casino, the Queen entertains you royally.

See first-run films in her 500-seat cinema. Succumb to temptation in her smart shops. Send someone flowers. Dip into her 20,000-bottle wine cellar. Disco the night away. Even throw a party: the Queen's staterooms are the largest, most lavish afloat.

Indulge yourself, because experts from the QE2 Spa at Sea will keep you fit! Enjoy yoga and aerobic dance, a gym and jogging deck, saunas and swimming pools, a masseur and a masseuse—even special exercises and menus.

One way is fabulous. The other way is free.

This year, a legendary five-day crossing can cost you as little as \$1,095.* What's more, your one-way QE2 ticket includes a free British Airways ticket the other way—between London and any of the 15 U.S. and Canadian cities the airline serves.**

As a QE2 passenger, you enjoy a free night at London's fabulous Ritz or Cunard Hotel Bristol, when you stay at least three nights. And a 20 percent discount at Inter-Continental hotels in Europe. You have a choice of nine escorted or independent European tours, at prices comparable to tours without the special magic of the Queen.

What's more, you can turn your next business trip into a European getaway for two: fly one way... sail the other... and your spouse sails free!***

But don't delay. Although the QE2 makes 24 crossings between Apr. 7 and Dec. 14, the choicest accommodations go first. Contact your travel agent or call Cunard at (212) 661-7777. Or mail the coupon.

*Per person, double occupancy. Minimum may vary with departure date.

**Free air based on economy fare in effect as of November, 1981. Length-of-stay restrictions apply. See your travel agent for details.

British Registry

CUNARD P.O. Box 999, Farmingdale, NY 11737

E010672Q04

Send me the full-color brochures checked.

- ☐ QE2 Transatlantic, including details on free airfare and hotel discounts.
☐ QE2 Tours and Cruises in Europe.
☐ QE2 Special Business Travelers' Offer.

Name _____

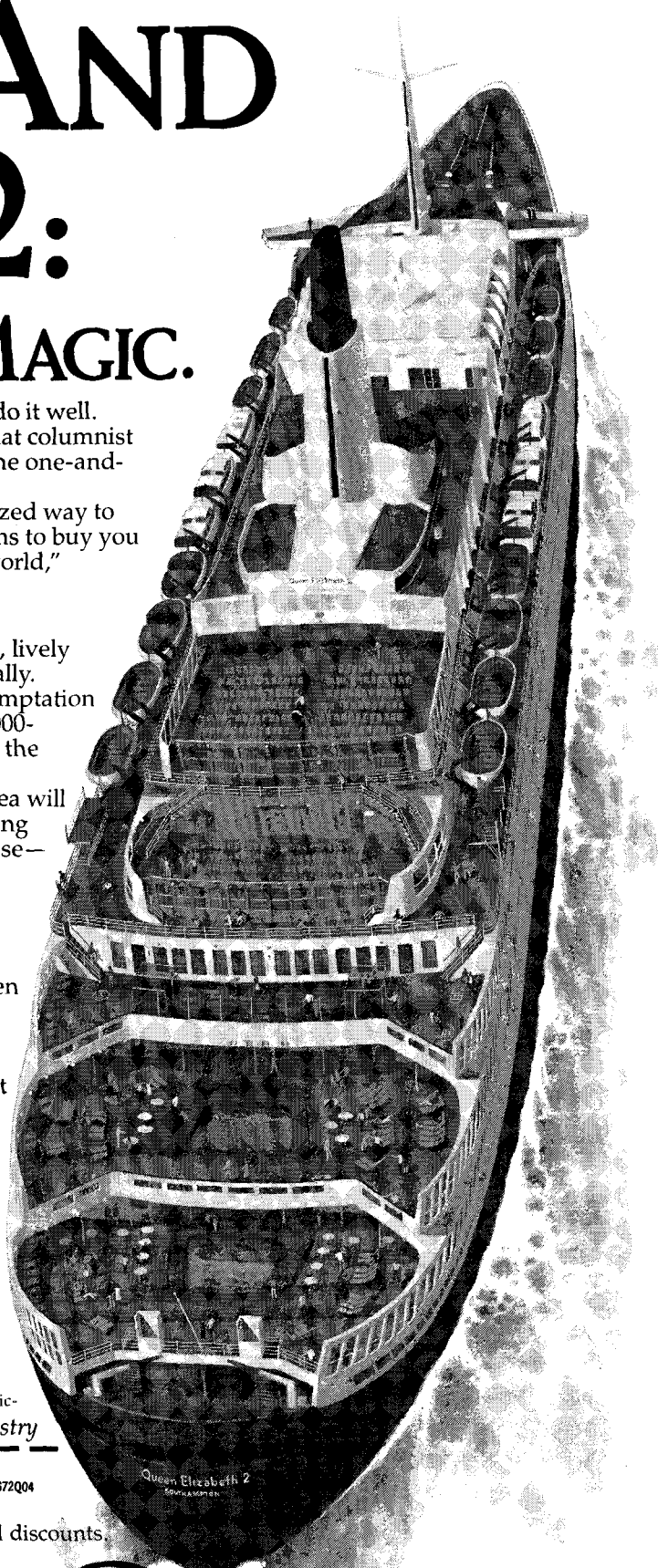
Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

My Travel Agent: _____



QUEEN
ELIZABETH 2
FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE, LIVE.



Men's Reversible Slicker

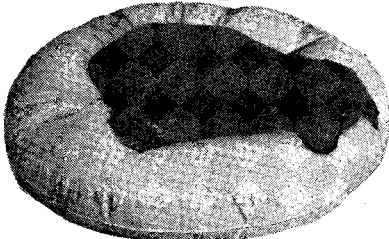
The blue, green or yellow PVC reverses to navy rayon for "slick-as-a-whistle" rain protection. S-XL. Special Value 16.99

Please send: Item _____ Qty _____
 Color _____ Size _____ Price _____
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Postage & handling 2.25 Total _____
 VISA _____ MasterCard _____ Am. Exp. _____
 Inter-bank No. MasterCard _____
 Exp. Date _____ Check/Money Order _____
 Add Sales Tax where applicable
 Phone (301) 574-6600 Mail to:
 Rossville Blvd. P.O. Box 18504
 Baltimore, MD 21237-0704

Hamburgers

Clothiers Since 1850

ORVIS Dog's Nest®



Once your dog tries this wonderfully soft bed, he won't sleep anywhere else... the shape allows him to curl up into the center and use the edge for a pillow. Bed is filled with expanded polystyrene which retains the animal's body heat. Sturdy blue denim or red tartan poly/cotton cover zips off for washing. 26" nest for dogs under 15 lbs.; 30" for 35 lbs. and under; 38" for 35 to 60 lbs.; 45" over 60 lbs. Cats love it too!

ORVIS 10 River Road 112
 Manchester, Vermont 05254

- [] Blue Denim [] Royal Stewart
- [] GG2570 - 26" Dog's Nest @ \$29.50
- [] GG2571 - 30" Dog's Nest @ \$36.50
- [] GG2572 - 38" Dog's Nest @ \$44.50
- [] GG2573 - 45" Dog's Nest @ \$52.50
- [] Send FREE ORVIS CATALOG

Name _____
 Address _____
 _____ Zip _____
 [] Check Enclosed [] MasterCard
 [] American Express [] Visa
 Card No. _____
 Expiration Date _____
 Issuing Bank No. _____
 Signature _____

ning of civilization—is something of a fake, since the relatively peaceful, giggly Ivaka (and perhaps other tribes) know how to make fire and have devised ways of using it when the Ulam are still running around trying to steal it and carry it home.

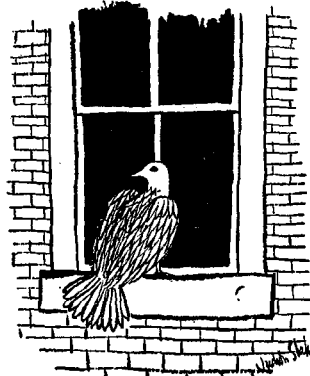
Jean-Jacques Annaud has his own primitivism: the camera starts a scene from way back and then moves in—almost always in the same way. And he has a makeshift, linear approach to storytelling. He doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. If, for example, Naoh goes into the cannibals' camp to steal their fire while his buddies try to distract the cannibals and draw them away, the camera stays with Naoh and we don't find out how things are going for the others. Menacing tribes or animals conveniently disappear while we follow the fortunes of another character. What's fun in the movie is the makeup, and the way that the faces of Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi are simian and yet attractive. (The sixties have made the ape look seem hip.) Amoukar and Gaw are like companionable monkeys—their brows are furrowed when they're picking nits off each other. And Rae Dawn Chong, with stripes of dark paint across her face that make her look like a lemur, and her blue-clay-dyed nakedness and high-pitched chattering, slithers around amusingly. The makeup on the Kzamm and the

Wagabou—who are like nasty, brutish versions of the citizens of "Planet of the Apes"—is entertaining in a giddy, horror-movie way. But the makeup on the animals is much less effective: the elephants draped in shag rugs so that they can simulate mammoths come out looking more like Muppets. And the sequence they're in is a pipsqueak version of the Androcles and the Lion story: the mammoths attack the enemies of the Ulam because Naoh shows his respect for the giant beasts and offers their leader some grassy fodder. The sabres on the sabretoothed tigers look pretty flimsy, but these big cats are part of the one likable sequence. Pursued by the tigers, the three Ulam warriors climb a weak, spindly tree and hang on at the top among the few branches. Trapped there as it grows dark, they

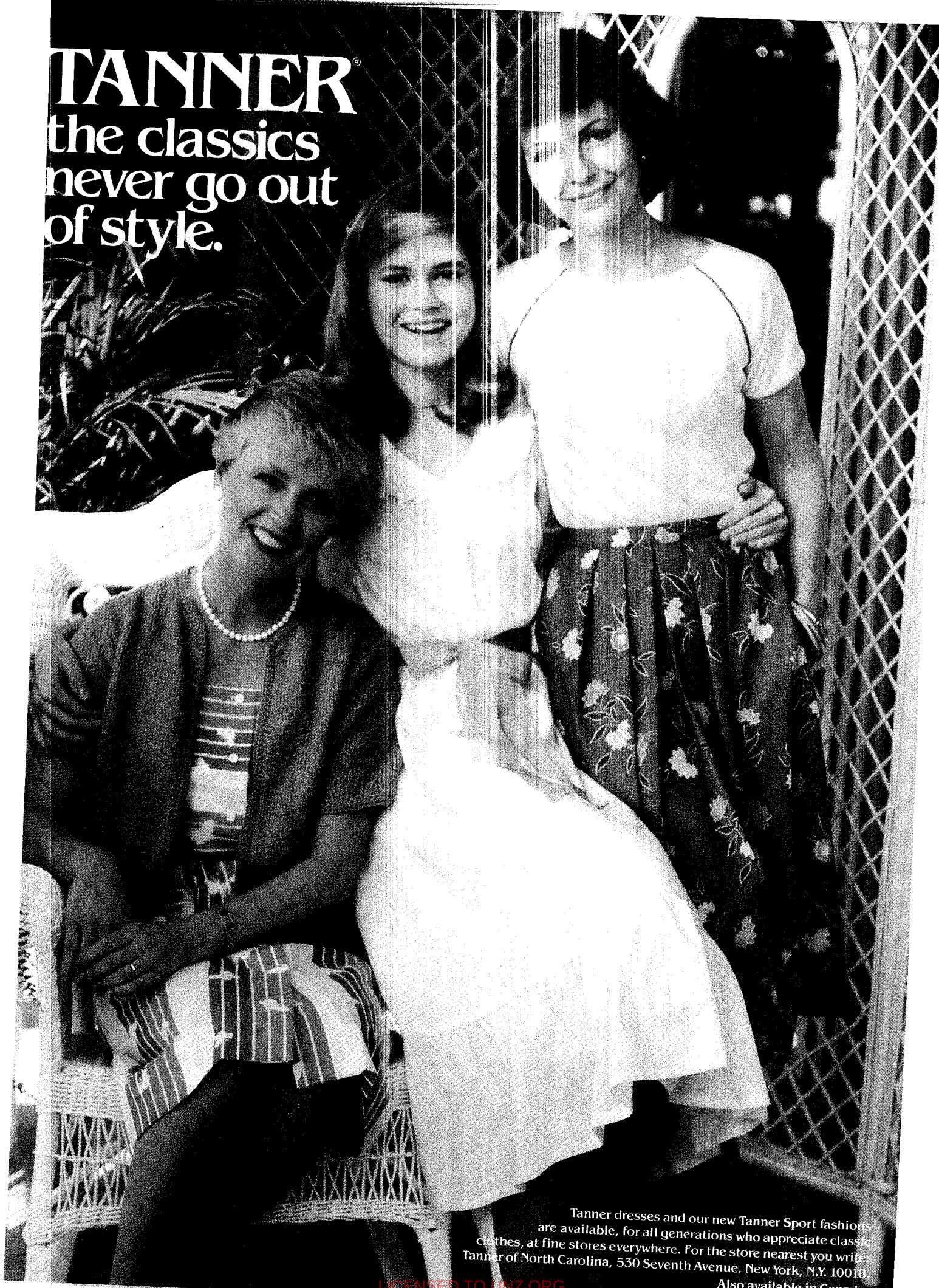
get hungry and nibble a leaf or two; there's a cut to the morning, and the men are still up in the tree, which is denuded.

WHEN Jack Lemmon puts his finger under his stiff collar and twists his neck—that familiar tic of his which he uses to show that the character he's playing is writhing in discomfort—he puts me in mourning for the lost evening. The Italian actor Ugo Tognazzi often has the same effect on me. It's not that they're bad actors, exactly—it's that they're sweaty, loyal, and hollow. They're actors through and through; they're nothing *but* actors. When they're in realistic roles—as Lemmon is in Costa-Gavras's "Missing" and as Tognazzi is in Bernardo Bertolucci's "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man"—they're busy being realistic. The more they try to become Everyman, the more actorish they are. They're lightweights—gifted comedians—who get soggy when they try to fill the screen in heavyweight, tragicomic roles. Jack Lemmon is so eager to have depth that he looks on a serious role as a chance for redemption—he goes at it with the wide-eyed-kid enthusiasm of a Jesus freak. Subdued and dolorous as he is in "Missing," he's still hyperactive, and when he walks down a corridor clutching his stomach the screen oozes boringness.

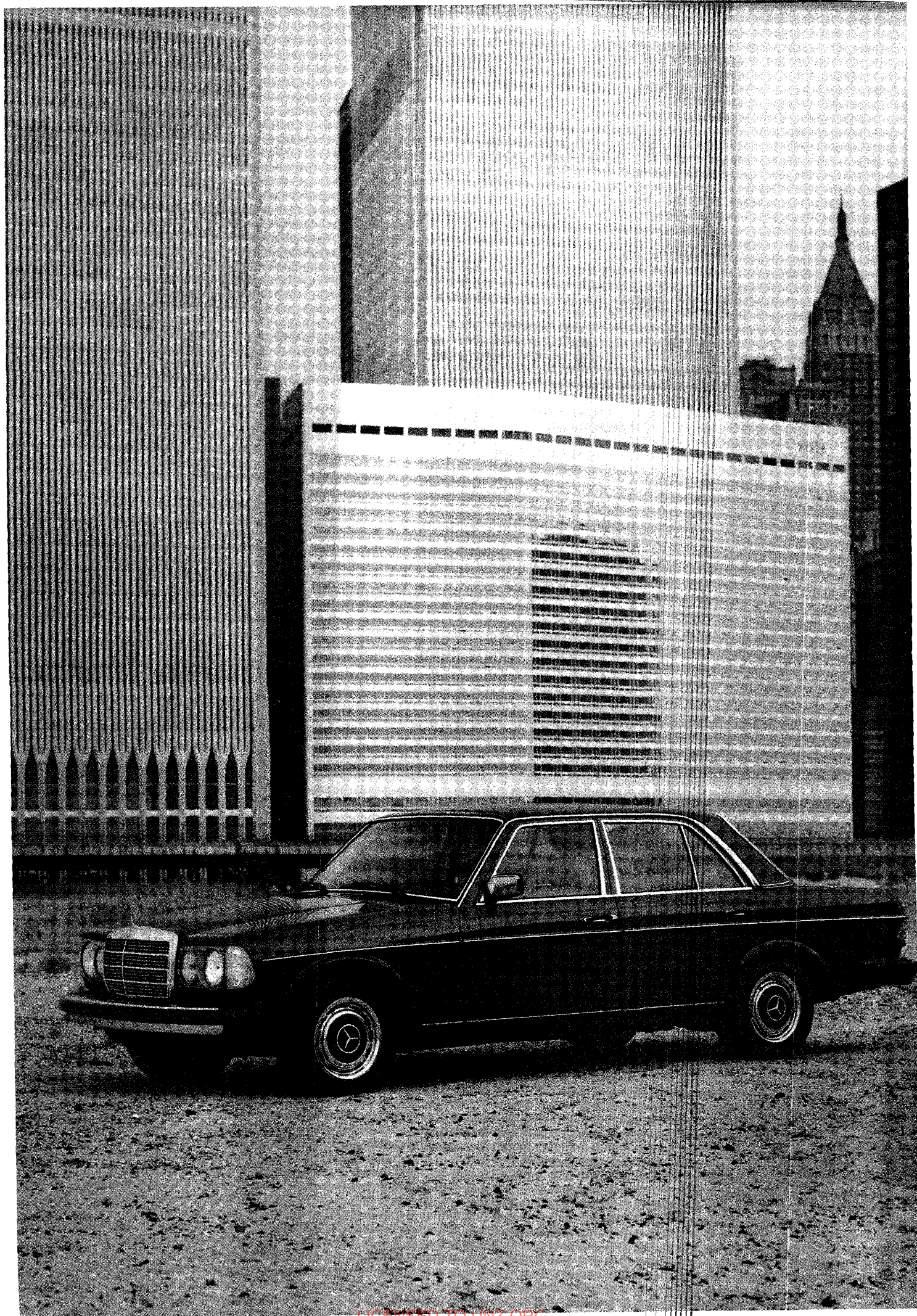
Set in Chile (the country isn't named but its capital is), "Missing" takes place in 1973, at the time of the military coup against Allende's government. It's a didactic melodrama, based on the actual case of Charles Horman, a young American living in Santiago who disappeared a few days after General Pinochet and his junta took power. Horman's wife (called Beth here, and played by Sissy Spacek) can't find him, and his father, Ed Horman (Lemmon), who is a conservative, Christian Scientist businessman, comes to help in the search. Ed is a Middle-American prig so antagonistic to his son's counterculture way of life that you practically expect him to start yelling "Pinko prevert!" at the distraught wife. Jack Lemmon is playing a variant of the role that Jane Fonda has been playing in films such as "Coming Home" and "The



TANNER®
the classics
never go out
of style.



Tanner dresses and our new Tanner Sport fashions
are available, for all generations who appreciate classic
clothes, at fine stores everywhere. For the store nearest you write:
Tanner of North Carolina, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018.
Also available in Canada.



The Mercedes-Benz 240D: the \$23,000* sedan based on the timeless idea that function should always come first.

Frivolity is out. The 240 D is one and a half tons of cold engineering logic—
an automobile meant to reflect not your wealth but your perspicacity.

People choose the 240 D Sedan because—like Mercedes-Benz engineers—they believe that functional efficiency seldom comes from shortcuts.

The 240 D is powered by one of the *saner*-sized engines in its class: a four cylinder diesel engine, displacing just 2.4 liters.

Few engines of any size are more expensively machined and balanced. (All pistons and connecting rods, for instance, are individually balanced as a set.) Such precision helps the 240 D's engine face the prospect of long, hard, heavy use unafraid.

This power plant is so sophisticated in design that a built-in device adjusts the fuel injection rate *barometrically*, to help the 240 D run efficiently at 7,000 feet or at sea level.

Yet it is so simple in operation that for its first 10,000 miles, total scheduled maintenance is about three hours.

\$558 for 10,000 miles?

The 240 D lets you choose between maximum convenience and maximum mileage with four-speed automatic or four-speed manual versions.

Even the automatic hardly guzzles fuel. In fact, at an average cost of \$1.34-per-gallon for diesel fuel in the U.S. and with the EPA mileage figure of 24 mpg estimated,** the automatic 240 D should take you 10,000 miles for about \$558.

No gadgets, no baubles

The 240 D is engineered to

take the strains of high mileage and hard driving in stride.

The car's lack of shimmy and shake on ugly roads owes much to its rigid, welded steel fuselage—a unit body.



The efficiency of tenacious roadholding is standard.

Its four-wheel disc brakes (with 456 sq. in. of swept area) could stop a vehicle many times its size and weight.

The 240 D is not shy of potholed roads, humpbacked roads, or twisty roads. Sold as it is in 90 countries—few blessed with superhighways—it could not afford to be.

Gadgets and baubles are absent. What could these add to efficiency? An electronic cruise control is provided, allowing you to hold a steady 55-mph—without fuel-wasting ups and downs.

Because the 240 D is meant to take efficient care of its occupants, it incorporates 120 safety features. Many of these satisfy Federal laws. And many more are incorporated to satisfy the Mercedes-Benz obsession with safety.

Robots, hands, eyes

A well-built car is usually a more efficient car. It is for this

reason that Mercedes-Benz lavishes such care on the 240 D's construction and finish.

It does not feel tinny. The body is not bolted together but fused together as a unit structure—4,786 welds strong.

Robots precision-weld the body. Since robots can't smooth body seams and joints, skilled workmen do.

The efficiency of value

The 240 D is a sensible but not a Spartan automobile. Even air conditioning is standard, and the interior is accented with a traditional wood grain that is created by *real* wood.

Mercedes-Benz cars in America have written such a legend of retained value that this must be considered alongside that \$23,000 price tag. These cars—including the 240 D—have been shown to retain 80 percent of their *original value* after the first three years.

In this category, as in others, there is simply no other automobile like the Mercedes-Benz 240 D Sedan. At \$23,000 or any price.

*Approximate suggested advertised delivered price at port of entry.

**EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather.
© 1982 Mercedes-Benz N.A., Inc., Montvale, N.J.



**Engineered like no other
car in the world**

Put a charming look on a little charmer.



"Tulips" is just one of many charming play-wear looks for infants and toddlers available at Bloomingdale's (N.Y.C.), Nordstrom's (Seattle), J.W. Robinson (Los Angeles), F & R Lazarus (Columbus, Ohio), and other fine stores.

THOMAS

112 W. 34th STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10001

Jewels for your table

The two faces of Z—Brilliant cuttings and clean-line elegance. Uncommon qualities in a crystal collection so affordably priced. Send 25¢ for Z complete, full-color catalogue and the name of your nearest retailer. Cristallerie Zwiesel, 11 East 26th Street, NY NY 10010.



China Syndrome": he's the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reeducated) by what he learns. For the sake of this demonstration, the actual Ed Horman, a cultivated man who married a painter (Mrs. Horman was at one time president of the National Association of Women Artists) and was a devoted father, is presented as a rigid conformist who believes what the American Embassy officials tell him and thinks that if his son got into trouble it was his own fault. He brushes aside his daughter-in-law's suspicions that they're being stalled and lied to. It's by turning Ed Horman into Costa-Gavras's notion of a Middle-American Everyman that the film hopes to make an impact on the mass audience. Everything in "Missing" is predetermined—it's a Q.E.D. production, laid out to teach us, step by step, as Ed Horman gradually comes to share Beth's views. He has his own Dawn of Consciousness.

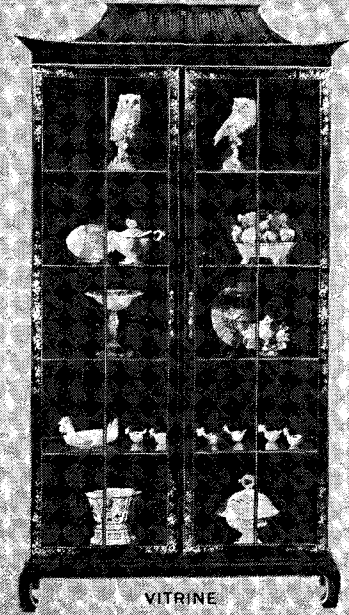
According to the film, which hops back and forth between the runaround that Ed and Beth are given and flashbacks to the last days of the son's life, Charles Horman (John Shea) was executed, with American foreknowledge and consent, because "he knew too much." While showing a visiting old friend (Melanie Mayron) around Chile, he had stumbled on information about American involvement in the planning of the coup. "Missing" opens with the statement "This film is based on a true story. The incidents and facts are documented." And, yes, it is *derived* from a true story. But Costa-Gavras's idea of documentation may be closer to surmise than yours or mine. There appears to be considerable doubt about whether American officials did in fact conspire in Charles Horman's execution, and though there is no doubt that the American government tried to prevent Allende's election in 1970, and was actively involved in destabilizing his regime and subsidizing opposition parties and making his life hell, there is a good deal of doubt about whether the American military actually helped stage the coup. But we bear so much guilt for what happened in Chile that perhaps it's almost a fine point—a quibble—whether we actually pulled the triggers.

"The Battle of Chile," which interpreted Allende's overthrow in much the same way, is far more manipulative, yet I think it's a great film. "Missing" isn't; it isn't even good. Mak-

UNION-NATIONAL

Since 1901

fine bedroom, dining room and occasional furniture



VITRINE

From our distinctive collection of wall cabinets and breakfronts.

Send \$3.00 to Department N for brochure

"Furniture for Gracious Living"

UNION-NATIONAL, INC.
P.O. BOX 1259, JAMESTOWN, N.Y. 14701

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. In summer when it is warm there is swimming, fishing and boating. And in winter, quite the other way, ice skating, a bit of skiing, a quiet winter walk along the old canal towpath . . . and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

The Hyatt Regency in San Antonio is the newest spectacle on the River Walk.

And Elson's, of course, is in on the ground floor.

The most elegant hotels in America have something in common...an Elson's shop, just off the lobby.

Elson's

TAKE OUR FREE ADVICE

ON YOUR NEXT VACATION
... FROM THE PEOPLE OF OREGON.



Here's one of the
world's great travel
destinations, presented in full
64-page detail.

Everything from wine-tasting to
whitewater . . . seacoast frolics to guest
ranching . . . plush resorts to rustic cabins
. . . fishing rewards to rockhounding . . . year-
round skiing to Shakespearean theater . . .
Oregon has it all, and it's all in the book!

Photos, maps, full descriptions to
invite you among the friendly
people of Oregon. Yours, free for the
asking!

PHONE TODAY
for your **FREE** copy:
1-800-547-7842

(outside Oregon) or write to Oregon Travel, Room
NY382, Transportation Building, Salem, OR 97310.

Free Bank Book



...of savings on fine traditional clothing and furnishings for men and women.

For example:

Men's all wool tropical suits \$195.
Men's & Women's hopsack blazers \$115.
Men's and Women's button-down shirts \$17.50
Sailcloth skirts \$28.
Men's all silk repp ties \$12.50

J.S.A. Bank Clothiers 0278

25 S. Charles Street/Baltimore, Md. 21201
(301) 837-8838

Please send me your free 80-page full-color catalog of quality apparel.

Name _____

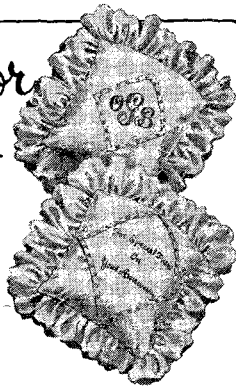
Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Decorator Pillows

Beautifully embroidered with monogram or sentiment



For weddings, anniversaries, Mother's Day. Choose from white or natural. Monogram in 1. Powder blue, 2. Daffodil, 3. Pink, 4. Green, or 5. Off-white. Sentiments include:

- A. For Special Friends on Your Anniversary.
- B. Happiness is a Mother Like You.
- C. Happiness is Loving You.
- D. There's Nobody Like My Mother.

100% polyester. Washable. Each \$26.99 ppd.

Andersons

11 SOUTH MAIN
JANESVILLE, WI
53545

Pillow color _____ Design color no. _____

Circle sentiment letter above.

Or indicate monogram _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Master Card

☐ American Express ☐ Visa

Card No. _____

Expiration Date: _____

Signature _____

ing his first American movie, Costa-Gavras uses the same approach that American directors have often used when they wanted to teach us something: he has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. Ed has to face some bitter truths before he awakens politically. Costa-Gavras, who wrote the script with Donald Stewart and the uncredited John Nichols (it's based on a book by Thomas Hauser), goes so far that he has the American Ambassador in Chile tell the father that there are three thousand American firms doing business there and that he must protect those interests, and has the father reply that they're not *his* interests. It's catechism time.

This approach to an audience is offensive enough when American directors employ it; it's worse when Costa-Gavras does, because his antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. Charles and Beth are so sweet and flower-headed they're like talking kittens, and their apartment has whimsical drawings and messages stuck to the walls—it's like a nursery. Sissy Spacek tries to give her role some spunk, and she brings a twangy hominess to her resigned acceptance of Ed's fatuity; and John Shea, with his vague, poetic gaze, has a good face for peering out of windows. But Charles Horman, the political journalist and organizer, has been made so dreamily innocent you'd think he was living in Chile because it was the only place where he could have a pet duck and read "The Little Prince" aloud to his wife.

Every detail of the transformation of Ed Horman takes place on schedule: we have to listen to his initial tiresome spatting with Beth so that we can observe each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to her counterculture values. I like the way Sissy Spacek handles him; most of what she does in the movie seems fresh and natural. But when she puts an arm around Ed, you hear a click in your head: he's beginning to see the light. And because this is the foreground action the only real filmmaking is in the backgrounds. "Missing," which was shot in Mexico, has texture: it has the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law—the sirens, the tanks, the helicopters, the feeling of

abnormal silences and of random terror, the scuffles between civilians and soldiers, the stadium where those suspected of left-wing connections are held, sitting in the bleachers. There's a memorable scene with Beth, who has missed the last bus home and is out on the street after curfew, hiding in an alcove behind some iron grillwork, listening to volleys of gunfire, some quite close. Sissy Spacek is stunningly at odds with everything that's going on there in Santiago. She never seems more American than when she's huddled, curled up behind the fence, sleeping. The visual details have something tangible about them; the plot points don't. If the friend played by Melanie Mayron was with Charles Horman when he learned so much about what the American



brass was up to, why was she allowed to leave the country? Too many details are left dangling. You may get the impression that Costa-Gavras's only interest in Charles Horman's death is as evidence for conclusions about the general pattern of United States meddling in other countries that he formed years ago. He isn't making the film for himself; he's making it for us—all us Ed Hormans. Those are the gift horses to look in the mouth.

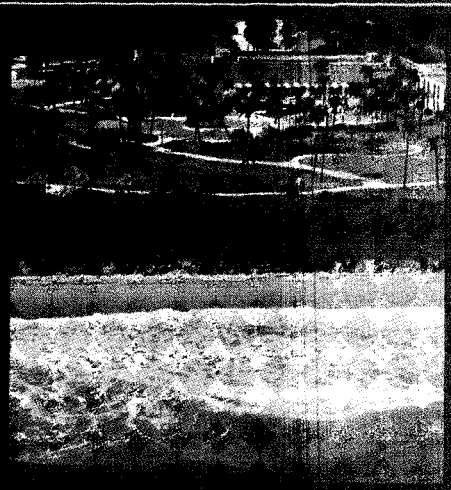
Probably the producers at Universal thought of asking Costa-Gavras to take on the book about Charles Horman because, essentially, he had already done it, in his 1972 "State of Siege." What he does here is simply a smoother, slowed-down version of a Costa-Gavras film, but I doubt whether even the staccato urgency of his earlier editing style could have enlivened it. It's a tired, emotionally exhausted movie. Maybe if the Jack Lemmon character had been left out and if we had seen Sissy Spacek and her young American friends using resources of pragmatic intelligence they'd never had to draw on before, and trying to figure out how to behave to be effective with the right-wing Chileans... But that would be an altogether different movie—you'd have to be interested in what Americans might do in those circumstances.

Costa-Gavras isn't a Communist Party-liner. He did make "The Confession" (1970), an examination of the show trials in Czechoslovakia. His political position appears to be a pro-left hopelessness. He knows there's a difference between the Soviet Union and



SHERATON-ROYAL BISCAYNE A 45-acre tropical resort on Key Biscayne, Florida. 14 miles from Miami International. 10 tennis courts, pro. 2 pools, beach, sailing. Golf nearby. Fine dining. Entertainment.

SHERATON-BAL HARBOUR On Florida's Atlantic Coast, with a beach as wide as 3 soccer fields. Wind-surfing, sailing, indoor/outdoor pool. Across from 50 of the world's finest shops. Superb dining, entertainment.



SHERATON-PALM COAST RESORT Informal luxury on 5 miles of Florida's beautiful ocean beach. Dining in the new Palm Pergola. Tennis, racquetball and two nearby 18 hole golf courses. Entertainment.

PGA SHERATON RESORT, PALM BEACH GARDENS Florida's active new resort, "home" of the PGA. 3 championship golf courses, 19 tennis courts, 6 racquetball courts, fitness center, 2 pools. Gourmet dining.

Resorts...Taste the Sheraton difference

It's our style



Sheraton
HOTELS & RESORTS WORLDWIDE
800-325-3535
OR CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT



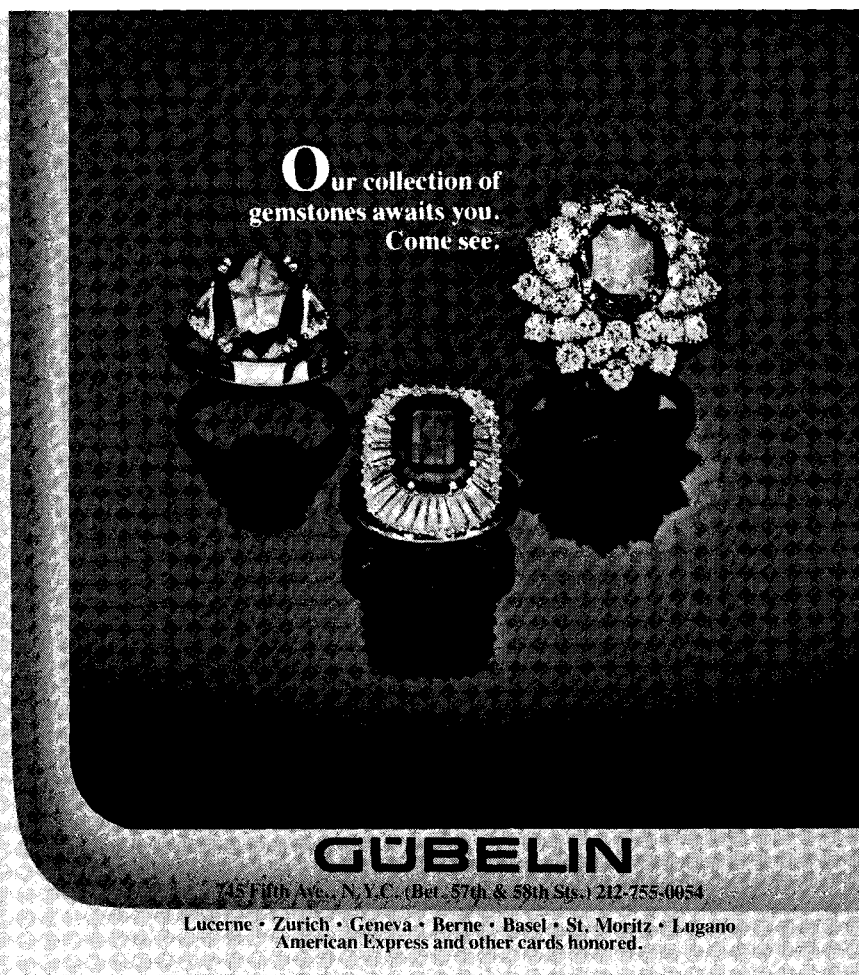
DONNA KARAN/LOUIS DELL'OLIO
FOR ANNE KLEIN AND CO.

the United States. (He would hardly be invited to the Soviet Union to make a film critical of its secret maneuvering in other countries.) Yet he appears to hate Americans—or what he perceives as Americans—so deeply that he turns any American characters involved in military, diplomatic, or political life into pasteboard villains. A Greek expatriate who went to Paris when he was nineteen, he sees the United States as the force that drives people to Communism, and he isn't exactly wrong. But he also condescends to people he doesn't understand, and will probably never understand, because he has all the answers already worked out.

Why is "Missing" receiving so much praise? Maybe because it's such a virtuous cornball melodrama about closing the generation gap, and because Lemmon is there exuding all that heartfelt sincerity and learning how misguided he was. Maybe because Costa-Gavras has found a way to make a political indictment of the United States so custardy that it's palatable.

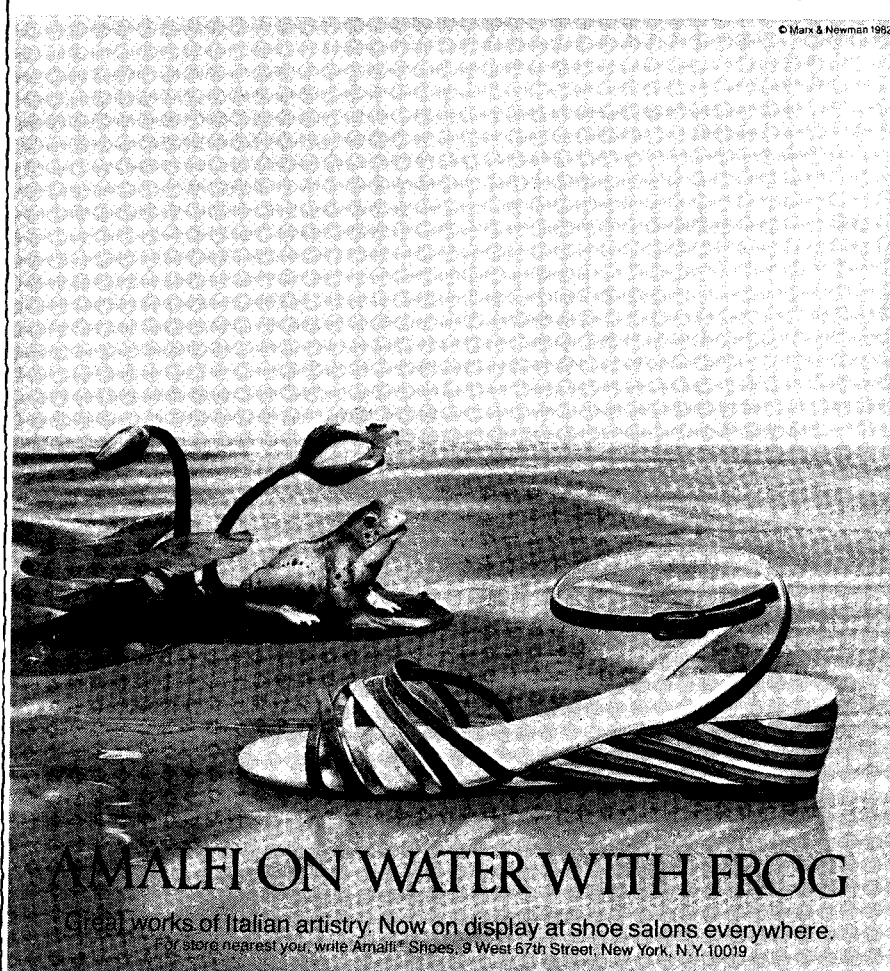
BERTOLUCCI's "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" is much more sophisticated and more personal, but it's a dopey movie—complex yet undramatic, and centering on Ugo Tognazzi doing his robust-life-force and peasant-cunning number. He does have more energy than anything else in the movie, but, like Lemmon's, it's the kind of actor's energy you want to get away from. Tognazzi can play cuckolds and he can also play the men who do the cuckolding, and he has a talent for yearning sentimentalists. But he doesn't have the fullness to carry a picture—he needs a complementary partner, like Alberto Sordi or Michel Serrault.

As Primo, an ordinary man, he's so empty he might be on a puppet stage. Bertolucci gives him some visual weight, but Tognazzi, trying to be magnificently human, never does anything that seems like what a human being would do. "Tragedy," which Bertolucci has called "a completely Italian movie," doesn't seem to be happening in Italy, or anywhere else. It isn't a tragedy, and Primo isn't a ridiculous man. What it is is a terrorist fairy tale. Primo, who has risen to become the owner of a big cheese factory, is married to a handsome, educated Frenchwoman (Anouk Aimée) and has a villa and a yacht. When his only son (played by Tognazzi's son Riki) is kidnapped and he receives the ransom



Our collection of
gemstones awaits you.
Come see.

GÜBELIN
745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. (Bet. 57th & 58th Sts.) 212-755-0054
Lucerne • Zurich • Geneva • Berne • Basel • St. Moritz • Lugano
American Express and other cards honored.



© Marx & Newman 1992

AMALFI ON WATER WITH FROG
Great works of Italian artistry. Now on display at shoe salons everywhere.
For store nearest you, write Amalfi® Shoes, 9 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019



Cordial elegance
Gleneagles
HOTEL

Perthshire, Scotland

Palatial splendour surrounds you, warm Scottish hospitality welcomes you... Gleneagles Hotel is the complete resort—one of the world's greatest, set in its own 610-acre estate on the threshold of the spectacularly beautiful Highlands. A whole world to enjoy: tennis, swimming, sauna, fishing, croquet, squash, cinema, shops. And of course golf on four world famous challenging courses. Meals are renowned—Scottish beef, Tay salmon, Fife lobster—prepared with classic French artistry.

Now open the year 'round
— at affordable prices!

Gleneagles Hotels PLC, owners/operators of Caledonian & North British Hotels, Edinburgh, and Gleneagles Hotel, are represented in USA by BTH Hotels, 185 Madison Ave., NY 10016. Call toll-free, 800-221-1074. NY State & Canada: 212-684-1820.



CLASSIC BATIK SHIRTDRESS

Small standup collar, banded long sleeves. Front buttons and pleat, below knee hem, side pockets. Choose blue, green or coral batik design on 100% pure crumple cotton. Gently machine wash. Sizes S, M, L.

\$49.95 ppd.

Size XL...\$52.95 ppd.

Write for color catalog

J. JILL LTD.

Dept. N38
Stockbridge Rd.
Gt. Barrington, MA 01230

QUIET QUALITY



THE TIDES INN
Irvington, VA 22480
804/438-5000

terms, he feels that selling his factory is like committing suicide, but he and his wife put up the factory and everything else they have in order to raise the money—a billion lire. Things start getting more complicated, in a paralyzed, logy way. Along about then, I started thinking that it was too bad that the kidnappers hadn't set a time limit; there's no urgency, no tension, and you sense that you're not going to find out what's going on, that it's all metaphorical. Primo has received messages from the left-wing terrorist kidnappers through Laura (Laura Morante), who says she's his son's girl, and through Adelfo (Victor Cavallo), a worker priest who says he's a close friend of the son's, and although Primo actually witnessed the kidnapping, he begins to realize that he hardly knows his son and to wonder if the boy isn't in on it. For no apparent reason, Laura and Adelfo tell him that his son is dead, whereupon he turns practical and figures that he can screw the moneylenders and use the ransom money to recapitalize his factory. But his wife is determined to deliver the money. At the end, you get the feeling that everything is going to work out, but you no longer care.

The viewer doesn't find out who is actually involved in the kidnapping. That may be an accurate reflection of the confusion in modern Italy, but it's maddening in a movie, and for Primo not to ask any of the key questions seems inconsistent with his character—it seems false. If he were truly ridiculous, he might keep trying to solve the mystery and keep failing—which would be *something*. But he remains passive, and we stay outside his situation, observing him in a semicomatose state, because there's nothing to engage us. This is a movie about a father-son relationship and about the terrible generational split that has developed in Italy, but Bertolucci centers the movie on the father, while he himself still feels like a son. His tone—the film's tone—toward Primo is patronizing. Primo is a grubby, uninteresting man, and we have no clue to what the son is about. (Bertolucci has spoken publicly about the despair of youth, and has said, "From their silence you cannot guess if they are mutely pleading for help or getting ready to pull the trigger on you." The film is less eloquent.)

The ending is optimistic in a relaxed, Marxist way. But it gives one no particular pleasure, because the whole picture is so visually cool and restrained. In Bertolucci's last film,

THE CHILDREN'S COLLECTION



SPRING • 1982

CHILDREN'S SPRING CATALOG!

Call or send for our free color catalog of classic and fun fashions for children, sizes infant thru 14.

Master Card and Visa accepted.

The Children's Collection, Limited
137 Rowayton Avenue, Dept. N-2
Rowayton, Ct. 06853

or call Toll Free—1-800-243-5535
in Conn. call—1-838-2582

Monday thru Saturday • 9 to 5 EST

Chapel Hill. A great place to retire.

Award-winning energy-efficient homes nestled in the woodlands of a 625 acre farm. Featured in **BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS, FAMILY CIRCLE, and GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.**

Minutes from the University of North Carolina and Chapel Hill—perhaps America's most beautiful cosmopolitan small town.

Ferrington. A contemporary approach to living in the countryside. \$67,000 to \$100,000.

This is not an offer to sell, but an invitation to visit. Void in states where prohibited by law.



Fitch Creations, Inc.
Box 111 Dept. N1
Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514
919 942-5107 in N.C.
800 334-5475

"The finest selection of Amish and Mennonite quilts anywhere."

THE QUILT ROOM
THE OLD COUNTRY STORE
Main St., Intercourse, PA 17534
(Visit our fabric center!)



Quilts made to order. Send \$1.00 for catalog.

the Freudian "Luna," the camera moves had become overdeliberate and self-conscious, as if Antonioni had entered into his soul (or his superego). The picture's cold lyricism was melancholy and elegant, but some vital connection seemed to be missing (in the Antonioni way), and though you could extrapolate the Freudian explanations that Bertolucci had worked in, you didn't feel them. He turned Freud into an abstraction, an ideology; even the moon-mother connection didn't come across. The picture seemed alienated from its own subject. In "Tragedy," with his usual cinematographer, Vittorio Storaro, tied up on "Reds" and "One from the Heart," he used Carlo Di Palma, who shot several films for Antonioni, and it's as if Bertolucci wanted to be alienated from himself, wanted to cut himself off from the pleasures of his own style.

The setting is Parma, the Parma that we have come to know from his films, but it could be a place we've never seen before and have no wish to see again. Bertolucci is a director with ideas, and there are unusual scenes—Primo watching his kitchen staff dance to a rock-and-roll number and joining in, Primo and his wife clutching each other in bed, aroused by anxiety about their son. But none of the scenes go anywhere. Bertolucci's vision is grayed out here and mediocre at heart. Clearly, he feels the need to try things, to change and grow, but he seems to equate maturing with dullness, with using the colorless Ugo Tognazzi, with a kind of passive acceptance. The film is in no hurry, and there's no feeling of discovery in the acting, no zest in the editing; it's like an old man's movie. If you're going to make a picture about a kidnapping and not let the audience know whether the supposed victim was in on the whole thing, then you've got to involve the audience in the characters of either the conspirators or the people who are expected to pay up or in the kidnapped person—or all three, or just two, as the case may be. You've got to involve us in *something*. But to let it all slip out of your hands, as if to say, "It will all work out anyway, that's how life is," is to remind us that life is also going on outside the theatre.

—PAULINE KAEI

Chief guests at the parade were King Carlos and Queen Sophia of Spain who are on a week-long state visit.—*India West*.

Crazy.

LOS · ANGELES

Come to LA and get in the pink. Ride the range on a painted pony. Let your cares evaporate in the splendor of the desert. It's a peaceful, easy feeling you'll enjoy.

LA's the place.



For your copy of the LA Pleasure Packet, write:
Greater Los Angeles Visitors and Convention Bureau, 505 S. Flower St., L.A., CA 90071

L.L.Bean®

Outdoor Sporting Specialties



"Dirty" Bucks

(For Men and Women)

A classic casual oxford that combines sporty appearance with comfortable wearing qualities. Sueded leather uppers are soft and supple with a duck vamp lining for extra breathability. Leather lined quarters. Sturdy welt construction offers good support. Light in weight, about 1 lb. 15 oz. a pair. Color: Tan with Brick Red outsole and heel. Men's whole and half sizes: 7 to 13 (no size 12½). Three widths: C, D and E. Women's whole and half sizes 5 to 10. N and M widths.

Please Ship Postpaid

_____ 3526W Men's "Dirty" Bucks, \$35.75

Size _____ Width _____

_____ 4774W Wm's "Dirty" Bucks, \$28.75

Size _____ Width _____

Card Number _____

Exp. Date _____

☐ SEND FREE CATALOG

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check Enclosed

☐ VISA

☐ Master Card

☐ American Express

L. L. Bean, Inc., 812 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

MUSICAL EVENTS

A Magnificent Epic

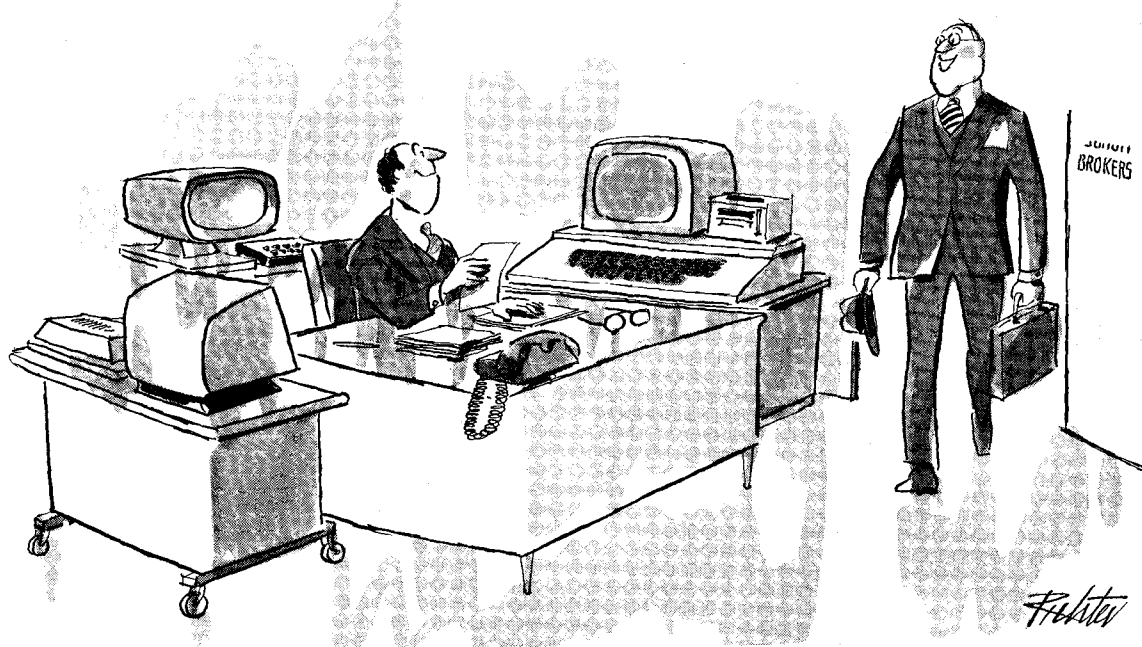
THE great American opera, Roger Sessions' "Montezuma," comes closer to receiving the production it deserves; perhaps a full-scale presentation by the Metropolitan Opera will mark the composer's hundredth birthday, which falls on December 28, 1996. "Montezuma," composed between 1941 and 1963, was first performed in Berlin in 1964. Sarah Caldwell gave the American premiere in Boston twelve years later. And now "Montezuma" has reached New York: the Juilliard American Opera Center mounted three sold-out performances of it last month.

Let me repeat some of what I said after the Boston premiere. The Matter of Mexico, recounted most memorably in W. H. Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico," is the great American epic—as stirring as the Matter of Arthur or the Matter of Troy, as romantic and adventurous as "Orlando Furioso" or "The Faerie Queene." It has the added charm and interest of being true, and the importance of treating moral and political themes still raised by the news in our daily papers—for it deals with invasion, with the imposition of foreign rule, with the clash of religions, with commercial exploitation, with patriotic resistance, coups, and palace revolutions, with the disruption of a stable agricultural society by conquerors whose motives are mixed. Further, it

is a tale of marvels—the Spaniards' first sight of Montezuma's glittering capital, riding on the vast lake in the clear, high air, is a vision that still stirs imaginative hearts—and of high heroic adventure, including a New World Anabasis; and it is a tale of strong, sharp, complicated characters in conflict. One of Cortes' lieutenants, Bernal Díaz, set down his firsthand account of the expedition in simple, vivid words. Prescott, drawing on the accumulated resources of Charles V's archives, amplified them in his great history. Even the Conquest of Peru, the conflict of Pizarro and the Inca, which Prescott also chronicled, and which Peter Shaffer turned into a successful play, "The Royal Hunt of the Sun," and Iain Hamilton into a lyric drama done by the English National Opera—even that matter, as the historian remarked, "notwithstanding the opportunities it presents for the display of character, strange, romantic incident, and picturesque scenery, does not afford so obvious advantages . . . as the Conquest of Mexico. Indeed, few subjects can present a parallel with that, for the purposes either of the historian or the poet. The natural development of the story, there, is precisely what would be prescribed by the severest rules of art. . . . It is a magnificent epic, in which the unity of interest is complete." It is also a tragedy. Díaz, after describing Mexico City and its

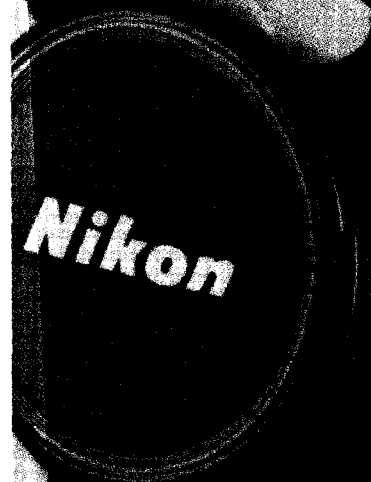
surroundings, "like an enchanted vision from the tale of Amadis . . . things never heard of, seen, or dreamed of before," reflects that "today all that I then saw is overthrown and destroyed; nothing is left standing." Small wonder, then, that the Matter of Mexico inspired operas. One of the earliest was Graun's "Montezuma," of 1755, with a libretto by Frederick the Great. (It was done in Boston in 1973.) The most celebrated before Sessions' was Spontini's "Fernand Cortez," of 1809. (It was done by the Met in 1888 with forces that, according to the critic H. E. Krehbiel, "rivalled in numbers those who constituted the veritable Cortez's army, while the horses came within three of the number that the Spaniards took into Mexico.")

Sessions' "Montezuma" captures the scale, the seriousness, and the romance of the subject in music that is powerful, splendid, colorful, and generous. But it is not an opera made for easy public success. The case of Berlioz' "Les Troyens" is perhaps not irrelevant. That epic, too, had its champions from the start but was by many not unintelligent people long deemed a clumsily made, noisily ill-scored, impracticably long, and even amateurish opera—at best, a masterpiece by intention maimed by inept execution. It needed performances by enthusiasts convinced that the "awkwardness" and the greatness were inseparable to gain unstinted public acceptance; and a century passed before it had its first complete—well, all but complete—production (at Covent Garden in 1957). Any fool, as Brahms might have said, can hear what is "wrong" with "Montezuma": it is too densely and busily composed and too heavily scored (the orchestra is that of "Turandot" plus a fourth clarinet and a fourth trumpet—slightly smaller than Verdi's in "Don Carlos"); and G. Antonio Borgese's libretto is "impossible," mainly but not only because of the syntactical torment it inflicts on natural English word order. "Bread and wine needs a man to fight and die" and "Black is beyond the moon, the sky" are



"Major indicators aside, how are you?"

The lens that sets all standards in photography
is standard on only one video camera.



Toshiba has been responsible for so many firsts in home video, it's really no surprise that we've created the first video camera equipped with a Nikon lens.

It's the Toshiba IK-1000 color video camera, with a Nikkor 12.5mm ~100mm 1:6 macro zoom lens. And it's going to change recorded history. Because rather than just revamp the video camera, Toshiba reinvented it.

The electronic viewing system has been eliminated (which, incidentally, decreases weight while increasing battery life by 25%) and replaced with our new True Image system.

You look directly through the lens at virtually 100% of the image, something even network studio cameras can't promise. Since you focus on precisely what you see, and not on a black and white electronic image, the subject literally shows its true colors.

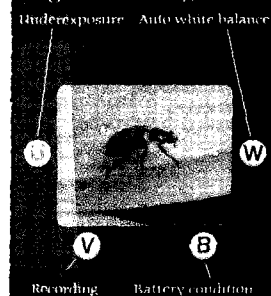
Thanks to the True Image system, even the way you adjust the focus is superior. There is no split image to rob you of light.

Instead, a Fresnel field system sharpens the image to crystal clarity with only the slightest rotation of the focusing barrel.

Working with Toshiba, Nikon also perfected macro zoom capability all the way to 0.05m focusing, a feature found on no other video camera. It means, although we don't suggest you try it, that you can actually touch the lens to the subject while keeping it in crisp focus.

Toshiba also gives you the highest resolution of any compact home video camera. And even a unique diopter adjustment feature, which allows people who wear eyeglasses to remove them while using the camera.

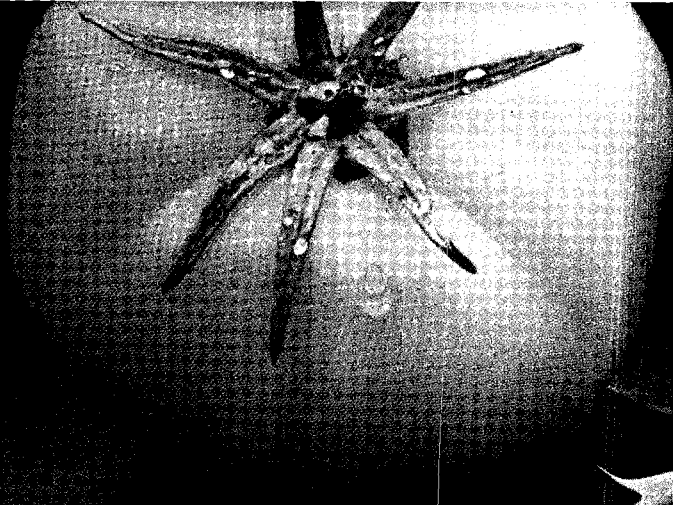
The Toshiba IK-1000 color video camera with the amazing Nikkor TV 8:1 macro zoom lens. Anyone interested in the very best home video should consider it standard equipment.



Simulated viewfinder image

TOSHIBA
Again, the first.

Toshiba America, Inc., 82 Totowa Road, Wayne, NJ 07470



Nothing romances the taste of tomato like Aalborg Akvavit.

You see, Aalborg Akvavit (pronounced Aqua-veet) has been the national drink of Denmark for over 500 years.

And no one has ever accused the Danes of doing anything unromantic.

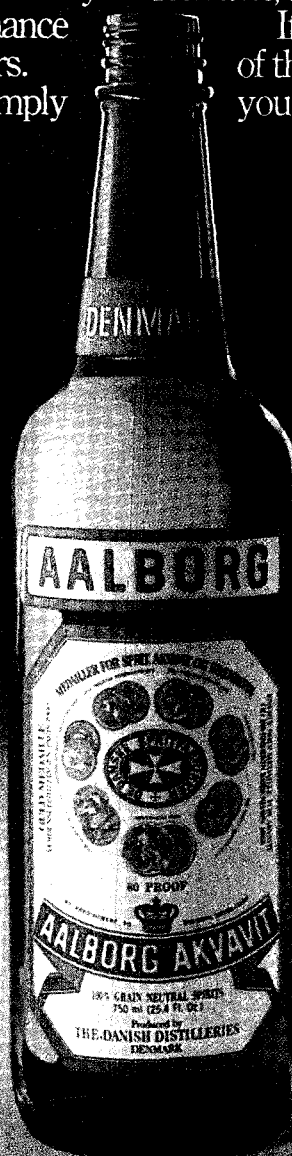
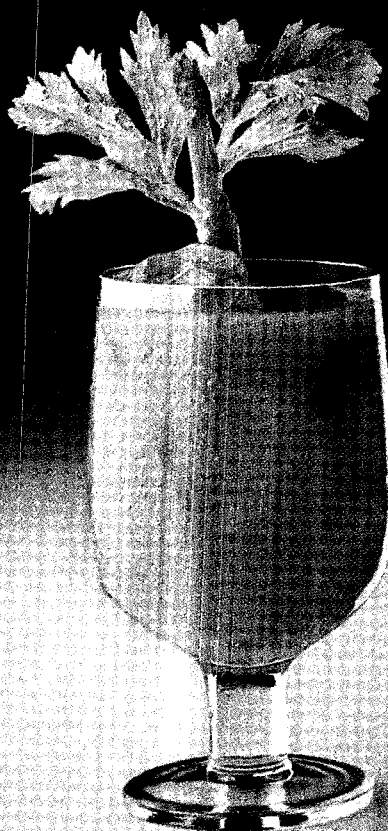
Witness their unique "Danish Mary."

It takes the crisp, distinctive taste of Aalborg to fully complement and enhance the rich tomato flavors. For a drink you've simply

got to taste to believe.

Next time, mix your tomato juice with Aalborg Akvavit, instead of vodka.

If there's even a bit of the romantic in you, you're going to love it.



Try a delicious
Danish Mary.

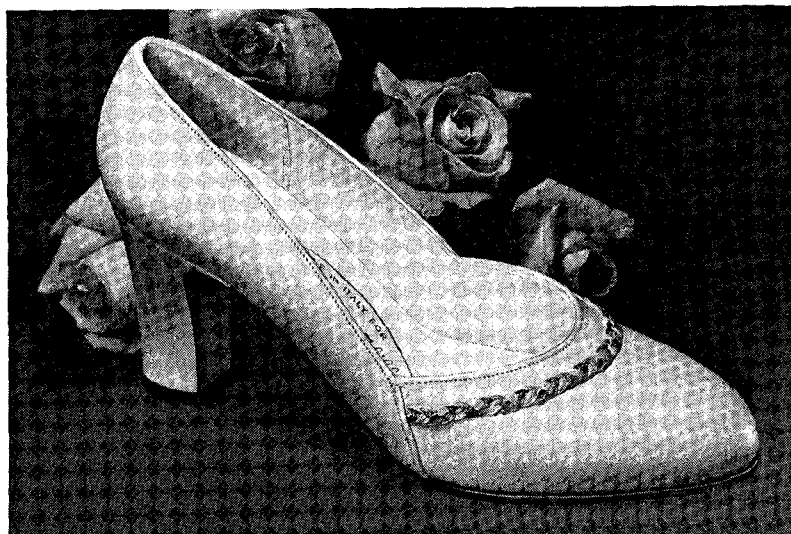
©1981, Somerset Importers, Ltd.,
New York, N.Y. 80 Proof.

characteristic lines, and there are some that even on the printed page, let alone when they are sung out in the theatre, resist parsing—such as these remarks of Malinche, Cortes' Indian mistress, to her lord:

Art thou the restituted king, the arisen one?
Come doubt, blame thee a demon, dread
The blackened flame of volcanoes, this beard,
Through which thou breath'st me,
Human as a god.

I missed the Berlin premiere. The productions in Boston and New York were certainly put on by committed champions. Boston's was directed and conducted by Miss Caldwell. New York's was directed by Ian Strasfogel and was conducted by Frederik Prausnitz, who has long been a distinguished exponent of Sessions' music. He has recorded the Eighth Symphony, and the Ninth is dedicated to him.) The Boston theatre, the Orpheum, had no pit; despite the ardent spirit that informed the enterprise, its impressiveness, and some fine performances, the result was unbalanced, and it was often hard to hear exactly what was supposed to be happening in the score. The Juilliard Theatre has a pit. The instrumental perspectives were more clearly limned, and under Mr. Prausnitz the Juilliard Orchestra played very well. In many ways, it was a clearly focussed musical presentation. But the problems posed by Sessions' textures were not solved. The pit is not deep, and it was not even depressed to its full depth; the house is fairly small. Student instrumentalists find it hard to play difficult music softly, and Mr. Prausnitz, probably wisely, made no evident moves to keep the orchestra down. The score was vibrantly and radiantly alive, and that was thrilling. But the instruments often took precedence of the voices and covered what they should have accompanied; and that is precisely what Sessions did not want. In a prefatory note to the score, he wrote, "The vocal parts of this work constitute always its principal melody." Moreover, most of the words were inaudible.

That had the somewhat dubious advantage, of course, of making objection to Borgese's stilted diction largely irrelevant. A few passages did come through that revealed bold rewriting of the text by the director. Where Borgese's phrases suggest crossword-puzzle clues, Mr. Strasfogel's revised wording solved them and supplied the answers. Borgese's Montezuma refers to "the tame high deer, feather-



the Indispensable Pump

Here are those ideal new shoes you always look for and so seldom find. The very latest styling, top quality leather, absolutely marvelous fit—all together in one perfect pair!

Beautiful as they are, these pumps are just one of the hundreds of exciting new designs Marcia Hill has assembled for her collection for spring. Pumps, casuals, sandals—you'll find them all in the big, new FREE Lawson Hill color catalog.

You're assured complete comfort with each pair because you get the size that's exactly right for you. *Even if your feet are hard to fit.* Lawson Hill stocks more than 100,000 pairs of shoes in 119 different sizes. With a selection like that, no one is hard to fit. No matter what your size, it doesn't cost you more.

We personally comfort-test many of our styles. You should do the same. Our unique wear test is your guarantee of

© 1982, Lawson Hill

total satisfaction. Wear the shoes indoors or out, at home or anywhere you choose for 31 full days. Then, if you're not delighted in every way with the quality, fit and comfort, return the shoes. Your money will be refunded in full without question.

Discover the joy of wearing the best shoe fashion in perfect comfort. Mail the coupon for your Free Catalog today.

If the shoe fits . . . it's a Lawson Hill

Lawson Hill Shoe Co.
Dept. 4407, Old Sanford Mills
61A Emery Street, Sanford, ME 04073

YES! I want the comfort and style of Lawson Hill shoes. Send me the exciting, new FREE catalog.

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please give shoe size & width _____

Jamaica, remembered



Plantation Inn

Ocho Rios Jamaica, W.I. Tel. (809) 974-2501

All you loved about Jamaica is here on our secluded hillside by the sea. Plantation Inn beckons you to relax on warm, white sands . . . to rejoice in private dreams. To be you. To let the sun wake up your world, and nature revive your soul. The Jamaica you knew is still here . . . at Plantation Inn.

For reservations and information call or write David Mitchell & Co., Inc.
777 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017,
(212) 371-1323, or call your Travel Agent.

THE COOKBOOK PEOPLE



Send \$1.00 for our revised 64-page cookbook catalog with over 700 titles and descriptions.

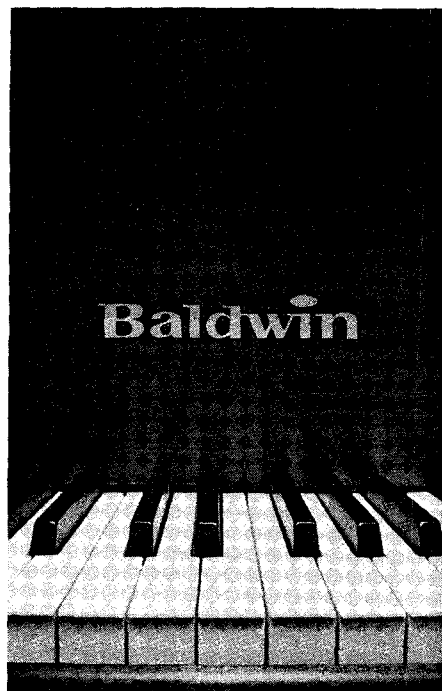
JESSICA'S BISCUIT
Box 301 Dept. NY
Newtonville, MA 02160

adorable kids' clothes! ! !

European-style designed to grow with the child. Natural imported fabrics. Quilted jackets, jumpers, dresses, overalls, baby baskets & outfits . . . Send/call for our catalogue \$1. Mastercard & Visa accepted.



COTTONTAILS 505/662-4558
1325 43rd St. Los Alamos, NM 87544



Panayis Lyras' Accompanist

Original Etchings by **ALHIRSCHFELD**

Handpulled in limited editions,
numbered and signed.



"Garbo"

Send for free brochure
GEORGE J. GOODSTADT, INC.
225 Park Ave. So., New York, NY 10003
Telephone: 212-777-6170

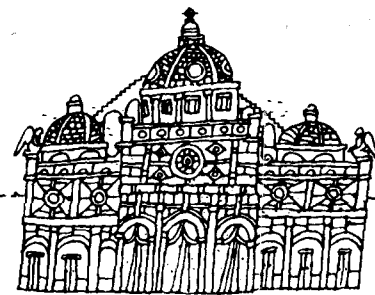


Delightful French food with classical piano.
3432 Sansom Street, Philadelphia 387-3778

maned, rampant skyward to span with cotton hair'd harvest the ranges;" Mr. Strasfogel changed the first words to "the horses we need." Borgese's Malinche sings, "All rosy, stalking on important stilts, troop-shuttling from pond to bank;" Mr. Strasfogel wrote in "flamingos." I am not sure that he was right thus to clarify. During the last decade, I have modified my first dislike of the libretto's diction. (A National Public Radio broadcast of the Boston production, in a recording that favored the voices more than the theatre did, brought a chance for reassessment.) It seems to me now an awkwardness that, since Sessions accepted it, we, too, must accept—as an integral part of his opera. He chose this stylized language for his work, and it makes its effect. Changing it changes not only the "tone" of the drama but also its music, for the vocal lines—the "principal melody"—are largely determined by Borgese's verses. And it is not enough to sing them with the correct pitches, the written durations, and clear pronunciation. In that prefatory note, the composer spelled out his intention:

Rhythmic detail in the vocal delivery should be performed according to the natural inflection of the English language, rather than to a rigid and literal adherence to the note values as indicated in the score. These note values represent an approximation, on the composer's part, to the rhythm of English pronunciation and, of course, an indication of the desired expressive stress as embodied in the vocal line. His musical intention will be most completely realized if the above principle is applied without any constraint except that demanded by a firm metrical background.

The principle applies to most vocal music, and it is one insufficiently observed by many American singers. Strict adherence to written note values, unmodified by the inherent shape of the words, sacrificing text to tone, and "sounding the bar lines" dull many recitals and opera performances. (The Chamber Opera Theatre's recent production of Thea Musgrave's "The Voice of Ariadne," in the Marymount Manhattan Theatre, contained sentences of stilted, unnaturally inflected English declamation that reduced the expressiveness of that imaginative, beautiful score.) Let me, not for the first time, commend Harry Plunket Greene's "Interpretation in Song" (Da Capo Press), and especially his pages on prosody and metre. The singers of "Montezuma" must, I believe, learn to love Borgese's text and to respond to it as Sessions did, and



Italia Adagio

**the most beautiful tours
of Italy ever created**

Leave the forced marches of conventional travel and explore the cities of central and northern Italy where mass tourism cannot go.

Designed and directed by the American painter, Frieda Yamins, whose second home is Florence. For the discerning traveler who enjoys the diversity of Italian culture, the luxury of castle hotels, and the fine Italian art of exuberant dining.

Rome, Tarquinia, Orvieto, Todi, Assisi, Gubbio, Urbino, Sansepolcro, Arezzo, Siena, Florence and environs (five days), Venice, Padua, Asolo, Marostica, Verona, Sirmione.

23 Days - Departs May 20, June 19, Sept. 9, Oct. 7, 1982.

Land Arrangements \$2590. plus air fare.

April 29-May 16

Italia Adagio goes to Sicily!

Escorted by Frieda Yamins and the distinguished lecturer, Countess Claudine Gnoli.

Detailed Brochure Available from 162C Whalley Street, Freeport, New York 11520
Italia Adagio (516) 868-7825

CELEBRATION

Asia's spectacular and colorful festival—the Perahera celebrated in honor of the Buddha in the jewel island of Sri Lanka. Join us on a tour for the Perahera and to see also splendid architecture and sculpture of medieval cities, wild life, the hill country, coastal villages and arts and crafts centers. Extensions to Kashmir, the Taj Mahal, Nepal and to South India's temple area are available.

For brochure write or call:

JOURNEYWORLD

155 East 55th Street, New York, NY 10022
Tel: (212) 752-8308



AN ESCHER CLASSIC

Tailored shirt for men and women in authentic Escher print. Fabric 100% cotton Dutch Wax Batik, imported from the Netherlands. Pearl buttons. Washable, little or no ironing. Indigo blue or brown. Sizes 6-16, \$70.50 ppd. Men's sizes 34-44, \$77.50 ppd. Visa, MC, AmEx. Me. res. 5% Catalog \$1.



WATER WITCH

Dept. 9, Main St, Castine, ME 04421 (207) 326-4884

HIKE THE SWISS ALPS. Swissair flies you to special hiking tours, led by author/mountaineer Fred Jacobson, Zermatt, Lenk, Saas-Fee, Kandersteg, Pontresina and Wengen. Beautiful and challenging trails. Delightful country inns. Superb cuisine. 10th summer! Write: Jacobson, Dept. C, Chappaqua Travel, 24 S. Greeley Ave., Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514.

ng it with all the eloquence at their ommand. Then, even if some of the words still prove inaudible, the vocal nes will in themselves be expressive.

There are people inattentive to words who happily attend operas performed in tongues that not they or, on occasion, the singers understand. Even for them, "Montezuma" is a special case: because much of its "action" is loose-argued dialogue on subjects political and religious which must be followed in detail; because exceptional are is needed to place the vocal lines in the foreground; and because both core and drama are constructed on a framework of narratives. The narrator is Bernal Diaz in old age, inditing his history; the scenes he remembers then take shape on the main stage. Incomprehensible narratives are of but limited interest, and the Juilliard's Diaz, Robert Keefe, had a voice of loose focus in the high register, and fuzzy articulation. Would it have helped, I wonder, to move him in front of the proscenium, or even to amplify him electrically? (I suppose those things were tried and found not to work well.)

Before long, "Montezuma" should be performed in a theatre with a deep, Bayreuth-like pit, and after rehearsals numerous enough to allow fine adjustment of the balances. And audiences should be able to buy the libretto when they buy their tickets. A vocal score is available, but not, so far, a libretto. When it is published, it should probably be annotated. Mr. Strasfogel, so far as I could hear, wrote out Diaz's references to "expert Circe," "yearning Ariadne," and "haughty Medea," not especially recondite personages, but left in other allusions—to the Duke Valentino Borgia and his procurator Don Ramiro de Orco—that



R. MacMillan

Peter Island offers nothing.

That's why people keep coming back. Certainly you can sail, scuba through shipwrecks, ride, fish, and play tennis. But you can also do nothing at all and enjoy it as never before.

Peter Island is remote, beautiful, expensive, and exclusive. Very good travel agents know about it.

Peter Island

Hotel and Yacht Harbour, British Virgin Islands
Call your travel agent or David B. Mitchell & Co. (212) 371-1323

FARM STREET CHURCH Mayfair, London



The Jesuit Fathers send greetings to their many American friends who have contributed so generously to the restoration of this beautiful church and enhancement of its distinguished musical tradition.

Donations for the continuation of these purposes should be sent to:

Fr. Superior, 114 Mount Street, London, W.1., England

Registered as a charity in the United States under the title "American Chapel, Farm Street Church Corporation".

The Supple Suede Jacket



The hooded zipper-front jacket, exclusively by Mr. Guy, made of supple New Zealand lamb. It's suede with a silky French finish, in a choice of Custard (light beige), Khaki, Antelope (medium beige), Ivy (light olive) or Navy. \$290⁰⁰ Includes postage and handling. California residents add 6% sales tax.

MR GUY
GUY
GUY
GUY

☐ Custard ☐ Khaki ☐ Antelope ☐ Ivy ☐ Navy
☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐ Extra Large
☐ Visa ☐ Master ☐ Diner's ☐ American Express

Mr. Guy, 369 N. Rodeo Dr. • Beverly Hills, CA 90210

Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

For the eleventh year we invite fourteen discerning travelers who are interested in ecology, wildlife and photography to join our leisurely yacht cruises to

Discover Galapagos®

AUGUST 13 TO 25 and
OCTOBER 22 TO NOVEMBER 3, 1982

We provide a full week at these unique islands, with ample time for daily shore expeditions under expert guidance; and, before the cruise, we enjoy three days in Quito, Ecuador's lovely capital, with excursions in the Andes and then make the spectacular road journey to the coast.

Detailed brochures of the cruises and a copy of our newsletter which lists all our fascinating travel programs, available from:

HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC.
705 WASHINGTON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014
TELEPHONE (212) 691 7429

FINE ENGLISH GARDENING TOOLS

Smith & Hawken offers the finest hand-crafted English gardening tools: forks, spades, hoes, trowels, shears, rakes, and more.

SMITH & HAWKEN
TOOL COMPANY

Free 32-page
mail order catalog
of quality tools.

68 Homer, Drw. 048, Palo Alto, CA 94301



VISA • MC
AM EXPRESS

BIRTHDAY • ANNIVERSARY • GET WELL • CONGRATULATIONS

Surprise someone!

Call Balloon Bouquets.

1-800-424-2323

(In Washington, D.C. 202-785-1290)

"Now being delivered to boardrooms, offices and front doors all over the country."

HOUSE & GARDEN

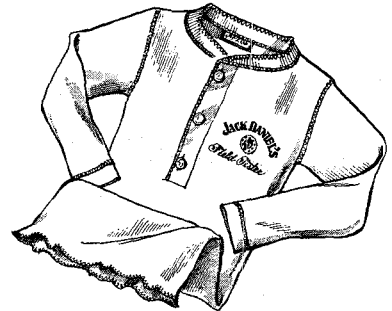
surely do need explanation. I enjoyed the Juilliard "Montezuma" more than many people did, I suspect, because I had done some homework—had read Díaz, Prescott, and Borgese and knew what the characters were meant to be saying. But even those who heard only sounds, not an interesting discourse, in, say, the long dialogue for Malinche and Cortes that ends Act I must have recognized that the Juilliard production was a stunning achievement, and one carefully matched to the resources available. Ming Cho Lee's décor, if not the romantic, colorful scenery described in the score, created a series of evocative, dramatically charged pictures, completed by Beverly Emmons' fine lighting and Mr. Strasfogel's strong, imaginative staging. Designer and director worked economically, precisely, and to potent effect. It was a distinguished production. The large tableaux of Act II—the famous first meeting of Cortes and Montezuma on the causeway leading to the capital, and an Aztec sacrifice on the great pyramid of the city—were both brilliantly handled. Not all the singers fulfilled Sessions' requirement that "the vocal parts . . . except in a very few passages where a declamatory mode of delivery is expressly indicated . . . are to be sung in an expressive *bel canto* style throughout," but most of them did. The performances became increasingly confident; the third of them was excellently lyrical. In true Sessions fashion, Mr. Prausnitz' conducting combined freedom and firm underlying pulses.

Hei-Kyung Hong's Malinche was beautiful to hear and to watch, sensitively sung and sensitively acted. James Dietsch, a vigorous Cortes just a little thick and backward of voice, Robert Grayson as Montezuma, and Cornelius Sullivan as the fiery Alvarado were the other principals. (In his long cast list, the composer distinguishes between principal, secondary, and "episodic" roles.) Keith Olsen sang the young Bernal bravely. Charles Damsel's matching of text to musical phrase, in the part of Cuauhtemoc, was outstanding; and two characters designated as episodic—the interpreter Aguilar and a veteran—were raised to well-nigh principal status by the clear, well-focussed baritone, sharply defined words, and alert stage presence of Nicholas Karousatos. The work of the Collegiate Chorale was somewhat disappointing, especially in the long final chorus of nepheliads—clouds—which provides the uncon-

LYNCHBURG HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE

22 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352

JACK DANIEL'S FIELD TESTER SHIRT



These are just like the shirts old Wallace Beery used to wear. Of course, my shirts have the added feature of a "Jack Daniel's Old No. 7 Field Tester" in brown on the chest. Made of 50% cotton and the rest polyester, so they wash easy and keep their shape. Natural cotton color. Order by size—XS, S, M, L, XL. My \$15.00 price includes delivery.

Send check, money order or use American Express, Visa or MasterCard, including all numbers and signature. (Add 6% sales tax for TN delivery.) For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel's memorabilia, send \$1.00 to the above address. In continental U. S. of A. call 1-800-251-8600. Tennessee residents call 615-759-7184.

Portraits by YOUSUF KARSH of Ottawa

in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

Yousuf Karsh

FOR THE
FINEST NORTHERN
ITALIAN FOOD
Private Party Room
Near New York Hilton

Mercurio
53 West 53rd Street, N.Y.C.
JUDSON 6-4370 AM. EXP.

SUNRISE COUNTY CANOE EXPEDITIONS INC.
GUIDES & OUTFITTERS OF EASTERN MAINE
3-10 days trips on the wild and remote rivers of eastern and northern Maine (incl. St. John and Machias Rivers). Instruction by professional Maine Guides in all aspects of canoeing technique and living comfortably in the northwoods. The finest fishing, food, and company. Small parties, reservations May thru October. 3-week youth program. Major Labrador/Quebec expedition on spectacular Moise River in Sept., Brochure.

S.C.C.E., Cathance Lake, Grove Post, Maine 04638 (207-454-7708)

\$100,000 IN YOUR BROKERAGE ACCOUNT MEANT ABSOLUTELY NOTHING IF YOU NEEDED £5,000 ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.



THEN MERRILL LYNCH

Suppose you were in London on a trip. You

dropped into an auction and spotted a beautiful 19th-century painting you felt you just *had* to have. It was a bargain at £5,000.



But there was a catch. Your resources were back home. Maybe even locked up in securities. And you needed \$9,200 in cash. There. Then. That instant.

If you still managed your money the old-fashioned way, you could have kissed the painting good-bye.

No problem. Now, if you subscribe to the Merrill Lynch Cash Management Account® financial service, cash is no problem. You just write a check. Or use your special VISA® card to make purchases and get cash advances. Both card and checks are provided by Bank One of Columbus, N.A.

This revolutionary brokerage account gives you instant access to your assets, plus a line of credit up to the full margin value of your securities.

Your cash is invested automatically in your choice of three professionally managed money market funds. And the fund's own dividends are reinvested daily.

INVENTED
CMA™

So *all* your money keeps working all the time.

At the end of each month, you receive a comprehensive statement. It includes

your securities transactions, dividends and interest, the market value of your securities, your VISA and checking activities...*everything* in one convenient record.

How to get started. To join the 500,000 investors who already have put more than \$25 billion to work through the CMA™ program, all you need is a minimum of \$20,000 in cash and/or securities.

For more complete information,

including a prospectus containing all sales

charges and

expenses, call

1-800-526-3030

Ext. 438 (in New

Jersey call 1-800-742-

2900 Ext. 438). Read the

prospectus carefully

before you invest or forward funds.

**THE MORE YOU DEMAND
OF YOUR MONEY,
THE MORE YOU NEED CMA.™**



Merrill Lynch

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc.

A breed apart.

*He's a different person
when he takes
his tie off.*



A funny thing happens to you on an NCL cruise: You get away from your everyday life. And your everyday self. You forget about turning in by 10, feast at midnight buffets, disco till dawn, and breakfast out under blue Caribbean skies.

You try your hand at the slots and your feet at calypso. You snorkel through rainbows of fish. Beach party on an uninhabited Out Island. You applaud big-name entertainers. Or go misty-eyed over Mexico by moonlight.

Or climb Jamaican waterfalls. Orgo as wild as Nassau's night life. It's a special week in a special world where spectators become participants. Day people become night people. And people under pressure relax and become themselves again. This world is waiting for

you on the S/S Norway, M/S Skyward, M/S Southward, or M/S Starward for as little as \$870 per person, double occupancy. And it's no further away than a call to your travel agent.

**Let
your
self
go!**



Ships' Registry: Norway

NORWEGIAN CARIBBEAN LINES®

America's Favorite Cruise Line™



©1982

ventional, beautiful close of the opera. Partly, this was another balance problem unsolved: their voices, instead of welling out like a "sonic veil" to cover the stage where Malinche mourns the dead Montezuma, emerged thin and insubstantial from the upper reaches of the theatre. One cut was made: of bars 625-688 in Act II, Montezuma's plea for religious tolerance.

AT last week's free one-o'clock Wednesday concert in Alice Tully Hall, given by the Juilliard Conductors Orchestra, I enjoyed as gripping an account of the first movement of César Franck's Symphony as I have heard in years. The conductor was Andrew Litton, a Juilliard student, twenty-two years old, who in January won the BBC's Young Conductors Contest. His handling was broad, long-breathed, very exciting, with phrases lovingly molded. The interpretation was positively Furtwänglerian both in its romantic freedoms and in its sense of steady, purposeful impetus. The second and third movements were ably conducted by another Juilliard student, David Alan Miller, twenty-one.

Double standards, maybe—but one often finds more musical vitality, energy, freshness, and keenness in accomplished student performances than in those of seasoned professionals. I'd gladly exchange some of the conducting we've heard in the Lincoln Center houses lately for Mr. Litton's.

—ANDREW PORTER

NEIGHBORS

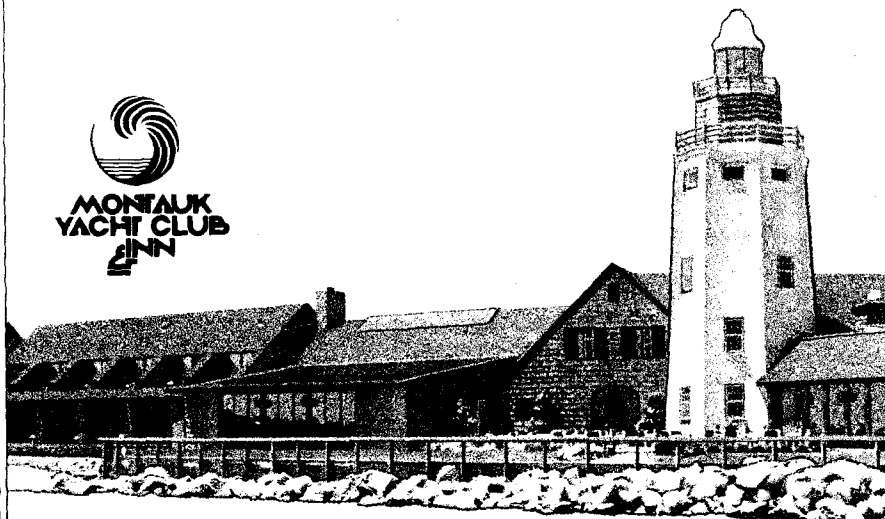
Somewhere the phone company's tangled a line, after drilling in our street all week:

I'm getting a neighbor's calls.
I hop out of bed to talk
to his sister, his father,
his different bosses. All morning,
forgetting, I say hello
in earnest. Later, I call
myself—no answer—and let
the phone ring, an isolated nerve
lost in the building.
By dinner, I'm half ghost—
expecting someone else's calls.
The night's dragging.
Ten o'clock—I jump—
it's a young woman. I give her
my number, mine even if it rings
someplace else. The next hour
I give it out three more times.
The evening is looking up.

—MATTHEW FLAMM

**"It's such a nice, quiet,
unspoiled place. Advertising
will probably ruin it."**

The Montauk Yacht Club & Inn.
Our employees, and guests, know of this ad.



Managed by Conference Environments Corporation.
Tennis, golf, biking, sailing complimentary. Executive Conference Facilities Available.
The Montauk Yacht Club & Inn, Star Island/Montauk, New York 11954 (212) 895-6446, (516) 668-3100

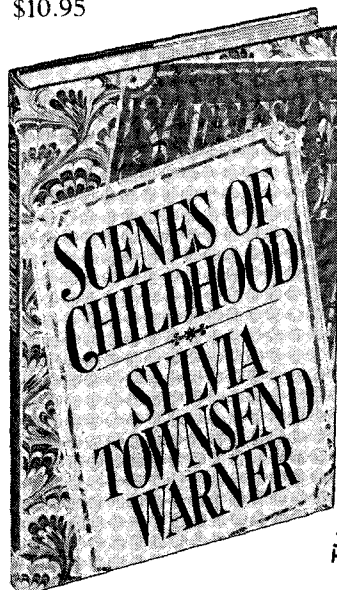
Brilliant reflections

"One wishes for more..."

All of us should have an aunt like Sylvia Townsend Warner. Part poet, part sprite, she'd be just the one to turn to, as desert arrived, for a favorite family story."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

\$10.95



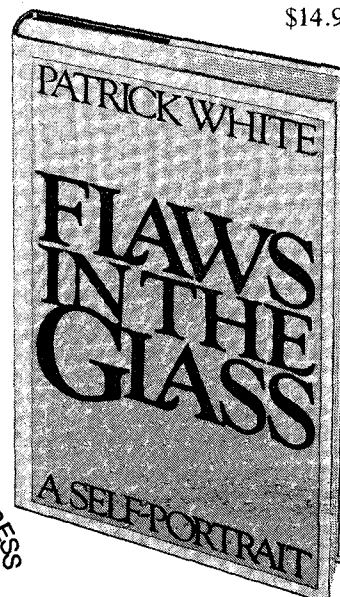
"Edgy and wicked yet slyly soothing."

—*Kirkus Reviews*

"About as absorbing an autobiography as has been written by a novelist this century."

—*New York Times Book Review*

\$14.95



625 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

BOOKS

Raymond Chandler Speaking

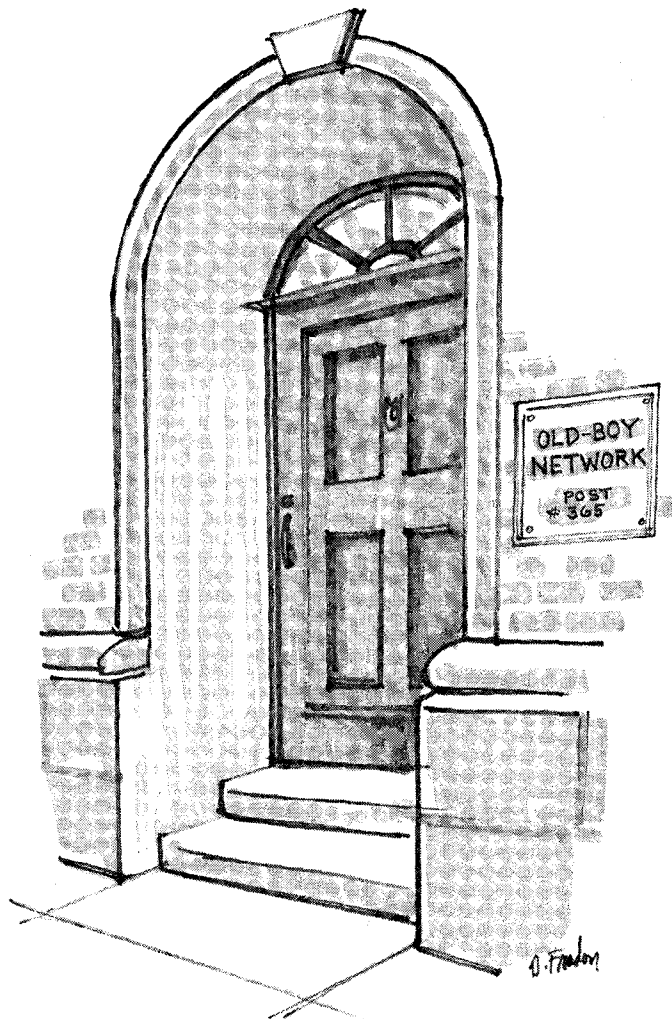
GOOD writers don't necessarily write good letters, but good letter writers are always good writers. By nature, a letter is a hybrid (part autobiography, part confessional, part report, part journal, part conversation), and a good letter tames the hybrid, even turning it into art. A good letter is an act of generosity: it commits itself to its reader. It uses the voice its writer thinks with, the voice he talks aloud to himself with. It is the pure, uncluttered voice of the letters of Sydney Smith and J. R. Ackerley, of James Boswell and Edmund Wilson. It is the voice that speaks in Raymond Chandler's letters, three hundred and forty of which have been brought together by Chandler's biographer, Frank MacShane, and published as the "Selected Letters of Raymond Chandler" (Columbia; \$19.95).

The strong, funny, eloquent, graceful, outspoken man who emerges from Chandler's letters lived several lives. He was born in Chicago in 1888, to an Anglo-Irish mother and an American father. The father deserted his wife and son, and they went to England, where Chandler was educated at Dulwich. This life ended in 1912, when, after a brief, dandyish stint as a London literary journalist, Chandler returned to America with his mother and settled in Los Angeles. There he strung tennis racquets, picked apricots, learned accounting, and eventually got into the oil business. His mother died in the twenties, and he immediately married a woman seventeen years older than he. In 1933, he started writing detective stories for pulp magazines—an apprenticeship that was followed by the publication, in 1939, of "The Big Sleep," the first of his

seven celebrated detective novels. (He had a stormy, lucrative parallel life as a screenwriter from 1943 until about 1950.) His life as a letter writer began in the late thirties and lasted until he died, in 1959. It was often carried on late at night, and it gradually became so important to Chandler that he considered publishing his letters. He regarded them with the acumen and clarity that he brought to all literary matters. Two years before he died, he wrote to his old friend and English publisher Hamish Hamilton, "It is true that in letters I sometimes seem to have been more penetrating than in any other kind of writing . . . and that as I reread some of them, I am really astonished—astonished at the facility of expression and the range of thought."

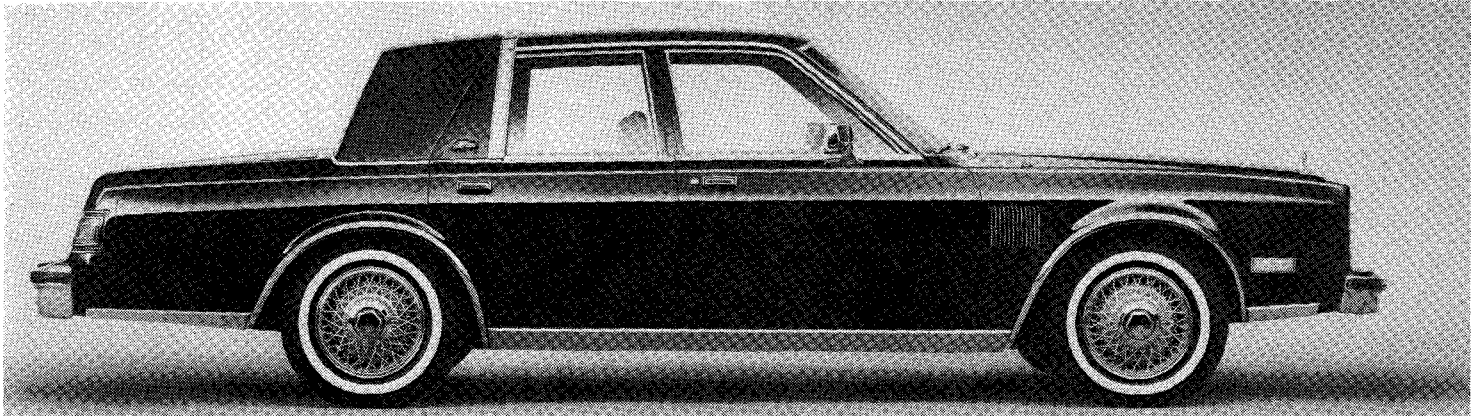
Chandler was, in fact, a natural critic—original, stylish, fair, catholic—and his thoughts about writers and writing run all through his letters and

often have an uncanny rightness. He distrusted writers who weep publicly about the difficulties of their craft. He pointed out that the French "are the only people . . . who think about writing as writing. The Anglo-Saxons think first of the subject matter, and second, if at all, of the quality." He supplied a deceptively simple yardstick to measure "literature" by: "When a book, any sort of book, reaches a certain intensity of artistic performance, it becomes literature." He discoursed brilliantly on style, and he told an English-composition teacher, "I have done everything from giving would-be writers money . . . to plotting and re-writing their stories for them, and so far I have found it to be all waste. The people whom God or nature intended to be writers find their own answers, and those who have to ask are impossible to help." He mused on imitators: "They can't steal your style, if you have one. They can as a rule only steal your faults." He wrote devastatingly about the sacred cows of his time, sometimes finishing them off with a phrase. Down went James M. Cain, J. P. Marquand, Carl Sandburg, Eugene O'Neill, Edith Wharton ("a sort of road-company Henry James"), Elizabeth Bowen, Osbert Sitwell, Ernest Hemingway, J. B. Priestley, James Agee, and Graham Greene ("The Heart of the Matter" . . . has everything in it that makes literature except verve, wit, gusto, music and magic; a cool and elegant set-piece, embalmed by Whispering Glades"). But Chandler liked to rescue the forgotten or maligned. He had high praise for Henry James before James was enthroned, and he had this to say about Scott Fitzgerald over thirty years ago: "It's not a matter of pretty writing or clear style. It's a kind of subdued magic, controlled and exquisite, the sort of thing you get from good string quartettes." He real-

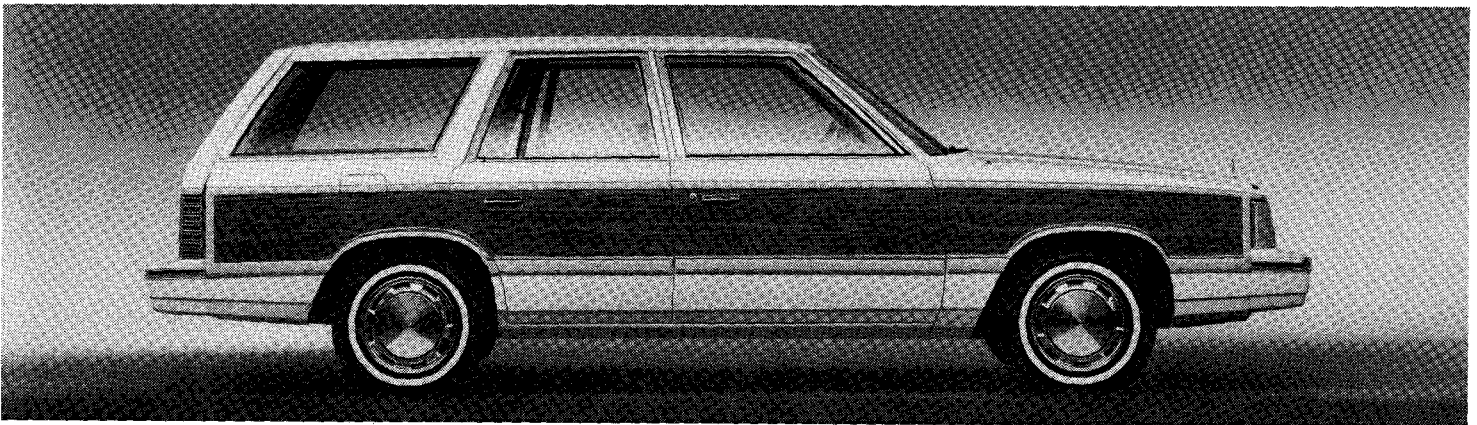


His and hers for the price of theirs.

You can get a 1982 Chrysler New Yorker Fifth Avenue
and a 1982 Plymouth Reliant K wagon for the price of a Seville.



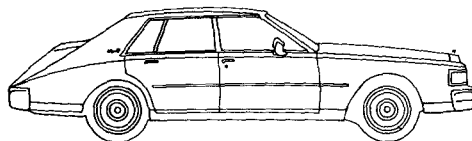
\$13,038[†] Chrysler New Yorker Fifth Avenue 26 EST. HWY. **17** EPA^{*} EST. MPG



\$8,101[†] Plymouth Reliant K Wagon 40 EST. HWY. **26** EPA^{*} EST. MPG

Compare with Seville. Fifth Avenue includes all these features at \$13,038.

- Automatic Transmission • 318 CID V-8 Engine
- Air Conditioning • 60/40 Leather and Vinyl Seats (or Cloth) with Passenger Recliner
- Padded Landau Vinyl Roof • Wire Wheel Covers • Automatic Speed Control • Tilt Steering Column • AM/FM Stereo Radio • Premium Speaker System • Power Antenna • Power Deck Lid Release • Power Door Locks • Power Front Disc Brakes • Power Seat, Left • Power Steering • Power Windows • Electronic Rear Window Defroster • And 32 More Features



1982 Cadillac Seville: \$23,433[†]

Reliant SE Wagon includes all these features at \$8,101.

- 2.2 Liter Overhead Camshaft Engine
- 4-Speed Manual Transaxle with Integrated Overdrive Fourth Gear • Front-Wheel-Drive
- Woodgrain Exterior Appliques • Power Front Disc Brakes • Power Rack & Pinion Steering
- Center Armrest Seat • Adjustable Headrests • Cloth Upholstery • Cloth Headliner • Digital Clock • Halogen Headlamps • Remote Outside Mirror
- AM Radio • Cargo Area Carpeting • Deluxe Wheel Covers • Luxury Two-Spoke Steering Wheel • Concealed Two-Speed Wipers

New Yorker Fifth Avenue costs less than other luxury cars comparably equipped:

Car, with comparable equipment	You Save
Buick Electra Park Avenue \$15,085 [†]	\$1,914
Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight Regency Brougham \$14,647 [†]	\$1,609
Cadillac Sedan DeVille \$17,898 [†]	\$4,727
Lincoln Town Car Signature Series \$18,782 [†]	\$5,414

GET A CAR. GET A CHECK.

See participating dealers for details.

'82 Reliant SE Wagon **\$8,101[†]**
Less \$300 check from Chrysler **-300^{*}**
\$7,801

Limited Time Offer

BUY OR LEASE AT YOUR CHRYSLER-PLYMOUTH DEALER.



[†]Base sticker price excludes taxes, title and destination charges. Reliant WSW tires \$58 extra. ^{*}Use EPA estimated MPG for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather conditions. Highway mileage probably lower. New Yorker Fifth Avenue Calif. est. hwy. 25, EPA est. MPG [16]. Reliant SE Wagon Calif. est. hwy. 36, EPA est. MPG [24]. Ask about the optional 5 year/50,000 mile Buyer Protection Plan. • Not applicable on New Yorker Fifth Avenue.



Spring flowers. Embroidered front and back with softly colored flowers, this white mandarin collar overblouse is the ultimate in dressy styling. Washable poly/cotton. Sizes 6-18. \$60. Call toll free 1-800-327-3627. Florida residents call 305-276-0366. Or use coupon below.

MARK, FORE & STRIKE

P.O. Box 640, Delray Beach, FL 33444

Send _____ overblouse(s), size(s) _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

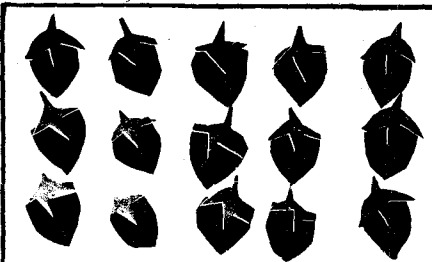
☐ Check enclosed. Please charge ☐ Visa

☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express

Card # _____ Exp. date _____

Signature _____

Add \$3 for shipping. Send free catalogue ☐
FL residents add 4% sales tax. 1560



anita beck cards

Reinbeer House NY
3409 W. 44th St.
Minneapolis, Minn. 55410

I'm eager to see your full color catalog of original notes, Christmas cards, memos, wraps and fresh gift ideas. Also send me a note, recipe card and gift enclosure worth 50¢. I enclose \$1.00 to be credited to my first order.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LE LANCASTER

The Hotel that is the gem of
PARIS

Have you stayed there?

For information and reservations
telephone Scott Calder Toll Free
(800)223-5581 or New York (212)535-9530

ized that James Gould Cozzens' "Guard of Honor" was the best novel written about the Second World War. He gave two cheers for Somerset Maugham: "I doubt that he ever wrote a line which seemed fresh from creation, and many lesser writers have. But he still outlasts them all with ease, because he is without folly or silliness."

The letters, written for the most part to such functional people as agents, editors, publishers, and fellow mystery writers, have been trimmed of repetitions and scurrilous material about the living. But there is no sense of loss; each letter, packed with Chandler's lyrical, concrete thought, seems complete. There are surprises. He expertly parodies science-fiction writing. He dresses down Alfred Hitchcock for the implausibility of his stories (the letter was never mailed, and it is one of the best in the book), and he dresses down a Professor Seward for failing to thank him for a copy of one of his books. He reminds another correspondent that Philip Marlowe is, after all, fictional, and then builds a portrait of Marlowe that makes him almost three-dimensional. He gives a complete course in how to write a screenplay. He praises the great Powell-Pressburger film "I Know Where I'm Going," and he is acute about early television. He sends Hamish Hamilton a long and moving account of his wife's last days ("For thirty years, ten months and four days, she was the light of my life, my whole ambition. Anything else I did was just the fire for her to warm her hands at"). He painstakingly examines his grief, which for a time unhinged him.

It may seem ungracious to complain about the production of the "Selected Letters" when we are lucky to have the book at all. But it is marred by typographical errors, and the layout is inexcusable. Time after time, the addressee's name appears at the bottom of the left-hand page while the letter itself begins at the top of the right-hand page—a kind of straddling-the-chasm effect for the reader. And Frank MacShane's footnotes tend to be inadequate. Charles Morton is identified for a second time as an editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* after we have read seventeen letters to him. We are told nothing about a W. H. Auden "piece about detective stories" that was apparently favorable to Chandler. Peter Quennell's name is misspelled.

Chandler was a man of great cool, but there were cracks in his armor. He



IN THE BALCONY SCENE AT THE CLOISTER YOU PLAY THE STARRING ROLE.

The setting brings out your very best. The sun-sparkled Atlantic Ocean.

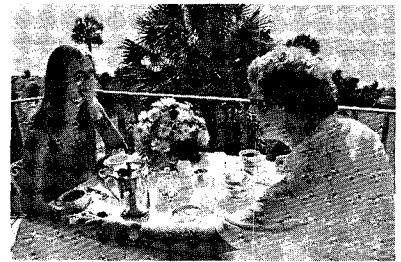
Spring's beautiful blooms. Your supporting cast seasoned to perfection.

The scene shifts. For your golf, 54 superb holes, tennis, 26 championship courts, skeet, 3 excellent ranges. Plus horses, bicycles, boats, gardens, and of course miles of glorious beach.

Afterwards the orchestra plays for dancing and distinguished chefs seek to satisfy your demanding tastes. Truly a triumph!

For your debut—or encore—call The Cloister, Sea Island, GA 31561. Toll-free 800-841-3223, Georgia 800-342-6874.

Sea Island



Ask about renting a luxurious Sea Island home.

MORE LITERATE T-SHIRTS!

Schopenhauer, T.S. Eliot, Sartre, F.S. Fitzgerald, Trollope, Machiavelli, Charlotte Bronte, Faulkner, Nietzsche, Kerouac, Agatha Christie, Samuel Johnson, Hemingway, Tolkien, Camus, Adam Smith, Wittgenstein, Hegel, Poe, Oscar Wilde, Thomas Hardy, Plato, Kafka, Bertrand Russell, Jung, Bach, Jane Austen, Dickens, Homer, Orwell, Steinbeck, Proust, Nabokov, Darwin, Whitman, Cheshire Cat, Dostoevsky, Dante, Chaucer, many others.

Sizes S, M, L, XL. T-shirt: (white, lt blue, or red) \$10, 4/\$36. Sweatshirt: (grey) \$17, 2/\$30. Shipping 75¢ per piece. Illus. brochure: 75¢.

HISTORICAL PRODUCTS
Box 220XH Cambridge, MA 02238



A cattle and dude ranch owned and operated by a truly western couple, at the foot of the beautiful Grassy Mountains near Townsend, Montana. Horseback riding, chuck wagon feeds, square dancing, fishing, all day rides, cook-outs, heated pool, weekly rodeos. Log cabins with private baths and fireplaces. Wholesome ranch food. Come relax, have fun on a truly western vacation.

For Brochure and information, write Arlie & Millie Craig, Box 460-N, Townsend, Montana 59644

ISLAND HOLIDAY

Small intimate full service resort on Caribbean Sea.
13 DBL Rms with
baths.

Reef House
Isle of Roatan • Honduras
8600 Pontchartrain Blvd 213
New Orleans, LA 70124 800-535-2587

overestimated his novelistic skill with what he called "the American vernacular." He never forgave Edmund Wilson for his dictum, handed down in this magazine in the mid-forties, that detective fiction was "sub-literary." It rankled him the rest of his life.
—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE REPLAY, by Michael Curtin (Braziller; \$9.95). An Irishman named Stanley has a spotless reputation as an old-fashioned school-teacher (he makes his pupils use straight pens) and as a model husband in his native town: he hasn't set foot in a local pub called the Nook, where he was once chief mischief-maker, since his marriage, fifteen years before. Then an unforgettably foulmouthed native returns after fifteen years in America—where he has been making a fortune as a computer technocrat—to remind Stanley that Stanley's old soccer team (a ragged band of Nook bachelors) had beaten his team (all upwardly mobile acolytes of something called simply "the Institute") fifteen years before through a fraud (he claims the Nooks' goalie was a midget), and to challenge the Nooks to a replay, with each player putting up a thousand pounds, winners take all. Stanley rounds up his ten ex-athletes—including a rock band's drummer, a fat taxi-driver, twin shoe repairmen, and a habitual escapee from a nearby lunatic asylum—and orders them to smoke and drink every night at the Nook. Meanwhile, the Institute's eleven are jogging at dawn and watching their weight. Whether Stanley's strategy is flawless or harebrained remains concealed until the game is over, but long before that Mr. Curtin has proved to be a very funny writer.

HONOUR AND OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN, by Helen Garner (Seaview; \$10.50). Like Helen Garner's strong first novel, "Monkey Grip," these two unusual stories deal with common occurrences (marriage, divorce, friendship, jealousy, mourning), and American readers will again find the Australian setting and cast of characters (mostly young and left-leaning artists, all at least one grade above hippies) exotic. "Honour" describes how four moody persons—a sad-eyed Englishwoman

THE NATIONAL BESTSELLER,
SELECTED BY THE
BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

William Safire On Language

"If you get a ladder, climb up to within reach of the top of the room and smash your

fist into the ceiling, then—and only then—can you be 'literally hitting the ceiling.'"

"If somebody else's use of a redundancy puts a smile on your face, think about 'smile on your face'—where else would you smile? Lose face."

"In the vocabulary of image projections, to be 'tough,' 'shrewd,' 'sassy,' 'with it,' 'upfront,' and 'power-oriented' is okay—but to be 'vulnerable' is to be invincible."

ON LANGUAGE contains over 250 alphabetically arranged entries drawn from William Safire's popular *New York Times Magazine* column, syndicated in newspapers across the country. There are also dozens of letters from alert readers and over 100 amusing illustrations by Kimble Mead. \$5.95

Another essential reference for language lovers is Avon's **OXFORD AMERICAN DICTIONARY**. \$5.95

AVON Trade Paperbacks

Available at your bookstore, or write Avon Books, Mail Order Dept., 224 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019. Include \$5.95 per copy, plus 75¢ per copy for postage and handling. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

Photo credit: Bob Day © 1979 © 1981 Avon Books, The Hearst Corporation

If You Can't Keep a TRAVEL SECRET Please

Read No Further

Sorry to introduce ourselves in this way, but it has become necessary. We publish *Passport*, the confidential and privately circulated monthly newsletter on world travel. It's read by discerning travelers all over the world. Our information comes from carefully selected spies.

Each month in this tersely-written 12 page letter, we share new travel discoveries with our members—charming inns, attractive restaurants, undiscovered resorts, places even the guidebooks haven't found yet. We also warn them about places that are becoming spoiled and touristy.

But neither we nor our members want this information to become widely circulated. That's how nice places become spoiled. And that's why we ask our members to use discretion when sharing information—even with good friends.

Passport has been quietly published for 15 years. We rarely advertise. And when we do, it's only in quality publications like this one. If you'd like to join us, a subscription is only \$40 a year, and includes a **FREE** copy of a little handbook: "*The Paris Most Travelers Never See... and Very Special Little Paris Hotels.*" *Passport* is an absolute gold mine of information. Full refund if it's not exactly what you expected.

YES, please enroll me as a *Passport* member.

- ☐ My check for \$40 is enclosed.
☐ Outside the USA (airmail) \$50.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PASSPORT
 20 N. Wacker, Chicago, IL 60606

Maine Lobster Shirt

Classic
finest-quality
100% combed cotton
knit with banded
sleeves and extra
long tails. Available
white or navy with
embroidered red lobster. Men's sizes S,
M, L, XL — '28. Women's sizes S, M, L
— '25. '2. shipping.



Especially MAINE

Dept. NY9
 Rte. 1 Arundel, Me. 04046
 (207) 985-3749
 Free Catalogue

TURKS & CAICOS ISLANDS

Simply Elegant

Prospect of Whitby Hotel



1-(800)243-4954/5
 203-371-1119

who wants to be the heart of a nuclear family, her high-strung boyfriend, his estranged and wistful wife, and the latter two's precocious school-age (and commune-reared) daughter—try to adapt gracefully to their new roles, and how the three adults try to make the child see why one medium-sized family is out of the question. "Other People's Children" gives this dilemma a quarter twist: a commune founders; the friendship of two stubborn, sturdy, lonely women goes down with it, and so does the special alliance of one of the women with the other's gawky, diffident daughter. The reader is sorry to see any of these characters—all worth the trouble they make—lose, but learns not to hope that they will try once again to patch things up.

GENERAL

THE FAMILY IDIOT: GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, VOLUME I, 1821-1857, by Jean-Paul Sartre, translated by Carol Cosman (University of Chicago; \$25), and **SARTRE AND FLAUBERT**, by Hazel E. Barnes (University of Chicago; \$25). Sartre's last major work, which he did not live to complete, was a study of Flaubert—an effort to tell and explain everything about the man, the author, and his world. Along with the first volume (four more are to come), the University of Chicago has issued Professor Barnes' critical introduction to the entire work. Her expert help is invaluable in relating "The Family Idiot" both to the Sartre canon and to Flaubert studies. Yet she shows a perplexing preference for the didactic over the aesthetic Sartre—quoting with approval a page in which Sartre explicates a single, self-evident line of Stendhal, for example, and reproving his appreciation of the visual aspect of a line of Mallarmé. She may also be a trifle too defensive about the quantity of supposition in this work. There is a great deal of documentation about Flaubert, but Sartre goes beyond, into speculation about the unknowable. He provides beautiful—aesthetically appropriate—hunches about life in the Flaubert family: intuitions on the power of maternal moods, say, or the effect of paternal irreligion, or the young writer's techniques of rejecting his alleged loved ones. Sartre's inventiveness is wonderfully persuasive, and his literary passages, in contrast to the

THE RESTAURANT BUSINESS

**Now it has a New York
school all its own.**

Have you always wanted to be a fine chef or manage your own small to medium sized, quality restaurant? Learn everything it takes in an intensive 18-week program at the New York Restaurant School, Manhattan's first. A certificate granting division of The New School, it was created to teach future chefs and restaurateurs the full range of skills necessary to be a success in this competitive business. The brand new facility features a student operated restaurant. New classes begin every six weeks, but enrollment is limited, so call or write now for free brochure or to arrange for a tour.

Make a career out of your love for food.

**THE NEW YORK RESTAURANT SCHOOL
NEW SCHOOL CULINARY ARTS
27 WEST 34th STREET, NY 10001
(212) 947-7097**

**"A recovery
program for the
declining health
of the planet"***

**BUILDING A
SUSTAINABLE
SOCIETY**

By Lester R. Brown

**"What sets this book apart... is its
comprehensive and hopeful approach."**
 —*Science '81*

NORTON \$14.95 at all bookstores

W.W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC. 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 10110

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of
libraries and individuals
have been buying regularly;
you can too! Send a
dollar for 20,000 typical
titles and prices classified
in over forty subjects.

**EDITIONS DESK Y.
BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412**

for a
narrow
point
of view



tiecrafters

WIDE TIES SLIMMED

Save your costly, but unfashionable,
wide ties with our skilled surgery.
All by hand. Like getting
new ties for only **\$500.**

MAIL ORDERS
Add \$2 for shipping.
Free Folder... "Tips on Ties"

116 E. 27th St. N.Y. 10016
 (212) 867-7676

jargon pages, are crisp and expressive. The work is a revelation of Flaubert, perhaps, but certainly of Sartre as the literary artist he unfortunately refused to be.

DOWN AND OUT IN CAMBRIDGE, by Douglas Fairbairn (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; \$14.95). This is the autobiography of Douglas Behl (as he was born, in 1925) or Douglas Bunce (as he became when his divorced mother remarried, in the early thirties) or Douglas Fairbairn (as he renamed himself, taking his mother's maiden name, in 1955, when his first novel was accepted for publication), and although it covers only the first thirty years of his life, it is a very considerable achievement. The years he depicts were part idyll—a boyhood in the Depression on an unspoiled Florida island—but mostly misery: he was a poor student with little money at St. Mark's School; a poor student with no money at Harvard; a dropped student living in a back room in the Harvard *Lampoon* offices on what he could steal from the cash register, looked up to by his rich friends as a budding novelist, whose novel only he knew had never been finished; a confused young man alone and without prospects. Mr. Fairbairn is a romantic, but he sees himself with startling clarity and candor, and the youth that he sees is touching and funny and charming. His memoir, indeed, has much of the pace, the depth, and the feel for character of a novel.

NOTE: Brendan Gill's "John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts," with photographs of the center during its first ten years, has been published by Abrams (\$25 cloth, \$12.95 paper). The text first appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . "Antarctic Traveller," a collection of poems by Katha Pollitt, some of which first appeared in these pages, has been published by Knopf (\$11.50 cloth, \$5.95 paper).

We are supposed to be living in a country that is of the people, by the people and for the people. We don't have anything to say about high interest and postal rates, so that slogan is a joke. They've already hurt the automobile and building industries. Now they want to go after Christmas cards. Where will it stop?

MRS. CORALIE SLOAN.

—*New Orleans Times-Picayune/States-Item.*

When they outlaw Mother's Day.

What the well-read are reading.



There are plenty of books that people say they'll get around to reading someday. But books from Washington Square Press are worth reading now.

The Medical Detectives, by Berton Roueché, a *New Yorker* contributor, is a collection of baffling medical mysteries. A woman whose vision makes buildings look like they're falling. A pizza shop owner who smells garbage everywhere he goes. These and other mysteries lead to . . . "highly addictive reading." —*Chicago Sun Times.*

In *The Thirties*, Edmund Wilson, also a contributor to the *New Yorker*, takes you from the Great Experiment in Russia to the lively world of Hollywood writers. And tells you what you never knew about his friends, like F. Scott Fitzgerald, e.e. cummings, John Dos Passos and Mary McCarthy.

In *The Best of Sholom Aleichem*, you'll recognize Tevye, the dairyman on whom *Fiddler on the Roof* was based. But this collection of stories takes you further into the heart and soul of a master storyteller. "Stories that rank with the best . . . of all literature."

—*Boston Sunday Globe.*

The Medical Detectives, \$3.95, *The Thirties*, \$6.95, *The Best of Sholom Aleichem*, \$3.95. At your bookseller now.

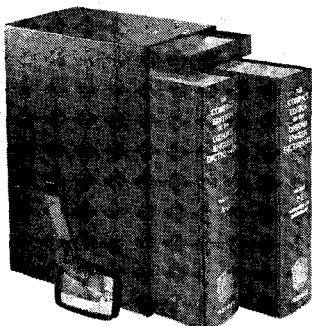
**WASHINGTON
SQUARE PRESS**

Published by Pocket Books.

The new Washington Square Press catalog is now available. Write to Washington Square Press, Pocket Books, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020.

Choose one of these five sets and save up to \$282⁵⁰

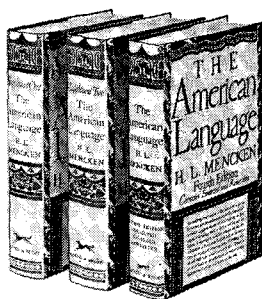
You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next two years.



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

The "most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language" — *The Christian Science Monitor*. Through photo-reduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume Compact Edition. Magnifying glass included.

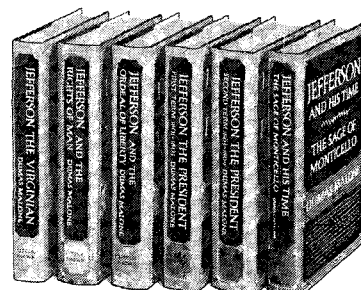
Publisher's price
\$125.00
Your savings
-\$105.05
Book-of-the-Month Club price
\$ 19.95



The American Language by H. L. Mencken

Mencken's masterpiece and the standard work on the subject: a robust and witty three-volume study of English as it has evolved in the United States by borrowing words, phrases and slang from a rich variety of sources.

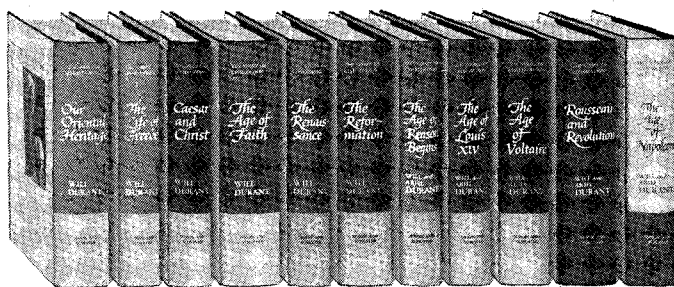
Publisher's prices total
\$75.00
Your savings
-\$65.00
Book-of-the-Month Club price
\$10.00



Jefferson and His Time by Dumas Malone

The landmark six-volume set that is "a masterly achievement of scholarship, the finest biography of Jefferson we have or are likely to have and a monumental triumph of the senior American historian" — *The New York Times Book Review*.

Publisher's prices total
\$109.90
Your savings
-\$ 94.90
Book-of-the-Month Club price
\$ 15.00



The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history — the religions and philosophies, the political and economic tides, the arts and sciences, the customs and conquests — to show the foundations of society today. The Durants' 11-volume illustrated masterwork is history come alive in all its dimensions. The enormous scope of the work covers ancient and recent civilization, including Oriental as well as Western history. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for close to 50 years, it is both a reference work of undisputed authority and a lively portrait of the rulers and leaders who have shaped the course of history. A magnificent centerpiece for any home library.

Publisher's prices total
\$307.45
Your savings
-\$282.50
Book-of-the-Month Club price
\$ 24.95



The Nine Beethoven Symphonies & The Five Piano Concertos/Ashkenazy

A special offering of two of the most acclaimed recordings in years. Sir Georg Solti conducts The Chicago Symphony in the nine-record set of Beethoven's complete symphonies, hailed by *Time* as "a glorious musical combustion." In collaboration with Vladimir Ashkenazy, Solti and the Chicago Symphony perform Beethoven's five concertos. *High Fidelity* calls it "a major addition to the Beethoven discography." Available in 13 records or 8 cassettes.

List prices total
\$115.74
Your savings
-\$ 99.79
Book-of-the-Month Club price
\$ 15.95

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

A116-3-1

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the work I have checked below, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy 4 books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

CHECK ONE BOX ONLY

- ☐ 912. Compact OED \$19.95
- ☐ 913. The Story of Civ. \$24.95
- ☐ 915. American Language \$10
- ☐ 932. Beethoven (13 Records) \$15.95
- ☐ 933. Beethoven (8 Cassettes) \$15.95
- ☐ 934. Jefferson & His Time \$15

Mr. _____ 2-61
Mrs. _____
Miss _____ (Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S., prices are generally higher.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®
America's Bookstore® since 1926

Benefits of Membership. Membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club begins with your choice of the extraordinary works offered here. Because our prices are generally lower than the publishers', you will save on works such as these throughout your membership as well as on the finest new fiction and nonfiction titles. In fact, the longer you remain a member, the greater your savings can be. Our Book-Dividend plan, for which you become eligible after a brief trial enrollment, offers at least 70% off the publisher's price on art books, reference works, classics, books on cooking and crafts, literary sets and other contemporary works of enduring value. Nevertheless, all Book-of-the-Month Club books are equal in quality to the publishers' originals; they are not condensed versions or cheaply made reprints.

As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Main Selection and 150 other books that we call Alternates, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Main Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternates—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. **Return Privilege:** If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Main Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense. **Cancellations:** Membership may be discontinued, either by you or the Club, at any time after you have purchased 4 additional books. Join today. With savings and choices like these, no wonder Book-of-the-Month Club is America's Bookstore.

MARCH 8, 1982



Waterford® à la Carte

Is a single Waterford goblet enough to give as a gift?

On many occasions, yes, oh yes.

A housewarming. A birthday. A party. Any just-because-you-feel-good celebration.

Rather than a dozen roses, give a single rose in a Waterford goblet.

Instead of a love letter, send a long-stemmed Waterford wine glass.

Is one enough?

It's far, far better to give one than none.

WIN TWICE AS MUCH. Include the name of the salesperson at the Waterford Gallery in your favorite store—and we will double your prize if you win.



(Who gives more than one Picasso?)

Can you write or draw a greeting card to go with the gift of a single Waterford goblet?

To the 100 people submitting the most imaginative entries, we'll award four-piece suites of Lismore goblets.

Send your submissions to: Waterford Greeting Card Ideas, P.O. Box 1159 Rancho Santa Fe, CA 92067. (Must be postmarked before May 15, 1982.)

Greetings!

MONUMENT ROAD

GROCERIES &
PROVISIONS

G. E. CAMPBELL

GENERAL
MERCHANT

CLOSED

IN Comrie, Scotland,
Campbell's is always closed on
Saturday afternoon... unless,
of course, you're kin.
The good things in life stay that way.

Preferred for smoothness,
Dewar's® never varies.

Authentic.
The Dewar Highlander



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF
© 1981 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

